This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 06736382 4

2 3 2 17
EDOX LIBRARY
PRETIOSA FACIT
chinch Collection.
resented in 1878.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

VOL. III. OF THE NEW SERIES.

Singula lætus
Exquiritque auditque virûm monumenta priorum.
VIRGIL.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, EXTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

ESPECIALLY THOSE WHICH ARE SCARCE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NECROGRAPHIA AUTHORUM,

OR

MEMOIRS OF DECEASED AUTHORS;

AND

THE RUMINATOR,

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL, MORAL, AND CRITICAL ESSAYS, WITH OTHER LITERARY DISQUISITIONS.

By SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, Esq.

VOLUME VI.

BEING THE THIRD OF THE NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT-COURT, FLEET STREET

FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

AND J. WHITE, FLEET-STREET.

1808.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

DIGESTED TABLE OF CONTENTS.

POETRY.

1. Arnold's Chronicle; with an extract from it of The Nutbrown Maid, 1502, Fol. ..... Page 113
2. The Philoſopher's Game, by W. F. 1563, 16mo. 261
3. Handefull of Pleaſant Delites, 1584, 16mo. 258
4. † The Solace of Sion (by Rd. Robinſon) 1587 and 1590, 8vo. 106
5. Mar-Martin; or Marre-Martin's Medling, 1589. 236
6. Poems, by Robert Southwell. 6
7. Zepheria, 1594, 4to. 9
8. Mæonides, 1595, 4to. 291
9. St. Peter's Complaint, 1610, 16mo. 286
10. Short Rules of Good Life, 1610, 16mo. 295
11. The Triumphs over Death, 1596, 4to. 293
12. Mary Magdalen's Tears, 1609, 4to. 292
13. B. Barnes's Divine Century of Spiritual Sonnets, 1595, 4to. 119
14. The Silkwormes and their Flies by T. M. 1599, 4to. 143
15. R. Linche's Fountaine of Ancient Fiction, 1599, 4to. 135
16. Album, ſeu Nigrum Amicorum, 1600, 4to. 369
17. The Letting of Humour's Blood in the head-veine, 1600, 8vo. 277
18. † The Song of Mary, the Mother of Chriſt, 1601, 4to. 107
19. T. Andrewe's Unmaſking of a Feminine Machiavel, 1604, 4to. 49
20. Hynd's Elioſto Libidinoſo, 1606, 8vo. 265
21. J. Davies's Scourge for Paper Perſecutors 275
22. † Parkes's Curtain Drawer of the World, 1612, 4to. 327
23. Sandys's Firſt Five Bookes of Ovid's Metamorphoſis, 1621, 16mo. 132
24. Quarles's Argalus and Parthenia, 1621, 4to. 367
25. † Peyton's Glaſſe of Time, 1623, 4to. 328
26. Chapman's Iliads and Odyſſes of Homer, 1614, Fol. 239
27. Hobbs's Do. ..... 1677, 8vo. ..... *ib.*
28. Modern Specimen of Do. 1807, 8vo. 242
29. Drinke and Welcome, by John Taylor, 1637, 4to. 370
30. † Hue and Cry, 1642. 429
31. George Wither's Opobalſamum Anglicanum, 1646, 4to. 42
32. ..... Amygdala Britannica, 1647, 4to. 268
33. ..... Carmen Expoſtulatorium, 1647, 4to. 272

34. † Ding-

34. † Ding-Dong; or Sir Pitiful Parliament on his Death-bed, 1648, 4to. ... 331
35. Barksdale's Nympha Libethris; or Cotswould Muse, 1651, 12mo 17
36. Sheppard's Epigrams, 1651, 12mo. 8
37. The Jovial Crew; or the Devil turned Ranter, 1651, 4to. 36
38. C. Fitz-Geffry's Blessed Birth Day, 1654, 12mo 234
39. M. Stevenson's Occasion's Off-spring, 1654, 8vo. 8
40. Dia, a poem by Wm. Skipton, 8vo. 232
41. Naps upon Parnassus, 1658, 8vo. 225
42. Sir Aston Cokain's Poems, 1658, 8vo. 154
43. † Iter Satyricum, 1660. 430
44. Rump; a collection of Poems and Songs, 1662 176
45. Poems, by Bishop Henry King, 1664, 12mo 15
46. † St. Crispin's Triumph, 1678, 4to. 431
47. Sir George Wharton's Works, 1683, 8vo. 13
48. N. Paterson's Fanatic Indulgence, 1683, 4to. 142
49. Preface to Collins's Eclogues, 1757, 4to. 389

MISCELLANEOUS.

50. † A necessary Doctrine for any Christen man, 1543, 4to. 103
51. The Examination of Anne Askew, 1546 1
52. Tho. Newton's Touchstone of Complexions, 1576, 8vo. 52
53. T. Nicholas's Strange and Marveilous Newes from Chyna, 8vo. 126
54. † Castilio's Courtier, by Hobby, 1588, 4to. 105
55. Henry Butter's Dyet's Dry Dinner, 1599, 8vo. 146
56. Friar Bacon's Mirror of Alchimy. 358
57. Sir John Conway's Meditations and Prayers, 8vo. 280
58. Letter of Sam. Danyell, 1601. 391
59. † Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, 1605, 4to. 327
60. † Trayterous Percyes and Catesby's Prosopopeia, &c. 6, 4to. 107
61. A new Post, with Sovereigne Salve to cure the World's Madness, by Sir I. D. 12mo. 151
62. Heywood's Apology for Actors, 1612, 4to. 337
63. A Line of Life, by John Ford, 1620, 12mo. 5
64. † Pasquil's Palinodia, 1624 329
65. Essayes by Sir William Cornwallyes, the Younger, 1632, 8vo. 168
66. Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discoverie, 1641, 4to. 157
67. † Articles of Treason againſt Cheapside Cross, 1642, 4to. 329
68. † Mistris Parliament presented in her bed, 1648, 4to. 332
69. Platt's Jewel House, 1653, 4to. 301
70. Modern Account of Scotland, 1679, 4to. 360
71. The Bowman's Glory, 1682, 8vo. 79
72. Northern Memoirs, by R. Franck, 1694, 8vo. 121
73. The

73. The Chriſtian Almanack, 1703, 4to. 348
74. Judgment of Kingdoms on the Prerogative of Kings, 1710, 8vo. 248
75. The Impeachment, 1714, 4to. 249
76. Journey over Land from the gulf of Honduras to the Great South Sea, 1735, 8vo. 250
77. Poſtlethwayt's Accompliſhed Merchant, 4to. 252
78. ..... Merchant's Public Counting Houſe, 1751, 4to. ..... ib.
79. ..... State of the French Trade, 1756, 8vo. 254
80. ..... Britain's Commercial Intereſt, 1757, 8vo. 255

BIOGRAPHY.

81. Memoir of Mrs. Lefroy. 89
82. ..... William Collins 90
83. ..... Dr. Darwin 203
84. ..... Rt. Southwell, with a Liſt of all the editions of his Poems ... 285
85. Notices of Salgado 56
86. Elizabeth Lady Cary 171
87. John Davies of Hereford 173
88. Biographical Notice of Dr. James Hurdis 212
89. ..... Rev. Hen. Moore 213
90. ..... Tho. Dermody 214
91. ..... Rev. Rd. Hole 215
92. ..... Rd. O. Cambridge 216
93. ..... Rt. Jephſon 217
94. ..... John Cole ..... ib.
95. ..... Rev. Rd. Graves 218
96. ..... Wm. Cunningham 219
97. ..... Rev. J. D. Carlyle 220
98. ..... Chriſt. Anſtey 221
99. ..... Rev. J. C. Hubbard 222
100. ..... Bryan Edwards ..... ib.
101. ..... Lady Burrell 223
102. ..... Mrs. Robinſon ..... ib.
103. ..... Rev. Wm. Collier ..... ib.
104. ..... Alexander Thomſon, Eſq. 224
104. ..... Joſ. Fawcett ..... ib.
105. ..... Mr. Wilſon 420
106. ..... Dr. Doig 421
107. ..... Dr. Walker 424
108. ..... Ld. Gardenſtone ..... ib.
109. ..... Joſ. Richardſon 425
110. Literary Epitaphs, Dr. Markland 426
111. ..... Capt. King 428

112. Literary Epitaphs, Jas. Cawthorne.....428
113. ..... John Baynes.....*ib.*
114. Literary Obituary..... 110, 224, 335, 431
115. Literary Inſcriptions.....101
116 Supplement to Liſts of Literary Deaths.....108, 333
117. Literary Intelligence.....318

ORIGINAL PIECES, &c.

118. The Ruminator, No. XV. Harry Random's Second Letter.....94
119. ..... XVI. Reflections ariſing from the Seaſon of the Year.....98
120. ..... XVII. On the various readings of a paſſage in Homer.....181
121. ..... XVIII. On the ancient Engliſh families.....187
122. ..... XIX. On the conduct of the Cenſura Literaria..312
123. ..... XX. On Milton's Sonnets.....414
124. ..... XXI. On Dreams.....417
125. On the fanciful additions to Wells's Geography.....58, 196
126. Remarks on the pronunciation of the name of Jericho.....397
127. On the aſſumption that Cadytis was Jeruſalem.....407
128. Conjecture concerning the Hero of the Nutbrown Maid.....393
129. Andrew Stuart's Letters and Douglas Caſe.....65
130. Letters from France and Italy, by Mr. Hammond, 1658.....383
131. Bibliographia Poetica.....392
132. Additions to Ritſon's Bibliographia Poetica.....29
133. Remarks on ſeveral articles in Cenſura Literaria.....298

N. B. Thoſe with this mark † are in the Bibliographical Catalogue.

PREFACE.

THE result of the sale of the library of the amiable, industrious, and intelligent Isaac Reed, has been a gratifying confirmation that this work has been mainly directed to subjects which the united knowledge of those best versed in Old English Bibliography has deemed most rare and valuable. The vast prices, for which a great proportion of the books registered in this work, sold on that occasion, must, in candour, be admitted to prove that the present volumes are calculated to indulge a liberal curiosity, which none but two or three rich and fortunate collectors could otherwise have the power of answering.

For this I am indebted in the first place to my learned and most amiable friend, Mr. PARK; and in the present and preceding volume to the constant and zealous assistance of Mr. HASLEWOOD of Conduit Street, whose exertions in the midst of his professional pursuits it is not easy to speak of in adequate terms of acknowledgment. To many other correspondents I

 am

am obliged for much valuable aid. Of the very profound and excellent contributions from Norwich, I am fearful of speaking as warmly as I think of them, lest I should offend the delicacy of a venerable scholar, to whom I am a stranger. Every man acquainted with sacred or classical literature will appreciate their value.

For my own part of the present volume I have little to plead. The times of peace and leisure, with which I had flattered myself from year to year and month to month are not yet arrived. I drag on my days in solicitude and perturbation; the mark of calumny; the prey of disappointment; the victim of intrigue and oppression. Extortion and legal robbery are not ashamed to avow their triumphs over me; and revenge is allowed to commit her insults unpunished, and even disregarded. But never will I resign the rights of my inheritance; nor the dear domain of my fathers, while I have a voice to speak, or a pen to write! Would that I dared at present to say more; but the cold-hearted will, I know, bitterly condemn me for having already said too much.

"And what has this to do," cries some beetle-brow'd critic, "with the Preface to your volume?"—Gentle Reader, who hast a bosom of sensibility, and a cultivated intellect, I appeal to you, if it has not much

much to do with it! I am apologizing for my languors, my inabilities, and my distractions. And surely thou wilt feel some sympathy for my sorrows, and make some allowance for my defects.

If, in truth a premature old age is creeping upon me; if the alarming indolence which I have felt of late, is never again to be shaken off; and my humble faculties are to recover their usual tone no more, the signal of retreat is arrived. But "Hope still travels on;" and I am unwilling to close my labours. In the ardour of enthusiasm I formerly deemed no literary toil too great; and was happy as long as I could have books to think and write upon.

My ardour is gone; I only wish to wander in the woods, or dig in the fields without a purpose; and then sleep when I am fatigued; and thus while away the remnant of my life in an innocent and peaceful obscurity. If I could but pass my future time in this way in the beloved shades of my nativity I should be happy. Or I may exclaim with Cowper;

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,

My

"My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire."

It is most melancholy, that literary pursuits, of all others, attach least good-will among the common members of society. The hours of the studious are spent alone; they cannot descend to the arts of intrigue and solicitation; they cannot lose their time in those petty offices, by which interest is conciliated, and a contemptible importance obtained; they cannot be foremost in the circles of country-squires, and obstreperous at quarter-sessions, and justice-meetings; they cannot keep up the honour of a family by their punctuality in *Lunar* Visitations, nor get the character of extreme good-breeding by a cold and prudential reserve; by never pressing an unpopular argument, venting an unfashionable feeling, or speaking their real opinions with frankness and honesty.

And is no one to succeed in life, who cannot conform to these things? Can his interest be preserved no longer than while he is a slave to it? Are there no

other

other principles to direct the justice or kindness of the world than those of flattery, and a narrow and interested individual preference? He, whose enlarged ambition is employed in informing or amusing the public, ought in return to obtain the public esteem and protection. He should not be abandoned, neglected, supplanted, and trod upon!

I have been interrupted in this Preface, at a point when I had not an hour to spare, by the receipt of Mr. Southey's two volumes of "*Remains of Henry Kirke White*," and they who know me will know that I could not proceed a step till I had read them through. In the highly interesting and admirable memoir, which accompanies this publication, there is a passage which, if it be well-founded, puts much of what I have already written to shame. "It has been too much the custom," says Mr. Southey, "to complain that genius is neglected, and to blame the public, when the public is not in fault. They who are thus lamented as the victims of genius, have been, in almost every instance, the victims of their own vices; while genius has been made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, and to excuse that which in reality it aggravates. In this age, and in this country, whoever deserves encouragement, is sooner or later sure to receive it."

ter. But how often is fame posthumous? Nay; does it not too much so with Henry Kirke White? I will confess, for one, that neither his reputation, nor his merits were known to me till his death! And is it sufficient,

"To deck the cold insensate grave with bays?"

I embrace this late opportunity of expressing my veneration of his almost unexampled prematurity of genius; and his numerous excellencies of head and heart. There are, I think, among these *Remains*, a few of the most exquisite pieces* in the whole body of English poetry. Conjoined with an easy and flowing fancy, they possess the charm of a peculiar moral delicacy, often conveyed in a happy and inimitable simplicity of language. But I trust I shall hereafter have an opportunity at a moment of more leisure, and in a more proper place, to speak more fully on this subject.

I earnestly hope that Mr. Southey's remarks may be just; and that the opinions, with which I am impressed, may be nothing more than the gloomy colours of a sick and over-wearied mind.

* Three of the poems, among which is one of the very best sonnets in the language, were, by Mr. Southey's kindness, inserted in a former volume of the CENSURA LITERARIA.

For

For me, I expect but little; I am aware that I have no claim but for my industry; or rather from the recollection of the industry, which I once had (for it is now, alas! departed)—and for my unfeigned *love* of the Muse! In my days of youthful hope, I aspired to loftier distinctions; I did not then bound my wishes to the character of an humble suitor; I had the presumption to expect I should share the Muse's favours. It is past; and I must be content, if I find a niche among the compilers of dull catalogues, and the copiers of obsolete verses, which have been forgotten, because they did not deserve preservation.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Dec. 27, 1807.

ERRATA.

P. 1, l. 13, for *Ball* r. *Bale*.—p. 20, note, l. 5, before *which* insert *on*.—p. 299, l. 10, for *trace* r. *hayp*.—p. 300, l. 5, for *Traduide* r. *Traduite*.—p. 301, l. 19, for *y* r. *s*.—l. 21, for *Geheim* r. *Gehaim*.—for *Skbryvers* r. *Schryvers*.—l. 22, for *Kanel* r. *Karel*.—l. 24, for *wearden* r. *werden*.—for *gigeven* r. *gegeven* —l. 28, for *Boekrverkoopers* r. *Boekverkoopers*.—p. 334, l. 30. for *Henry* r. *Harry*.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXI.

[Being Number IX. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The Examynacion of Anne Askewe latelye martyred in Smythfelde, by the wycked Sinagogue of Antychrist, wyth the Elucydacyon of Johan Bale. Marpurg in Hessen.* 1546.

THE sufferings of Anne Askewe "a gentlewoman very yonge, dayntye, and tender," (accordyng to myne auctour) are related at length by Ballard in his Memoirs of Learned Ladies, from the tract before us, and "the Actes and Monuments" of the zealous Fox;—but the "Elucydacyon of Johan Ball," from the fathers and apostles, is only to be found in this volume.

The short life of this amiable and accomplished lady, was embittered by an unfortunate marriage; contracted, (jointly by Sir William Askew, of Kelsay, in Lincolnshire, her father, and Mr. Kyme, her father-in-law,) with a young man for whom she felt no attachment, and to whom she consented to unite herself from filial respect. Her husband, by his inhuman treatment, first drove her from his house, and afterward procured her confinement on account of her religious opinions; for her rigid adherence to which she was at last burned

in Smithfield, but not till after she had been put on the rack to extort a confession of her favourers.

Her beauty, her misfortunes, and the cruelty of her fate excited general commiseration; her biographers were numerous; and the "drunkards made songs upon her." One of these is alluded to in Bishop Corbet's *Iter Boreale.** The shrewdness of her replies to the artful interrogatories of her examiners proves the strength and acuteness of her mind; and the following "pious chausons" (which may be considered among the curiosities of literature) are alike indicative of her piety and judgment.

The Balade which Anne Askewe made and sange whan she was in Newgate.

"Lyke as the armed knyghte,
Appoynted to the fielde,
With this worlde wyl I fyght,
And fayth shal be my shyelde.'

Fayth is that weapon stronge,
Whych wyl not fayle at nede;
My foes therfore amonge,
Wherwyth wyll I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,
And force of Christes waye,
It wyll prevayle at lengthe
Though all the Devyls saye naye.

Faythe if the fathers olde
Obtayned ryght wytnes,
Wych make me verye bolde
To feare no worldes dystresse.

* Gilchrist's Edition, page 203.

I nowe

I nowe rejoce* in harte,
And hope byd me do so;
For Christ wyll take my part,
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, who so knocke,
To them wylt thou attende;
Undo therfore the locke,
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemyes now I have
Than heeres upon my head;
Let them not me deprave;
But fyght thou in my steade.

On the my care I cast
For all theyr cruell spyght;
I set not by theyr hast;
For thou art my delyght.

I am not she that lyst
My anker to let fall
For everye dryslynge myst;
My shippe substancyall.

Not oft use I to wryght
In prose nor yet in ryme;
Yet wyll I shewe one syght,
That I sawe in my tyme.

I sawe a ryall trone, †
Where Justyce shulde have sytte;
But in her stede was one
Of modye cruell wytte.

* i omitted in orig. † h omitted in orig.

Absorpt was ryghtwysnesse,
As of the ragynge floude;
Sathane in hys excesse
Sucte up the gyltlesse bloude.

Then thought I, Jesus Lorde,
Whan thou shalte judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what wyl fall.

Yet Lorde I the desyre,
For that they do to me,
Let them not tast the hyre
Of theyr inyquyte."

The Voyce of Anne Askewe, oute of the 54 Psalme of David, called Deus in nomine tuo.

"For thy name's sake be my refuge,
And in thy truth, my quarrel judge;
Before the (Lorde) let me be harde,
And wyth favor my tale regarde.
Loo, faythles men, agaynst me ryse,
And for thy sake my death practyse;
My lyfe they seke, wyth mayne and myght,
Which have not the afore their syght;
Yet helpest thou me, in thys distresse,
Savynge my soule from cruelnesse.
I wote thou wylt revenge my wronge,
And vysite them ere it be longe.
I wyll therfore my whole hart bende
Thy gracyouse name (Lorde) to commende.
From evyl thou hast delyvered me,
Declarynge what myne ennemies be.
Prayse to God."

Stamford. O. G

ART. II. *A Line of Life. Pointing at the Immortalitie of a vertuous Name. Printed by W. S. for N. Butter, and are to be sold at his shop neere Saint Austen's Gate.* 1620, 12*mo. pp.* 127.

The author of this excellent little manual was John Ford, (most probably the celebrated dramatic writer.) In a preface to the "Wise and therein Noble," he observes, "here in this (scarce an) handful of discourse is deciphered, not what any personally *is*, but what any personally may be: to the intent, that by the view of other's wounds, we might provide playsters and cures for our owne, if occasion impose them." Having animadverted at some length upon the baneful effects resulting from flattery and flatterers, at page 74, we find these shrewd observations—"Flatterie to publique persons, is not more inductious on the one side, then envie on the other is vigilant. Great men are by great men (not good men by good men) narrowly sifted; their lives, their actions, their demeanors examined; for that their places and honours are hunted after, as the Beazar for his preservatives; and then the least blemish, the least slide, the least error, the least offence, is exasperated, made capitall; the dangers ensuing ever proove (like the wound of an enemies sword) mortall, and many times deadly. Now in this case, when the eye of judgement is awakened, flatterie is discovered to be but an inmate to envie; an inmate, at least, consulting together though not dwelling together, the one being catarer to the other's bloudie banquet; and some wise men have been perswaded, that the pestilence, the rigour of law, famine, sicknes,

or war, have not devoured more great ones then flattery and envie."

The following character of the Earl of Essex which occurs at p. 76, exhibits the concise and nervous style of the author in a favourable point of view. "In England not long agoe there was a man supereminent in honours, desertfull in many services, indeared to a vertuous and a wise Queene, Elizabeth of glorious memorie, and eternall happinesse: a man too publikely beloved, and too confident of the love he held; Robert Earle of Essex, and Earle Marshall of the Kingdome; he, even he that was thought too high to fall, and too fixed to be removed, in a verie handfull of time, felt the misery of greatnesse, by relying on such as flattered and envyed his greatnesse. His end was their end, and the execution of law is a witnesse in him to posteritie, how a publike person is not at any time longer happie, then hee preserves his happinesse with a resolution that depends upon the guard of innocencie and goodnes."

J. H. M.

Art. III. ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Mr. Ellis, speaking of this writer, observes, "that his poems, all of which are on moral or religious subjects, are far from deserving the neglect which they have experienced."

In addition to the Specimens brought forwards by that gentleman, I have been induced to select extracts from the following poem, which from its intrinsic merit, and the scarcity of the work in which it is contained,

tained, appears to be well worthy of preservation. It is entitled,

"*Losse in delayes.*

"Shun delayes, they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time doth serve thee,
Creeping snayles have weakest force,
Flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best, when soonest wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoist up saile while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seeke not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdome's leisure;
After-wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his lockes before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead,
When he flies, he turnes no more,
And behinde his scalpe is naked.
Workes adjourn'd have many stayes.
Long demurres breed new delayes.

Seeke thy salve while sore is greene,
Festered wounds aske deeper launcing:
After-cures are seldome seene,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
Time and place gives best advice,
Out of season out of price.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees doe breake with bending,
Young desires make little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending;
Happie man that soone doth knocke
Babel's babes against the rocke."

J. H. M.

ART. IV. *Occasion's Off-spring; or, Poems upon severall occasions. By Mathew Stevenson. London: Printed for Henry Twyford in the Middle Temple.* 1654. *8vo. pp.* 125.

The versification of this poet (whom Walpole styles "an humble author,") is in general inharmonious and irregular, and his chief merit arises solely from that variety of measure which it appears he could readily adopt. The following poem lays some claim to our approbation.

"*The Choice.*

'Tis not thy rubie lips, nor rosie cheeks,
In which my heart a full contentment seekes;
'Tis not the treasure of thy golden tresses,
That makes me rich, or challenge my caresses,
Nor yet thy light-dispersing eyes, though they
Be the true phosphors of the breaking day;
But I have suited at a nobler rate,
Then to court paint; beauties inanimate;
In summe there's nothing, out-sides can impart,
Hath power to make a conquest on my heart.
But I love you, whose beauty still I find
An index to the beauty of your mind.
You are the pearl that highest value win,
Being faire without, and cordiall within."

J. H. M.

ART. V. *Sheppard's Epigrams, &c. London: Printed* 1651. 12*mo.*

The following humourous piece forms Epig. 23, p. 14. "*Pedro,*

" Pedro, and Roderigo—the one Franciscan, the other a Dominican Frier.

" Pedro, and Roderigo traveling,
Came to the brink of a religious spring;
But Pedro fearing for to wet his feet,
Prayes Roderigo, if he think it meet,
Since he is bare-foot, on his back to carry
Him over, and save charges of a ferry.
Roderigo's willing, takes him on his backe,
And being in the midst, him thus bespake:
" Tell me, good brother, have you any cash?"
Poore Pedro fearing that he would him wash,
Replies " I have, and mean to pay thee too,"
(Not daring to return him answer, no;)
Which Roderigo hearing lets him fall,
Ducking him overhead, and ears, and all,
Saying, " you know that by my order I,
Must beare no money; therefore, there e'ne lie."

J. H. M.

ART. VI. *Zepheria. Ogni di viene la sera, &c. At London printed by the Widdowe Orwin for N. L. and John Busbie,* 1594. *4to. pp.* 40.

This curious amatory poem is divided into forty canzonets, each occupying a page. The author displays a good deal of mythological learning, but from the thirty-seventh canzonet, I should suspect him to have been a student of the law, from his appearing so well versed in legal expressions.

" When last mine eyes dislodged from thy beautie,
Though serv'd with proces of a parent's writ,
A supersedeas countermanding dutie,
Even then I saw upon thy smiles to sit,
* * * *

Thine

Thine eyes edict the statute of repeale,
Doth other duties wholly abrogate,
Save such as thee endure in heartie zeale:
Then be it farre from me that I should derogate
From Nature's law unregistred in thee,
So might my love encur a premunire."

J. H. M.

ART. VII. *The Bow-man's Glory; or, Archery revived. Giving an account of the many signal favours vouchsafed to Archers and Archery by those renowned Monarchs, King Henry VIII. James, and Charles I. &c. &c. Published by William Wood, Marshal to the Regiment of Archers. London: Printed by S. R. and are to be sold by Edward Gough at Cow-Cross.* 1682. 8vo. *pp.* 78.

The author dedicates this curious treatise "to the most Potent Monarch Charles II." wherein he observes, "I must confess, indeed, that this art or exercise holds not the same rank and place in military discipline, that it did before the invention of guns; but yet to assign it none at all, were to reflect upon the prudence and consideration of those laws that have since that time been made for its encouragement.

"And methinks that the many victories which our kingdom (famous for their bows) owes to that sort of arms, may at least recommend the exercise to us, though it be but in sport and triumph. Besides, we are sure the labour will not be wholly lost (if there were no pleasure in it,) it being (it may be) one of the most wholsom and manly recreations us'd in this nation, and conduces as much, or more than other, both

both to the preservation of health, and the improvement of strength." After a poem "In praise of Archery," follow three patents granted by the monarchs before mentioned, to encourage the promotion of the same science. The remaining part of the work is occupied with "a Brief Relation of the manner of the Archers marching on several Days of Solemnity," combining some very interesting and curious particulars.

This copy contains the autograph of the celebrated Dr. Farmer, and a memorandum by the same gentleman relative to the high price for which the work had been sold.

J. H. M.

ART. VIII. *Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland, wherein most or all of the cities, citadels, sea-ports, castles, forts, fortresses, rivers and rivulets are compendiously described, &c. &c. To which is added, the contemplative and practical Angler. With a narrative of that dexterous and mysterious art, &c. By way of Dialogue. Writ in the year* 1658, *but not till now made publick. By Richard Franck, Philanthropus. Plures necat Gula quam Gladius. London: Printed for the Author,* 1694. 8*vo. pp.* 304.

The author, a Cambridge academician, and dissatisfied cavalier, appears to have travelled as much for the purpose of diverting his spleen and melancholy, as for amusement, being passionately devoted to the pursuit of angling. The greater part of this work is occupied by

by a variety of dissertations on this subject, rather than affords any topographical information. I have selected, as a specimen of his style, an extract from his *first* dedication to a friend, (there being no less than *four* distinct ones* to this rare and singular book.) After inviting him "to step into Scotland to rummage and rifle her rivers and rivulets, and examine her flourishing streams for entertainment," he observes, "you are to consider, that the whole tract of Scotland is but one single series of admirable delights, notwithstanding the prejudicate reports of some men that represent it otherwise. For if eye-sight be argument convincing enough to confirm a truth, it enervates my pen to describe Scotland's curiosities, which properly ought to fall under a more elegant stile to range them in order for a better discovery. For Scotland is not Europe's umbra, as fictitiously imagined by some extravagant wits: no, it's rather a legible fair draught of the beautiful creation, drest up with polish'd rocks, pleasant savanas, flourishing dales, deep and torpid lakes, with shady fir-woods, immerg'd with rivers and gliding rivulets; where every fountain o'erflows a valley, and every ford superabounds with fish. Where also the swelling mountains are covered with sheep, and the marish grounds strewed with cattle; whilst every field is filled with corn, and every swamp swarms with fowl. This, in my opinion, proclaims a plenty, and

* They are respectively entitled as follows: 1. "To my worthy and honored friend Mr. J. W. Merchant in London." 2. "To the Virtuoso's of the Rod in Great Britain's Metropolis, the famous City of London." 3. "To the Academics in Cambridge, the place of my nativity." 4. "To the Gentlemen Piscatorians inhabiting in or near the sweet situation of Nottingham, North of Trent."

presents

presents Scotland, a kingdom of prodigies and products too, to allure foreigners and entertain travellers."

J. H. M.

*** J. H. M. would be extremely gratified if some one of the numerous contributors to the CENSURA LITERARIA would give an account of that very rare work entituled "*Byshope's Blossoms.*" The reason of this request originates from observing, in the catalogue of a most respectable provincial bookseller, the following note subjoined to the same book. "At page fifty-one of this very curious work is to be found the remarkable story upon which the late Horace Walpole's play of the Mysterious Mother is founded."

ART. IX. *The Works of that most excellent Philosopher and Astronomer Sir George Wharton, Bart. Collected into one entire volume. By John Gadbury,* Student in Physic and Astrology. London: Printed by H. H. for John Leigh at Stationer's Hall, 1683, 8vo. pp. 670, besides Preface and Contents. Adorned with his portrait, an indifferent print.*

The preface contains an account of the author, and an eulogium on his works, and his talents and acquire-

* John Gadbury was born at Wheatley, in Oxfordshire, Dec. 31, 1627, the son of Wm. Gadbury, farmer, by the stolen daughter of Sir John Curson of Waterperry: was bound apprentice to a taylor at Oxford, whom he quitted in 1644; went in London; became pupil to Wm. Lilly, then called the English Merlin, and improving his knowledge under his instructi n, became eminent for Almanack-making, and fortune-telling. *Wood's Ath. II.* 686.

ments.

ments. "As to his learning," says his Editor, "he was both an excellent scholar, and singular artist, understanding both languages and sciences, as sufficiently appears by this miscellaneous treatise here published, which is of excellent service to all men that are inclined to a courtship of the Muses. So that we may most justly say of this collection, as it is reported a learned critic said of Virgil's works; viz. "that if all the books in the world were burnt, and that only remaining, some vestigia of all kind of learning might be found therein." This he instances in divinity, physic, astronomy, politics, natural philosophy, history and chronology, astrology, meteorology, chiromancy, and poetry. In truth this volume discovers a smattering of all these, probably with small pretensions to merit in any, except by some temporary application, long since become uninteresting. His poems are scraps of rhymes, originally introduced principally into his Almanacs; of which the following is a specimen.

In his *Hemeroscopion, &c.* or *Almanacks* for* 1653, are these verses *in the Month of May*;

"Whither an army now? Well: I could say,
Who 'tis will get, or who shall lose the day:
Thrasillus-like, inform you, who shall prove
Victorious in's ambition, who in's love:
But I am silent; nay, I must be dumb;
'Tis TREASON now to pray, *Thy kingdom come!*"

Sir George was of an ancient Westmoreland family, and born at Kerby-Kendal in that county in April 1617. In 1633 he went to Oxford, where he dis-

* These he published from 1640 to 1666.

covered

covered more turn for mathematics than for logic; and thence retiring to his patrimony pursued his natural bent, and published *Almanacks* under the name of George Naworth. At the breaking out of the rebellion, he turned his property into money, and raised a troop of horse for the King, with whom he hazarded his person very gallantly, and was at last routed and taken prisoner at Stow in Gloucestershire, in 1645. From this period he lived privately, suffered much, and supported himself principally by literature, till the Restoration, when he was made Treasurer and Paymaster to the Ordnance; and afterwards purchasing an estate, was on Dec. 1, 1677, created a Baronet. He died at his house at Enfield, in Middlesex, on August 12, 1681, and was succeeded in his title by his son Sir Polycarpus Wharton. Wood says, "he was esteemed the best astrologer, that wrote the *Ephemerides* of his time, and went beyond William Lilly, and John Booker, the idols of the vulgar; was a constant and thorough-paced loyalist, a good companion, a witty, droll, and waggish poet."*

ART. X. *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonets. London: Printed by Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at the Anchor in the Lower Walks in the New Exchange.* 1664.

I believe this is nothing more than a new title-page to the original edition of Bishop King's poems, registered in Vol. V. p. 49. It is here mentioned for the sake of the elegies at the end. These elegies are con-

* Wood's Ath. II. 684. Wood's ideas of poetry often make one smile.

tained

tained in thirty-eight pages, and are only four; viz. 1. Upon my best friend L. K. C. 2. On the Earl of Essex. 3. On Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Lisle. 4. Upon the most incomparable King Charles the First; dated "*From my sad retirement, March* 11, 1648."

I give the second, not only because it is the shortest, but because it has some merit.

"*On the Earl of Essex.*

"Essex twice made unhappy by a wife,
Yet married worse unto the people's strife:
He, who by two divorces did untie
His bond of wedlock and of loyalty:
Who was by easiness of nature bred
To lead that tumult, which first him misled;
Yet had some glimmering sparks of virtue lent
To see, though late, his error, and repent:
Essex lies here, like an inverted flame,
Hid in the ruins of his house and name;
And as he, frailty's sad example, lies,
Warns the survivors in his exequies.
He shews what wretched bubbles great men are,
Through their ambition grown too popular;
For they, built up from weak opinion, stand
On bases false as water, loose as sand!
Essex in differing successes tried
The fury and the falsehood of each side;
Now with applauses deified, and then
Thrown down with spiteful infamy again;
Tells them, what arts soever them support,
Their life is merely time and fortune's sport;
And that no bladders blown by common breath
Shall bear them up amid the waves of death:

Tells

Tells them, no monstrous birth, with power endued
By that more monstrous beast the multitude;
No state Coloss, though tall as that bestrid
The Rhodian harbour where their navy rid,
Can hold that ill-proportion'd greatness still
Beyond his greater, most resistless will,
Whose dreadful sentence written on the wall
Did sign the temple-robbing Tyrant's * fall:
But spite of their vast privilege, which strives
T' exceed the size of ten prerogatives;
Spite of their endless parliament, or grants,
(In order to those votes and covenants,
When, without sense of their black perjury,
They swear with Essex they would live and die,)
With their dead General ere long they must
Contracted be into a span of dust."

Dr. Henry King was eldest son of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, who died 1621. He was born at Wornal, in Bucks, in January 1591; educated at Oxford; and after various intermediate preferments made Bishop of Chichester, 1641. After the fall of episcopacy, he resided at the house of his brother-in-law, Sir Richard Hobart, at Langley, in Bucks. The Restoration replaced him in his bishopric, of which dying possessed on October 1, 1669, he was buried in Chichester Cathedral. †

ART. XI. *Nympha Libethris: or the Cotswold Muse, presenting some extempore verses to the imitation of yong Scholars. In four parts. London: Printed for F. A. at Worcester.* 1651. 12*mo. pp.* 96.

* Belshasar. Dan. V. † Wood's Ath. II. 431.

By Wood's invaluable Athenæ,* we are informed that this rare little volume was the production of Clement Barksdale, who was born at Winchcombe in Gloucestershire, Nov. 1609, had his grammar learning in the free-school at Abingdon, Berks, was entered a servitor of Merton College, Oxon. in Lent term 1625, but soon translated himself to Gloucester-hall, where he took his degrees in arts, received ordination, and in 1637 supplied the place of chaplain of Lincoln college at the church of All Saints. Being called from thence the same year, he was made master of the free-school at Hereford, and soon after, vicar of Allhallows in that city. When the garrison of Hereford was surprised by the parliamentary forces in 1646, he was rescued out of the danger, and placed at Sudeley, (doubtless by the Bridges family) where he exercised his ministerial function; and afterwards sheltered at Hawling in Cotswold, where he undertook a private school with success; and where he appears to have penned his Nympha Libethris. After the restoration he was settled, by royal gift, in the parsonage of Naunton, near Hawling, and Stow on the Wold, in Gloucestershire. These he retained till the time of his death, which took place in January 1687; having lived to a fair age, says Wood, and leaving behind him the character of an edifying preacher and a good neighbour. His publications were very numerous, though few of them continue to be regarded, unless it be his *Memorials of Worthy Persons* and *Remembrances of Excellent Men*, which are chiefly compilations. The copy of his Cotswold Muse, now before me, was procured by a friend from the library of Mr. Brand, at a

* Vol. II. col. 812.

high

high price; and as it is the only one which has met my observation, a particular statement of its contents may be acceptable. Opposite the title are the following lines:

"No *Frontispiece* my verses have,
But what kind readers' fansyes 'grave.
The shadow of a spreading tree
From Sirius doth the shepheard free;
He listens to a silver spring
Whose waters, as they run, do sing;
A little house, Roell, is near
A palace, when her lord is there;
The gentle lambs are feeding by,
The Muse approaching, with fair eye
Offers her bounteous hand, and sayes—
'Shepheard, here take this sprig of bayes:'
'Embrace me, Virgin, answers he,
I care not for thy bayes, but Thee.'
He was too bold: the Muse too coy:
She frown'd, and threw the sprig away."

On the back of the title are two extracts from the epistles of Pliny, in apology for his volume of verses; besides a preparatory motto, to conciliate the reader's good will. Then follows—"The Consecration of all:"

"*To my Lady Chandos.*[*]

"Madam, see here your Röell-Muse
Exults for joy, your name to use:
Fair,

[*] Qu. Jane, daughter of John Earl Rivers, and second wife to George, sixth Lord Chandos, whom she outlived, and married again: though Collins, who gives this information, contradicts himself by saying Lord Chandos was thrice married. In the year after Barksdale published his book,

Fair, noble, good,* all titles due
Are understood, when I name *you*:
Well knowing every thing is grac'd,
That's under your protection plac'd.
She's innocent; yet flyes t' your wing
T' avoid suspicion. She doth bring
Some men of arms, and other some,
Whose praises do from learning come.
To Ladies she hath honour done:
And, above all, yourself are one.
She hath inserted a few toyes,
To please and profit the school-boyes.
I charge her, not disturb your pray'r,
(Though some time she breaths holy ayr,
And sings the Liturgy in verse;)
Nor unseasonably rehearse:
But wait till at your vacant time
You please to listen to her rime.
When you—'that's good' vouchsafe to say:
That, O that word's the poets' bay!"

After six lines addressed to the same, Latin verses succeed "Preceptori suo Mro C. B. signed Hackettus, others signed Thorn, and A. S. and English compliments signatured Sackville, Stratford, Tounsend, and

Lord Chandos had a disagreement with Col. Henry Compton (grandson to Lord Compton) about a lady he recommended in marriage, whose person and fortune were below few matches in the kingdom: this difference unhappily ended in a duel, when Col. Compton fell by his Lordship's hand: which account both he and his second, Lord Arundel of Wardour, were imprisoned for some time, and at last tried, and both found guilty of manslaughter. This melancholy event and its consequences, are likely to have made a deep impression on the mind of Lord Chandos, and might contribute to his immature decease; notwithstanding he is recorded to have died of the small-pox in February 1654. See Collins's Peerage.

* Alas! she did not prove *good* to the Brydges family! *Editor.*

T. B.

T. B. After a title-page to Part I. with a motto from Virgil, which adumbrates the general title—

Nymphæ, noster amor, *Libethrides:*

he offers a short dedication to his complimentary friends "adolescentibus bonæ spei;" and gives a list of the chief names honoured by his Muse. Instead of inserting this list, I shall proceed to denote more particularly the persons to whom these short poems are inscribed; with the designation of them: those with Latin prefixes, being written in Latin.

The following introductory lines present an apology for the negligence of his poetry.

"*To the Reader.*

"The Cotswold Muse so call'd, to do her right,
For rustic plainesse, not for any hight,
Humbly craves pardon, if she chance to meet
Some delicate reader on her tender feet.
She tunes her innocent notes for pupils yong,
Whose fancy can't digest a verse too strong:
High poems will deter them: these may teach
And animate, because so near their reach."

"Ad Magistrum Jonesium, Coll. Æn. socium.
Doctori Greenwood, procanc. Ox.
To Dr. Warren, why he makes verses.
On the death of Mr. Charles Parry, physician, of Hereford.
To Mrs. Eliz. Williams, with *Fragmenta Regalia.*
To Mrs. Abigail Stratford, standing silent.
Preface to a paraphrase of Grotius *De Veritate*, &c.
To Mr. David Williams, with Instructions for Travell.
To my La. C. with some papers. Another.

Upon the picture of Grotius, in one of his books, put into English.

Upon H. Grotius, and his principal works, particularly *De Imperio.*

Ad Jacobum Commetinum Med. cum operibus Cratonis.

Ad Thomam Carew, apud J. C. cum Davenanti poëmatiis.

To Mr. T. S. at his general's funeral, Colonel Myn.

To Mr. Laurence Womock, after the taking of Hereford, 1645.

To Mr. Turner, when the Governour had given him one of his livings.

Ad D. Ro. Bosworthium, cum invitatus non veniret.

On the Translations by Sir Ro. Stapylton.

On Mr. Howel's Vocal Forest.

Upon a visit of my La. C.

Upon the decease of my infant lady.

Upon the scholars succeeding souldiers at Sudeley Castle. To my Lo. C.

Sudeley to Rowill. Rowill to Sudeley.

Amico nobili D. Gul. Higford, cum elogiis Thuan.

The following lines in this place are worth transcribing, for the dignity of sentiment they convey.

"*Mens regnum bona possidet, &c.* SEN.

" Riches exalt not men on high,
Nor costly clothes of Tyrian dye;
Nor court, nor crown, nor other thing,
Is the mark proper for a King.
He, that from all base fears hath rest,
That banishes vice from his breast;

Whom

Whom no ambition doth move,
Nor the unconstant people's love:
Whose mind's his best dominion,
Free from unruly passion;
He's truly king. Thus, if you live,
A kingdom to your self you give."

At the funeral of his Schoolfellow C. M. Another.
Upon the death of his brother C. M. to his uncle R. M.
Epitaphium Magistri T. Reading.
An Epitaph upon Mr. Jo. Thomas. Upon the same.
Upon the death of Mrs. Dorothy Thomas. Another.
Upon my La. C. and her sisters comming into the country in a very rainy day.
In Crastinum beatæ Luciæ.
In D. Doctorem Kerry, et Uxorem ejus piæ memoriæ."

Part II. is dedicated to the hopes of Hawling, Mr. Henry and Mr. Richard Stratfords.

The poems are addressed:
To Mr. Fra. Powell of Ch. Ch.
To Mrs. Jane Commelin.
To Dr. Rogers, Canon of Hereford.
A New Year's gift to Dr. Bosworth, physician of Hereford.
Upon his seven Children: two girls dead, one alive, and four boyes
On the death of Mr. Fr. Pink.
To Dr. Charlton.
Upon Dr. Croft, Dean of Hereford.
To Sir Wm. Croft, with *Thuani Principes.*

Upon Dr. Brown, Dean of Hereford, preaching.
D. M. Godwino, prælectori Heref.
M. Stephano Philips prælectori electo, 1645.
To Mr. John Beale.
To the religious pair of widows, Mrs. P. Green and Mrs. M. Russel, with the La. Falkland's life.
To Dr. Warren, with return of his Henry VIII.
Upon a new Book of Justification, promised by my La. C.
Upon Zuinglius: ó Thuani Elogiis.
Upon Luther: ex eodem.
To Mr. Tho. Williams, at the Temple.
Mr. R. Samasio, C.C.C.
To Mr. Fra. Thorne.
To Mr. Tho. Bridges.
To Mr. Powell, for the fair wax-light he sent me.
To Mrs. Susanna Charlton. On the death of her mother, 1649.
To Mr. William Burton, upon his Clemens Rom.
In morte Gulielmi Fratris.
Grotius de Verit. Relig. Englished. To John and Richard Hows.
To a gentleman, with Dr. Featly's Handmaid.
To Mr. Savage.
To Mr. Edward Carew.
To Squire Higford, upon his Grandfather's Book.
To Mrs. Abigail Stratford.
D. Doctori Skinner, Cancell. Heref.
D. D. Wright, Doct. Medico.
Mr. Tho. Jamesio Col. O. A.

Part III. is thus dedicated to his nephew, J. B.

"The care thy Father once bestow'd on me,
I very gladly would return to thee.

What

What I to thee, (thus love in a blood runs)
Do thou communicate unto my sons.
I have no land to give, such is my chance;
Take this poeticall inheritance.
A little here is best; because much more
Of poetry, perhaps would make you poor."

"To Mr. Ro Scudamore.
To L. Hedworth.
Upon Mr. William Lawes: To Mr Will. Brode.
Upon Mr. Henry Lawes: To Mr. Jo. Philips.
Upon Beggers lodg'd in the Col. Heref. 1645. To Col. B.
Upon the taking of Hereford, Dec. 1645. To Col. James Wroughton.
Ad Guil. Turrium, T. B.
Mr. Freeman, Theologo Seni.
Ad M. Collierum.
Ad M. Palmerum.
To Mrs. Eliz. Williams; for Dr. Taylor's Rule.
Upon Dr. Hammond's Works: To Mr. Jn. Beale.
Jo. Warreno suo LL. Doctori.
V. Cl. Herberto Crofto D. H.
To D. Rogers, C. R.
To Dr. Higs, D. L. upon Lord Verulam's motto.
To D. Critton, C. R.
Upon the death of B. Prideaux.
Upon Dr. Kerry and his Wife.
Upon Mr. Shirly's* Gram Anglo. Lat.
An English Library: To Ri. Sackvill. † Cuidam."

* This was James Shirley, the poet and dramatic writer.

† Qu. Richard Ld. Buckhurst, who succeeded his father in 1652 as fifth Earl of Dorset? and may be tracked as a noble author in Jonsonus Virbius.

The

The former of these is long and serious: the latter is short and epigrammatic.

"Your man ask't, whether I did preach to-day
At Sudeley chamber?—It was answer'd *ay*.
I came in time and preach'd: you absent were:
Did you ask *when?* that you might not be there."

Upon a Brother of his.
To old Mr. Tho. Hacket.
Chr. Merretto suo Doct. Med."

Part IV. dedicates itself to his noble friend Mr. Tho. Bridges.

Then follows—"To Mr. D. W.
To Sir W. C. of Glo." (Qu. Sir Willm. Chandos, 7th baron?) This gratefully acknowledges the author's domestic obligations.

"After a chilling blast took me elsewhere,
My little family is planted here,
Whom Chandos' noble bounty now maintains;
And by your government, who hold the reins
So gently, yet with skill and care, I have
For my innocuous Muse leisure and leave,—
She is ambitious now to send you health,
And prepares for you th' Ebrew Commonwealth:*
Why should not my poor studies honour you?
Where the tree grows, sure there some fruit is due."

"To Mr. Fra. Powell of Ch. Ch.
To Dr. Fuller.
On the death of Sir Wm. Croft: to Col Wroughton.
The Defence: to Mr. Fr. Powel of Ch. Ch.
Dr. Kerry's Counsel.

* This he published in 1653, from Cunæus, De republicâ Hebræorum.

To

To Mrs. Stratford.

Guil. Turrio, cum non responderet.

Upon the death of Mr. William Whear, fellow of Merton, on St. Matth. day: to Mr. Sam. Whear.

To his Wife, at last a Nurse.

A parley 'twixt a Citizen and Soldier, at Hereford-siege, Sept. ', 1645.

Upon his son C. B.

Upon Dr Taylor's Funeral Sermon. To Mr. Savage.

To my sister Barksdale. To the same.

Upon the Book of Justification, written by J. G. sent me by my Lady Chandos.

Non nobis Domine, &c. In the Great Chamber at Sudeley: to my Lo. C.

"Chandos, wh' adorn'd the princely chamber, where
So many friends and tenants welcom'd were,
Caus'd the artificer on the wall to write
This sentence, and expos't to all men's sight:
So when our works are brought to end, must we
All sing aloud *non nobis, Domine!*
And I, my Lord, that for my Muse I may
Favour obtain, must *Kyrie Eleison* say.
'Twas her ambition her notes to sing
To the great grandson of the Cotswold-King." *

In Stapyltonum equitem Anglum interpretem Stradæ Romani.

To my brother D. Charlton.

Eidem Domino Gualt. Charltono. M. R.

To Mr. Edmund Bower.

* Grey Brydges, fifth Lord Chandos, on account of his splendid retinue was styled "The King of Cotswold," but he was *father* of George Lord Chandos.

To

To the worthy persons mentioned in these papers. Mrs. Ric. Hillo, T. B.

To Mr. Edmund Waller. (This compliment seems to have been undescried by the editors of Sacharissa's bard.)

"A wit and poet's no reproach: to you
Both titles, if to any one, are due.
Your name shall be enrolled, Sir, among
Best English poets, who write smooth and strong.
I know a man, had rather with your wit
Be th' happy author of a poem (yet
He studied long by the fair stream of Ouse)
Than be some potent Prince, or one o' th' House."

To Mr. J. C. physician.

To D. Merrett.

To Mr. Alex. Weld.

To Mr. F. B.

To Mr. W. T.

To the Critics.

Herbert and Crashaw.

"When into Herbert's Temple* I ascend
By Crashaw's Steps, I do resolve to mend
My lighter verse, and my low notes to raise,
And in high accent sing my Maker's praise!
Mean while these sacred poems in my sight
I place, and read, that I may learn to write."

"To F. A. stationer." This politic tribute makes it apparent that the name of his Worcester publisher was *Francis Ash*, who seems to have been a noted binder.

"*Franc*, you admire what shou'd the meaning be,
That my unknown Muse printed is for *thee*.

* Herbert's Temple, or sacred poems, were deservedly republished last year. Crashaw's Steps to the Temple had a selected reprint in 1785.

Here

Here in the end, thou shalt the reason find:
'Tis printed (tak't not ill) for thee to bind.
None can compare to you, so finely well
You *bind*, that your books for the *outside* sell:
If by your close art you will set it forth,
My 'Cotswold Muse' will sell, though nothing worth;
And though the writer's wit give no great flash,
Readers will think 'tis good, 'cause bound by *Ash*."

Wood remarks that Barksdale was a great admirer of Hugo Grotius, whose life he published. This appears from the frequent mention of him in Nympha Libethris: but Wood adds, that our copious versifier was a "great pretender" to poetry: and this does not appear.

T. P.

ART. XII. *Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica. Additions and Alterations, &c.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 136.]

H. B. is also subscribed to twenty lines, in form of a dialogue, "the reader to Geffrey Chaucer;" in Speght's edition of Chaucer.

JOHN BRADFORD has two or three scraps of poetry, in "A godlye treatyse of Prayer translated into Englishe by John Bradforde" [quotations from James iiij and John xvj] Colophon. "Imprinted at London in Paules Church Yearde, at the sygne of the Rose, by John Wight." 8vo. no date.

HENRY CHETTLE. "The Pope's pittiful lamentation for the death of his deere darling Don Ioan of Austria: and Death's answer to the same. With an Epitaphe

Epitaphe upon the death of the said Don Joan translated after the French printed coppy by H. C." This is only a head title, (qu. if there is any title page? I believe not) then follows "The Pope's lamentation." 68 lines, alternate rhyme. "Death's aunswer," 76 lines, same. "Don Joan's Epitaphe," two four-line stanzas; at the end "The furst of October. 1578, L'acquis a bonde. Finis, imprinted by I. C." Small 8vo. b l. not mentioned in Herbert.

GERVIS CLYPTON has a trivial scrap or two in "The Casket of Jewels:" the running title of an imperfect copy. 12mo. b. l.

MILES COVERDALE. I venture to attribute to this writer the following work, having seen it in a volume, along with other pieces, to which he had put his name, and all apparently printed together "A Christen exhortation unto customable swearers. What a ryghte and lawfull othe is; whan and before whome it ought to be. Item. The maner of sayinge grace, or gevyng thankes unto God: who so ever heareth Goddes worde, beleve it, and do there [a]fter, shall be saved." 12mo. no printer's name or date, perhaps 1547. At the end is one seven-line stanza, and "A shorte instruction to the worlde," a poem of thirteen seven-line stanzas addressed to eight different characters, the first seven in one stanza each, and the remainder "To the preests."

"A.D. In commendation of the author and his booke:" prefixed to twelve lines of alternate rhime in "The Anatomie of Abuses, contayning a discoverie or briefe summarie of such notable vices and imperfections as now reigne in many Christian countrayes of the worlde,

worlde, but (especiallie) in a very famous ilande called Ailgna.* Together with most fearefull examples of God's judgementes executed upon the wicked for the same; as well in Ailgna of late, as in other places else where. Verie godly to be read of all true Christians everie where, but most needeful to be regarded in Englande: made dialogue wise by Phillip Stubbes. Seene and allowed, accorded to order. Math. iii. ver. 5. Repent for the kingdome of God is at hande. Luc. xiii. ver. 5. I say unto vou, saith Christ, except you repent, you shall all perish. Printed at London by Richard Jones, 1 Maij, 1583. Small 4to. Introduction 14 leaves; end sig. R. j.

I. D. "Grounde of Artes; teachinge the worke and practise of Arithmetike, both in whole numbers and fractions, after a more easier and exacter sorte then any lyke hathe hitherto been set forth. Made by M. Robert Recorde, Doctor in Phisick, and nowe of late diligently overseene and augmented, with new and necessary additions.

I. D.

"That which my frende well begonne,
For very love to common weale,
Neede not all whole to be newe donne,
But new encrease I do reveale.

Something herin I once redreste,
And now agayne for thy behoofe,
Of zeale I do, and at request
Bothe mend and adde, fytte for all proofe.

Of numbers use the endles might,
No witte nor language can expresse,
Apply and try, bothe day and night,
And than this truthe thou wilt confessse."

* *Anglia* inverted.

Londini,

Londini, Anno Domini, 1573." Coloph. "Imprinted at London in Paules Churche-Yarde, at the signe of the Brasen-Serpent, by Reginalde Wolfe, Anno Domini M. D. L. XXIII." The usual six lines by Record, of "the bookes verdicte," at back of title: and on the last page, after printer's name, is "I. D. to the earnest Arithmeticien," prefixed to five stanzas of four lines, each in alternate rhime

This work was in such repute, and so repeatedly published, that it is probable there are other editions, as well as this, not seen by Herbert.

T. D. "Canaan's Calamitie, Jerusalem's Miserie, and England's Mirror.—The dolefull destruction of faire Jerusalem by Tytus, the sonne of Vaspasian, Emperour of Rome, in the yeare of Christes Incarnation 74. Wherein is shewed the wonderful miseries which God brought upon that citie, for sinne; being utterly over-throwen and destroyed by sword, pestilence, and famine. Briefly gathered into this small volume, for the benefit of all well disposed persons; wherein they shall finde many strange and notable thinges, worthy to be regarded and had in remembrance. At London, Printed by Thomas Purfoot for Henrie Tomes, and are to be sould at his shop, neere St. Sepulchers Church at the signe of the White Beare, 1598." 8vo. Dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull M. Richard Kingsmill, Esquier, Justice of the Peace and Quorum in the Countie of Southampton, and Surveyer of her Majesties Courtes of Wardes and Liveries, all prosperitie and happinesse;" sig. "your Wor. most humbly affectionate T. D." Then "To the gentlemen readers health;" sig. "Your's in all courtesie, T. D.;" with five poems on "The Destruction of

of Ierusalem;" and, perhaps, more; as the copy of the work I saw was imperfect at the end. These initials are given by Ritson to Thomas Delone.*

"I. F. in commendation of the author and his booke;" head to 24 lines, in alternate rhime, before Stubbs's Anatomy of Abuses. See above, A. D.

WILLIAM FOSTER has twelve lines before "The five bookes of the famous learned and eloquent man Hieronimus Osorius, contayning a discourse of Civill and Christian Nobilitie; a worke no lesse pleasaunt then profitable for all, but especiallye the noble Gentlemen of England, to view their lives, their estates, and conditions in. Translated out of Latine into English by William Blandie, late of the Universitie of Oxeford, and now Fellow of the Middle Temple in London. Imprinted at London, in Fleete Streate, by Thomas Marsh. Anno 1576. Cum privilegio."

"ABRAHAM FOWLER'S needeles Hœdera," prefixed to 36 lines in alternate rhyme, before "A philosophicall discourse, entituled the Anatomie of the Mind; newlie made and set forth by T[homas] R[ogers.] Imprinted at London by I[ohn] C[harlwood] for Andrew Maunsell, dwelling in Paule's Church Yarde, at the signe of the Parret. 15[7]6." 8vo.

A. G. affixed "to the reader, in commendation of this present woorke," thirty lines in couplets, before Peele's "Pathe-waye to Perfectness." 1569. Fol.—*poste Peele.*

"T. H. to the Reader," is the head-line for two six-line stanzas, prefixed to "A Discourse concerning the

* Qu. whether in the present instance they should not be given to Thos. Decker? *Editor.*

Spanish Fleete invading England, in the yeere 1588: by A. Ryther." 4to. 1590.

"JOSUA HUTTEN to the booke," prefixed to 100 lines of alternate rhimes before Rogers's Philosophical Discourse. See FOWLER.

J. H.

At p. 248 of the 5th volume of CENSURA, a republication of the poems of "James the First, for Mr. Tytler's text is exceedingly incorrect," is suggested. "I had transcribed *the Kyngis quair* long before the publication of this edition, [printed for Balfour, 1783,] and afterward sent my copy to Mr. Tytler, who might have made use of it for that which was printed at Perth. The transcript he followed has abounded with the most flagrant and absurd blunders, which he has carefully preserved. *Christ's kirk on the Green* is likewise very inaccurate. The Editor's acquaintance with the language of either poem seems superficial and imperfect." Quod Joseph Ritson. *M. S. penes me.*

At the end of "Ane compendious booke of godly and spirituall Songs, &c. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart." 12mo. b. l. is the following poem.

"Sen throw vertue incressis dignity,
And vertew is flowre and rute of nobles ay,
Of ony wit or what estate thou be,
His steps follow, and dreid for none effray:
Eject vice, and follow treuth alway.
Lufe maist thy God that first thy lufe began,
And for ilk inch he will thee quite ane span.

Be

Be not over proud in thy prosperity,
For as it cummis, sa will it passe away;
The time to compt is short thou may well see,
For of greene grasse, soone cummis wallowed hay;
Labour in trueth quhilk suith is of thy fay:
Traist maist in God for he best guide thee can,
And for ilk inch he will thee quite ane span.

Sen word is thrall, and thoght is only free,
Thou daunt thy toung that power hes, and may
Thou steik thy eine fra warlds vanity,
Refraine thy lust, and harken what I say:
Graip or thou slide, and keep furth the hieway,
Thou hald thee fast upon thy God and man,
And for ilk inch he will thee quite ane span.

Finis.

¶ Quod King James the First."

This poem is given from a transcript made by Ritson: and Mr. Irving has also copied it into his Lives of the Scotish Poets, Vol. I. p. 315; but its being written by James seems doubtful. It is the last in the volume of Godly Songs, and, similar to all the preceding, has the word "Finis" affixed; then a new line, as above, with "Quod King Iames the First." Had names of authors been necessary, those of Gawin Douglas and Sir D. Lindsay, might have been added to their pieces, and lines written by a monarch, were not likely to be thrust to the end of a volume, to close the rear of anonymous writers only. The work is supposed to have been published to promote the views of the reformers,* and had a veil for the nonce; therefore, if attributing

* See Mr. Dalyell's cursory remarks upon "ane book of godly songs," (who has republished the work) p. 37 of Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century.

attributing the lines to King James, is only to depend upon the above slender authority, I shall conclude with suggesting the probability that "Quod King Iames the First" was a shallow artifice of the printer to imply the whole volume was written by that monarch.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIII. *The Joviall Crew, or the Devill turn'd Ranter: being a character of the roaring Ranters of these Times, represented in a Comedie. Containing a true discovery of the cursed conversations, prodigious pranks, monstrous meetings, private performances, rude revellings, garrulous greetings, impious and incorrigible deportements of a sect (lately sprung up amongst us,) called Ranters. Their names sorted to their severall natures, and both lively presented in action. London: Printed for W. Ley.* 1651. 4*to. pp.* 15.

Gildon says "it was printed in 1651, and that it exhibits a character of the roaring ranters of that time; but that was the age of saints, not of ranters. However, this writer mentions the piece so particularly, that it is probable he had seen it." Biog. Dram.

Century. Edinburgh, 1801, small 8vo. Mr. D. also published another edition, same year, large 8vo.—"A specimen of a book intituled ane compendious booke of godly and spiritual sangs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates changed out of prophaine sanges for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie, with augmentation of sundrie gude and godly Ballates, not contained in the first edition, Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart: Edinburgh, printed by W. Ruddiman, J. Richardson, and Company, 1765," Small 8vo. pp. 46, was edited by Sir David Dalrymple.

Gildon

Gildon certainly saw a copy, though he has unwittingly called it an Interlude;* and as it appears little known, and a copy seldom occurs, the following short description may not prove unacceptable.

Opposite the title is a woodcut of the devil, travelling in a flaming car, drawn by two dragons, and attended by imps. The clouds in compartments, after the manner of a map, with the words "London, Edenburgh, Dublin;" in the distance, a cottage with a man and woman seated on a hill, having sheep hooks. Beneath the print is

"*The Prologue.*

"Bedlam broke loose? Yes, hell is open'd too;
Mad-men, and fiends, and harpies, to your view
We do present: but who shall cure the tumor?
All the world now is in the ranting humor."

The scene is laid in London; and there is an enumeration of twenty-one characters besides Clink, *keeper of Finsbury*, a beadle, officers, &c. "Their names are sorted to their several natures," as Dose, an apothecary; Pidwidgin, a taylor; Pandorsus, agent for the devil; Mrs. Crave-drink, and Mrs. All-prate, &c. The first act consists of two scenes; in the first we are told, by "one sacred law, every man's wife must be at his friend's use;" and the second shews the characters dancing a merry jig and singing a ranting song. Pandorsus exhibits these mad pranks of the Joviall Crew for the amusement of his master. In the first scene of the second act, two citizen's wives agree to become of the new sect, and "be convertites together; as on that day, the prime of all the

* The Biog. Dram. has added to this error the date of 1598. *Editor.*

gang, the chief theologists and worthiest sisters of all that zealous tribe were to meet at a tavern." The next scene discovers the whole Crew of the Ranters at a tavern, where an order is given for "twenty gallons of rich sack, lights to adorn the room in every angle, a pound of right *varina*, and a gross of shining pipes, fit for a female's tooth." The third act opens with preparing to induct the two new members, and they accordingly appear in the following scene, when "all the old ranters, hand in hand, surround the two new ones (who are upon their knees) singing about them the following

"*Song.*

"Round, round, all in a ring,
Fellow creatures, let us sing;
Here are two, that come to be
Annext to our society:
By Pluto's crown, Proserpine's hair,
Cerberus' yell, Alecto's chair;
By Epicurus' happy life,
And Messalina, Claudius' wife;
By Venus' gloves, and Lais' paint,
By Jezabel, our chiefest saint;
By goats' desires, and monkies' heat,
Spanish flies, and stirring meat;
By the vigour of an horse,
By all things of strength and force;
By Alcides' back of steel
By Jove's escapes, Omphale's wheel,
We adopt these happy pair,
Of our liberties to share:
Arise, arise, blest souls, and know
Now you may rant, *cum Privilegio.*
They dissolve their hands."

The

The conclusion of this scene prepares for poetical justice; the whole company are rendered insensible by a sleepy potion, and removed by the constable and watch to Finsbury. The two scenes of the fourth act consist of the Ranters recovering from their stupor; Clink, the keeper, declaring their situation; the introduction of the two husbands of the new sectarists in disguise of Ranters, who are examined on certain items in their articles, and at the conclusion of the scene, "they fall together by the ears; the Ranters are soundly beaten, and their women carried off." In the last act the husbands discover themselves to their wives, and then "tear off their cloaths," that they may be "fitter to dance Lavaltoes." The other Ranters enter in their shirts and shifts, and the beadle, with his whip, has full charge of the company. "Exeunt omnes. Written by S. S. Gent. Licensed and published according to order. Finis."

Ross, in his "View of all the Religions of Europe," describes the Ranters as "a sort of beasts, that neither divide the hoof, nor chew the cud; that is to say, very unclean ones, by open profession of lewdness and irreligion." A character answering to the one given in this dramatic piece, the leaders of which appear to be noticed in the second act; when a fiddler sings a catch (the best and newest in town) "Excellent, says a Ranter, did this Minerva take flight from John Taylor's or Martin Parker's brain." In a few lines further is "a health to all our friends in Kent:" these allusions appear local; and probably the sect was as little worthy notice as the *sealed* votaries of Joanna Southcote are now.

To this may be added a short account of two scarce publications on the same subject. The first is

The Ranter's declaration, with their new oath and protestation; their strange votes, and a new way to get money; their proclamation and summons; their new way of Ranting, never before heard of; their dancing of the hay naked, at the White Lyon in Petticoat-Lane; their mad dream, and Dr. Pockridge his speech; with their trial, examination, and answers; the coming in of 300, their prayer and recantation to be in all cities and market-towns read and published; the mad-Ranter's further resolution; their christmas carol and blaspheming song; their two pretended abominable keyes to enter heaven, and the worshipping of his little majesty, the late Bishop of Canterbury: a new and further discovery of their black art, with the names of those that are possest by the devil, having strange and hideous cries heard within them, to the great admiration of all those that shall peruse this ensuing subject. Licensed according to order, and published by M. Stubs, a late fellow-Ranter. [Wood-cut in four small squares—1. A saluting scene, "This is the way." 2. A tub preacher, "I wil deliver you." 3. A banquet, "We are all shakers." 4. Dancing the hay naked "Play musick."] *Imprinted at London by I. C.—M.D.C.L. 4to. four leaves.*

In this tract there is the incredible number of 5000 civil Ranters mentioned, as also that 3000 had been re-converted since November; and "the truth and certainty of these particulars are attested by (eight names) late fellow-Ranters."

The

The Declaration of John Robins, the false prophet; otherwise called the Shakers-god; and Joshua Beck and John King, the two false disciples; with the rest of their fellow creatures, now prisoners in the New Prison at Clarkenwell: delivered to divers of the gentry and citizens, who on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last, resorted thither to dispute with them. With the citizen's proposals to the said John Robins, concerning his opinion and judgment, and his answer thereunto; together with his prophesie of what is to come to pass this year 1651, *and the strange things revealed to him: his religion, principles, and creed, as also his blasphemous tenets, in attributing an inspiration from the Holy Ghost; with the manner of their diet, and his woe pronounced concerning all those that drink ale. By G. H. an ear-witness.* [Wood-cut, ut supra.] *London: Printed by R. Wood,* 1651. 4*to.* 4 *leaves.*

The titles of these tracts more than describe their contents. In the last is mention of "Mr. Underwood, a reformado in the Lord General's regiment, having been a notable companion with those people which are vulgarly called Ranters."* That in "the age of Saints," the saints were the greatest sinners, appears on all occasions; and the description of "The Joviall Crew," improperly foisted into the dramatic lists, is further proof that their immaculate acts would

* Butler, in the Second Volume of his Remains, published by Thyer, has left the character of a RANTER; whom he represents as "a monster produced by the madness of his age, as a fanatic Hector who found out (by a very strange way of new light) how to transform all the devils into angels of light; for he believes all religion consists in looseness, and that sin and vice is the whole duty of man." *Editor.*

not

not bear the test of reason: though the Shakers appear from this inconsiderable; the names of ten being only given as committed to prison, Saturday, 24 May, 1651.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XIV. *Opobalsamum Anglicanum: an Englishe Balme, lately pressed out of a Shrub, and spread upon these Papers, for the cure of some Scabs, Gangreeves, and Cancers, indangering the Bodie of this Common-Wealth; and, to whom it is now tendred, by the well-affected English, in a double-speech, disjunctively delivered, by one of their fellowship, both to the faithfull and malignant members of the representative-body of this kingdome. Penned by the author of Britain's Remembrancer, Geo. Wither, Esquire. Psalm* cxli. 5, 6. *Let the righteous smite me, and it shall be a kindnesse; and let him reprove me, and it shall be an excellent oyle, which shall not breake my head, &c.—When their judges are overthrowne in stonie places, then shall they heare my words, &c. Printed in the Yeare* 1646. *4to. pp.* 24. *doub. col.*

In this piece the prolific muse of Wither has threaded 2030 lines in verse, including "the preface," which opens with the successes of Fairfax, obtained early in 1646.

"Great hopes I had, of perfecting ere this,
My Vox-pacifica, * and songs of peace:
For Fairfax, with his victories begun,
So stoutly and successefully went on,
That neither summer's heat nor winter's cold,
Brigade nor army, fortified hold,

* His Vox-pacifica was printed in 1645. *Editor.*

Nor

Nor force, nor policie; no, nor their wiles
Who did oppose in secret, all the whiles,
Could bring his brave proceedings to a stand,
Till he had marched quite throughout the land,
As in a triumph; and had brought ev'n those
Presuming, and proud bragadocean foes,
Who had despiz'd, and sleighted his beginnings
To be the sad spectators of his winnings;
And to be prostrate suitors unto them,
For life and mercy, whom they did contemn."

The preface, after some further lines, has a long simile on the subject of the Gangreve. The poem is divided into two speeches; the first is

"*The Speech of the well affected English to the faithfull Peers, and to their constant Trustees, being Members of the Honourable House of Commons.*

" Starres of the great and lesser magnitude;
Behold us not as if we would intrude
Upon your orbs; nor think this throng appears
To interrupt the motion of your spheares;
To hinder your aspects; or take offence
At anie late effect, or influence,
Derived from your power; or, at ought done
By you in both, or either house alone,
When violence, their motion suffers not,
Whereby prodigious things may be begot:
For so heroick, and so noble ever,
Hath been your prudence, and your stout endeavour,
To keep upright the wheels of Charles his wain,
And ev'ry harmfull vapour to restrain,
Exhal'd by meteors, to the wrong of them,
Whose habitations are within your clyme;
That we confesse with praise, and admiration,
Your constant labours in the preservation

Of

Of this distracted empire, and present
All humble, and all due acknowledgement,
For persevering, through those manie stops,
Obstructing the fruition of our hopes."

This strain of panegyric has but little to awaken interest now: curiosity will be more indulged with the next extract, where the name of another poet, whose soft and easy verses ever please, is mentioned.

" Are none of those, think you, permitted yet,
In either House of Parliament to sit,
Who, when the city should have been betray'd,
Did know of it? Think you, when Waller said,
(To strengthen his confederates) that, he
Knew many, who thereto would aiding be
In either House? Think you he should have had
His pardon; if none fear'd he could have made
The saying true? Or that, he naming none,
Should into banishment, so cheap have gone;
Unlesse, because he could have nam'd so many,
That, if the Houses should have question'd any,
It might have brought upon us at that season,
A danger, almost equalling the treason?
What e're ye think, we think this was the cause
Why he, who was in breaking of the laws
The Principall, escap'd with life; when they
That Accessaries were, their debts did pay;
And, are we bound to think now Waller's gone,
That here of his confederacie are none,
While we perceive delinquents so defended,
As yet they are, and we so ill befriended?
Who in both Houses, would have scorned more
To hear such questions asked, heretofore,
Then Strafford and the Prelate, * who are now
A headlesse paire? And which is he of you

* Archbishop Laud may here be supposed. *Editor.*

Among

Among the Commons, who enjoy'd a name
More honourable, and a fairer fame
Then Hotham had? Which of you stood so strong
A charge as he? Or held it out so long
Without recording? Or, engag'd this nation
Unto him, by a greater obligation
Then he did, for the time? And, yet at last,
You saw he fell; because he had not plac't
The structure, (though twere strong) upon these rocks,
That could abide reiterated shocks:
And if men, in desert so eminent,
('Till we discover'd in what path he went)
Fell from that bravery in resolution,
And so much constancie in execution,
Then well may we distrust that, some of those
Who, at this present, make fair seeming showes,
May possibly be false? At least when they
Have trodden heretofore beside the way,
And are at present probably suspected;
Though, they in some things, faithfully have acted?
Since we have oft experience had, that none
Have to the Commonwealth more mischief done,
Then some, who for a while have had the fame
Of patriots, and did but play that game,
Till they had opportunity to catch
That grace at court, for which they lay at watch."

This prosaic truth has been repeated a thousand times, and will continue to be applied by party writers to the end of time. It is the pinnacle of ambition always assigned the noisy politicians, and the greater majority have proved the random satire well founded. Another specimen will be necessary from the beginning of what may be styled the second part, as a comparison with that already given.

"*The*

" The Speech of the Wel-affected, to their perfidious Trustees, dishonouring the Parliament, by the same, or by not acting cordially therein.

" Stand off, ye traytors; that, we may not smutch
A blameless-member, whilst your faults we touch;
Stand further off, we say; lest while we speak,
Some foolish-fellow may our words mistake;
And think, we have a purposed intent
To lay aspersions on the Parliament.
Stand yet a little further from among them,
That ev'ry man may see we would not wrong them,
But rather do them honour by assaying
To help prevent their scandall and betraying,
By making ev'ry wronged subject know,
For whom their troubles and oppressions flow.
So, being singled out, as you are now,
None but a brainlesse-foole, or some of you,
Can be so impudent, as to apply
Our checks to that High Court's indignitie;
Or seem displeas'd, because our minds we say
As fearlessly, as honest freemen may;
Since we presume no further, then to do
That which necessity compels us to;
And that which, being longer time delaid,
Must come too late and quite in vain be said.
When first this Parliament conven'd together,
Who call'd for such as you? How came you hither?
Confesse the truth, are not you some of those,
Who made the Burgers drunk when you were chose?
Or bribed them with hopes, that when you die
You would bequeath their town a legacie?
Or be at least so neighbourly unto them,
As none of those discourtesies to do them,
Which must undoubtedly, have been expected,
If they your profer'd service had neglected?"

The

The allusion of the author to himself, at the concluding part of the poem, makes it necessary to extend this article to a greater length than was intended; but, as incidental to the life of the poet, it may not appear uninteresting. At the end of the speech, describing the various effect it had on the party addressed,

"Some threatned him whom justly they suspected
To be the penner of it, and then swore
If they could help it he should write no more.
Some did advise to apprehend, and call him
To some Committee, and there soundly maul him,
That others may take warning, how they dare
Speake truth to them, who love no truth to heare.
But others minding what a vote had past,
In that Committee, which abus'd him last,
And being fearfull, that his good intent
Would, ere long time, unto the Parliament
So evident be made, that their despight
Would rather on their heads than his alight,
They waved that, and being at a stand,
In thinking what they best might take in hand,
At length, 'come let us smite him with the tongue,'
Said one of them, who knew what doth belong
To deep revenge, and, let us daily strow
Some scandalls of him wheresoe'er we go."

Wither appropriates above 120 lines to speak of himself, and seems to have intended it as a justification, or explanation, of his meaning. He says,

——"I, as heartily as any one,
According to my faculties have done;
And showne these times, and those perhaps, to come,
That poesie may have an usefull roome

In

In great affaires, and poets fill their place,
Whether the times be generous, or base.
Though I no pardon find, assur'd I am
This work would not have done the author shame,
In better times: nay, if an Irish-bard
Had sung thus much to them, they would have heard
His numbers with respect; and manie things
Bestow'd, beside a harp with silver strings.
But, I shall think my game hath well been plaid,
If I with mischief shall not be repaid
For my good will; nor left when I have done
To bear the burthen of despights, alone.——

My next, oh! noble friends! and last request
Is this, that if I should be so opprest
As is intended, you would thinke upon
Those, whom by serving you, I have undone;
That *halfe of me* (who had a share in that,
Which I adventur'd freely, for the State)
And those *branch'd from us*, who thereby are left
No means of bread, or breeding; but bereft
Of all their outward helps: Oh! let them find
More grace than yet I do: yea, be so kind,
That unto them may truly payed be
What on the publike faith you owe to me
In debts, on faire account, due from this nation,
By private and by publike obligation.
My naturall-affection makes me feare
This motion needfull: therefore, have a care
You sleight it not; for doubtless if you do,
God will require it and requite it too;
Yea, if you shall forget what I prefer,
God will remember your Remembrancer.

And

And when your children shall with hunger pine,
Provide abundance of good things for mine.
Thus hopes, and thus believes,

GEO. WITHER.

Fiat voluntas Dei."

To this is added rather more than a page in prose as "The Printer to the Reader," signature "Benevol. Typographus." It appears to be intended as a further declaration of the author's political creed. "He protesteth he is neither for, or against, the Presbyterians, Independents, Scots, English, King, Parliament, members, or people, more or less, then according as he (in his judgment and conscience) thinks it may conduce to the wrong or right way, from or toward the truth of God, and the peace of the kingdom; with a charitable respect, so farre as is possible, to the remedy of our general distempers, without the wrong, or disquiet of my person, who wilfully draweth it not upon himself."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XV. *The Unmasking of a feminine Machiavell. By Thomas Andrewe, Gent. Est nobis voluisse satis. Seene and allowed by authority. London: Printed by Simon Stafford, and are to be sold by George Loftis, at the Golden Ball in Pope's Head Alley.* 1604. *4to. 22 leaves.*

Dedicated "to his worthy and reverend unele M.D. Langworth, Archdeacon of Wells."

"To the vertuous Mistris Judith Hawkins." A Sonnet "to the Reader." A short prose address,

 wherein

wherein the author says, "some may imagin I have written of malice to some particular person, by reason of my titles strangenes, wherin whosoever is opinionate, is far wide: yet if any guilty conscience (that perhaps I know not) will wrest my writings, and interpret my meaning in other than the right sence, I am not to bee blamed, if that creature's corruption accuse it selfe."

"To detraction," 22 lines, by the author.

"In laudem authoris, &c." 10 lines Latin, sig. "Rob. Hunt, Heath-fieldensis."

"To his worthy friend, &c." 6 lines, sig. "E. B. Gent."

"To his respected and kind affected friend, Mr. Thomas Andrewe, Gent." two six-line stanzas, signed "Samuel Rowlands."

Then follows the poem. The story appears founded on the acts of a false female friend, while the author was gone abroad with (it may be supposed) the Scottish part of the army, in which he was at the battle at Newport, in Flanders, 22 June, 1600; and a description of that event forms a considerable portion of the work. The relation is made in the manner of a vision, and recounting the misfortunes of another.

"*The Argument of this Booke.*

"Possest with sleepe, in silent night,
Me thought I found a wofull wight,
Whose heart was heavy, looke was sad,
In sorrowes colours being clad,
In a vast desart all alone,
For his desaster making mone,

Filling

Filling with plaints the tender ayre,
Who, when to him I did repayre,
His various fortunes and estate,
To me did mournfully relate:
And did desire I would unfold,
What unto me by him was told.
Haplesse *Andrea* was he call'd,
Whose heart with sorrowes deepe was gal'd.
What e're I saw in that strange dreame,
My Muse hath chosen for her theame."

From about 900 lines, of which the poem consists, the selection of a specimen is difficult; there is not much interest in a long description, where

"Pikes pikes encounter, shot at shot let flye,
All nations on their several patrons crie."

Nor is the following account of the arrival of Morpheus, at the conclusion of Andrea's tale, much preferable; but it may serve for a dull poem to give a drowsy end.

"Scarce had he ended, when we saw from farre,
As we imagined, a waiged carre,
Which coming neere us, presently I knew,
'Twas Morpheus' coach that foure night ravens drew;
The wheeles did make no noise, yet so fast ran,
As could beguile the very sight of man.
With soft Arabian silke 'twas over-cover'd,
About the which, light dreames and visions hover'd:
The curtains of the same were made of rings
Of the quicke battes that Vesperugo brings
To flie as harbengers before the night,
When to th' inferiour spheare the sun gives light.
His team being come"——— enough!

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XVI. *The Touchstone of Complexions; generallye appliable, expedient and profitable for all such, as be desirous and carefull of their bodylye health. Contayning most easie rules and ready tokens, whereby euery one may perfectly try, and throughly know, aswell the exacte state, habite, disposition, and constitution, of his owne body outwardly: as also the inclinations, affections, motions, and desires of his mind inwardly. First written in Latine, by Leuine Lemnie,* and now Englished by Thomas Newton. Nosce teipsum. Imprinted at London, in Fleete-streete, by Thomas Marsh, Anno 1576. Cum Priuilegio. Small 8vo. 157 leaves, without dedication, &c. b. l. Herbert 865.*

Dedicated "to the Right Honorable, his singuler good Lorde, Sir William Brooke, Knighte, Baron Cobham, and Lorde Warden of the Cinque Portes; Thomas Newton, his humble orator, wisheth long life, encrease of honor, with prosperous health, and eternall felicitye." Dated Butley, in Cheshire, 21 Sept. 1576.

The work is divided into two books; the first containing ten, and the second six chapters, discussing various maladies attending human life, interspersed with apposite anecdotes, proverbs, and translations, from Horace, Juvenal, &c.

In giving advice as to mitigating the heat of the dog days, the author relates his visit to England; he says, "It shall be verye good to sprinckle on the pavements and coole the floores of our houses or chambers wyth springing water, and then to strew them over with sedge, and to trimme up our parlours with greene

* Lævinius Lemnius, an eminent physician and divine, was born at Ziriczee in Zealand, 1504, where he died in 1568. *Editor.*

boughes,

boughes, freshe herbes or vyne leaves; which thing although in the Low Countrey it be usually frequented, yet no nation more decently, more trymmely, nor more sightly then they do in Englande. For, not long agone traveylinge into that flourishinge islande, partly to see the fashions of that wealthy countrey, wyth men of fame and worthynesse so bruited and renowmed, and partlye to visite William Lemnie, in whose company and weldoing, I greatly reioyce (as a father can not but doe) and take singuler contentation inwardly, even at my first arryval at Dover, and so along my iourney toward London, which I dispatched partly uppon horsebacke, and partly by water, I sawe and noted manye thinges able to ravishe and allure any man in the worlde, with desyre to travaile, and see that so noble a countrey. For beinge broughte by D. Lemnie (a skilfull physicion and well thoughte of there for his knowledge and experience) into the companye of honourable and worshipfull personages, everye gentleman and other woorthy person shewed unto mee (beinge a straunger borne, and one that never had beene there before) all pointes of most frendly curtesye, and taking me first by the hand, lovingly embraced and badde me righte hartely welcome.

" For they be people very civill and wel-affected to men well stryken in yeares, and to such as beare any countenance and estimation of learninge, which thing they that halfe suspect and have not had the full tryall of the maners and fashions of this countrey, wil skarcely bee perswaded to beleeve. Therefore, francklye to utter what I thincke, of the incredible curtesie, and frendlinesse in speache and affabilitie used in this famous Royalme, I muste needes confesse, it doth sur-

mount and carye away the pricke and price of al others. And besyde this, the neate cleanlines, the exquisite finenesse, the pleasaunte and delightfull furniture in every point for household, wonderfully reioyced mee; their chambers and parlours, strawed over with sweet herbes, refreshed mee; their nosegayes finelye entermingled wyth sondry sortes of fragaunte floures, in their bedchambers and privie roomes, with comfortable smell cheered mee up, and entierlye delighted all my sences; and this do I thinck to be the cause y^t. Englishmen, lyving by such holsome and exquisite meate, and in so holesome and healthful ayre, be so freshe and cleane coloured; their faces, eyes, and countenance, carying with it, and representing a portly grace and comelynesse, geveth out evident tokens of an honest mind; in language very smooth and allective, but yet seasoned and tempered within the limits and bonds of moderation, not bumbasted with any unseemely termes, or infarced with any clawing flatteries or allurements. At their tables they be verye sumptuous, and love to have good fare; yet neither use they to overcharge themselves wyth excesse of drincke, neither thereto greatly provoke and urge others, but suffer every man to drincke, in such measure as beste pleaseth himselfe; which drinck (being eyther ale or beere) most pleasaunt in taste and holesomely relyced, they fetch not from foreine places, but have it amonge them selves brewed.

"As touching their populous and great haunted cities, y^e. fruictfulnes of their ground and soyle, their lively springes and mighty rivers, their great heards and flocks of cattel, their mysteries and art of weaving

and

and clothmaking, their skilfulnes in shooting, it is needlesse here to discourse; seeing the multitude of marchaunts, exercysing the traffique and arte of marchaundize amonge them, and ambassadours also sente thyther from forraine princes, are able aboundantly to testifie, that nothing needeful and expediente for mans use and commoditie lacketh in that most noble ilande."

The exercises for strong men are nearly similar to the Cotswold games "wrestling, coytinge, tennis, bowlinge, whorlebattinge, lifting great waightes, pitching the barre, ryding, running, leapinge, shooting in gunnes, swymming, tossing y^e. pike, tyltinge, barryers and tourney." For gentler exercises, to be "caryed in wagons, rowed in boates, singinge and musicall melodie; and if thereto be used a cleare and lowde reading, of bigge tuned soundes by stoppes and certayne pauses, as our comicall fellowes now do, that measure rhetorick by their peevish rhythmes, it will bryng exceeding much good to the breast and muscles."

Certain humours in the constitution, having more power and controulling than the planets, they "breede and bring forth into the theatre of this world, some that be stout braggers and shamelesse praters, some parasites and clawbackes, some dolts and cockscombes, some selfe pleasers, which thinke more of themselves, then all the rest of the towne besyde doth; some mynstrelles and pypers, some gracelesse ruffians and spendalls, ryotously wastyng and consumyng their patrimony; some dycers and gamesters, some trencher frends and coseners, some counterfaiters, skoffers, tumblers and gesturers, some jugglers, & legier du maine players, wyth a great rablemente of other lewde lubbers of other sorts besyde.

"*Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 2.*

"A rabling route of ydle loutes,
consuming grayne and corne,
Devoyde of thryft, cyphers to fill
up roume, and tale forlorne;
Right woers of Penelope,
stark verlettes, flattringe mates,
And belly goddes, addict too much
to cheere and dainty cates.
Who love to snort in bedde till none,
and hear the mynstrelles playe
On warbling harpes, to banish dumpes
and chase all care away."

Conduit street, J. H.

ART. XVII. *Notices of Salgado.*

Salgado, the author of "The Manners and Customs of the principal Nations of Europe," of which an account has been given in CENSURA LITERARIA, Vol. III. p. 209, published also the following tracts.

"The Romish Priest turned Protestant, with the Reasons of his Conversion. Wherein the True Church is exposed to the view of Christians, and derived out of the Holy Scriptures, Sound Reason, and the Ancient Fathers. Humbly presented to both Houses of Parliament. By James Salgado, a Spaniard, formerly a Priest of the Order of the Dominicans. London: Printed for Tho. Cockerill at the Three Legs in the Poultry, over against the Stocks-Market, 1679." 4to. 31 pages.

"A Conf[e]ssion of Faith, in Latine.* By James

* Or rather, translated from the Latin.

Salgado,

Salgado, a Spaniard, and sometimes a Priest in the Church of Rome. Londini: Anno Domini 1680." 4to. 11 pages. To this is affixed "An Account of my Life and Sufferings since I forsook the Romish Religion; in a letter to Dr. H. S." * 4to. 4 pages.

From this last pamphlet the following particulars may be learned respecting him. Removing from his native country into France, he was entertained by the Rev. Monsieur Drelincourt, who advised him, for safety, (having publicly renounced popery) to go into the United Provinces. He then settled at the Hague as a teacher of the Spanish language, but not succeeding, from his ignorance of Dutch, he returned to Paris. Here he concealed himself among the members of the Reformed Church, but some of his own countrymen who were attendants on the Queen of France, a Spaniard by birth, discovered him, and by their means he was taken into custody, sent back to Spain and put into the Inquisition, where he lay a year, undergoing a monthly examination, but at last made his escape. Being retaken, he was again thrown into prison, and, after a confinement of five years more, was sentenced to the galleys, for his dereliction from the church of Rome.

In the galleys he endured for twelve months "the miseries that attend slaves at the oar, chains, nakedness, stripes, thirst, hunger, vermine, and sickness," till the surgeon and other officers of the galley, wherein he was, represented him to the inquisitor-general "as a person not only useless, but noysome to them, and the other slaves." He was then sent to the hospital at Murcia, and afterwards removed to the convent.

* Qu? Sir Hans Sloane.

Escaping

Escaping thence into France, he staid at Lyons about a year; when, not finding himself safe, he sought an asylum in England, where it is likely he concluded his "eventful history." Salgado was evidently a man of ability and learning. He speaks of his knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian, in addition to his native tongue, and appears to have procured a subsistence in this country by teaching those languages.

Birmingham, August 10, 1807. WM. HAMPER.

ART. XVIII. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 414.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

It is not merely a great variety of animals which this new science, taught in the additions to Wells's Geography, proves to be on medals symbols of the origin of mankind in the neighbourhood of Mount Taurus, such as bulls, lions, eagles, goats, and serpents, but also all the imaginary animals of all nations, sphinxes, griffins, unicorns, and 'chimæras dire,' together with horned men, goddesses, and all other monsters of the human brain. Let us observe how ingeniously he demonstrates the truth of his assertions. In pl. 3, his N°. 1, exhibits a lion with a goat on its back, and the tail of the lion wreathed round like a serpent; its end being formed like a serpent's head. This represents the *chimæra*, which, according to the ancients, was compounded of a lion, serpent, and goat. Underneath

are

are the letters ΣE, which he conceives to mean *Seri-phion*, as he calls that island in the Egean sea, just as *Pyla* he before named *Pylion*, because the Greek legend had πυλων, and certainly there is no material difference between a nominative and genitive case; so that his orthography is as excellent as his accuracy in quotation both here and before: for here he refers for *Seriphio* to the fourth c. of the Annals of Tacitus, yet it is difficult to find any such word there to countenance his own. However, whether right or not, in referring this medal to *Seriphos*, let us attend to his conclusions concerning it. He says "the mountain Caucasus is described as having three noticeable heads or peaks. These are symbolized in this medal, N°. 1, which shews a lion, goat, and serpent conjoined, forming the *chimæra:* it is a medal of Seriphion. Virgil calls Seriphion *serpentiferam:* it was a mere rock. Medalists acknowledge their ignorance of the reason why the chimæra has been inserted on its medals, and what can it have possibly to do with Seriphion? The reference is perfectly unnatural, and even monstrous; there is no conformity between the symbols and the place symbolized. Taking this as certain, I suggest that it was colonized from *Seripha*, a city and a mountainous district in Caucasus, placed in *our* map annexed, and well known and acknowledged: these colonists, to perpetuate the remembrance of their original station, adopted on their coins the insignia of that original station; thus all becomes easy. The lion, the goat, and the serpent, are the three most considerable heads of Caucasus—I have been particular on the type of this medal, because I think the conclusion clear, and shall not therefore so particularly examine every medal: here the

the very name Seriphion has likewise been preserved from the parent *Seripha.*" p. 18. Thus we have a new explication of the chimæra, which the ancients erroneously supposed to have represented the clearance of Mount Cragus, in Cilicia, from lions, serpents, and *wild goats* (named χιμαιρασιη Greek) by the exertions of Bellerophon mounted on the winged horse Pegasus. I have read over the explications of ancient fables, by the well known Hudibrastic Alexander Ross, but never found there any thing so curious and learned, at least so novel. I do not dispute the certainty of this account of the origin of those islanders in the Egean sea from Mount Caucasus, but shall only observe, that I cannot find that well-known city the *Seripha*, of Caucasus, to be even mentioned by any one ancient whatever; and unfortunately the author himself also has forgot to insert it in his annexed map: possibly he could not find the right place for it; and, I verily believe, that Wells also has been so careless as to omit this great city, unless it be the same as *Sephar* or *Sepharvaim*; but these were certainly too far to the east for Caucasus: perhaps, it was the same as the mountain *Riphah*, for by adding *se* to it we may get *Seriphah*, and this addition is just as easy as when we before took away *O* from *O-siris*. Moreover, I never before met with the history of the three peaks of Caucasus, called lion head, goat head, and serpent head. But it seems unjust both in the author and other medalists to say that Seriphos had no concern with the chimæra; not indeed immediately; yet it had a distant connexion through the actions of its own hero, Perseus: for when he slew Medusa, her drops of blood produced not only serpents, some of which travelled

travelled into both Mount Cragus and Seriphos itself, but also the winged horse Pegasus sprung from those drops; who, flying over into Greece, was luckily caught by Bellerophon, as he was drinking at a fountain near Corinth; who directly mounted him and flew into Cilicia, where he destroyed the chimæra. So that I doubt it will be difficult to assert that Seriphos had not as near a connection with the chimæra, as with Mount Caucasus: and, possibly, the reason of its adopting for its symbol the tail of the tale instead of the head of it, Perseus himself; was, because a Perseus riding on the winged horse had been adopted by the Corinthians as their symbol, unless it be rather Bellerophon; but most certainly the serpent in the tail of the lion was well suited to the case of Seriphos, which abounded so much in serpents, as well as frogs, as required another such conquest as that over the chimæra itself, to clear the island.

The author, moreover, supports the above explication and his chief principle of such symbols, expressing the colonies derived from Noah's ark, and dispersed throughout the world, by means of another medal of Tarsus in Cilicia, at N°. 2, pl. 3, exhibiting again the chimæra under the form of a lion with the horns of the goat, &c. and a human figure with bows and arrows standing erect upon the lion's back, whom he calls a *Scythian*; and as Scythians resided near Mount Caucasus, hence he concludes, that "the reference of these emblems to Caucasus is *clear*, on the principles already explained." p. 19. Thus this pretended *Scythian* forms the *only* connexion between the chimæra and Caucasus: but why may not that human figure represent Bellerophon himself as well as a Scythian? He nevertheless

nevertheless concludes it "to be *clearly* again the head, principal, or ruler, of Mount Lion and Taurus." *i. e.* the commander of a Scythian tribe on that mountain.

These inquiries are as amusing, and almost as true, as the tales which children read in Esop's fables, where mankind are instructed by birds and beasts; and which are thus, by the author, happily extended to historic as well as moral instruction: however, he does not originate all mankind from Mount Taurus, but allows some part of the human race to have come from that storehouse of all knowledge, human and divine, India. For he had read in Genesis xi. 2, that mankind journeyed from the east to Shinar; from whence then could they come except from India? And agreeably to this he found some mention made in Greek authors, "that colonies from Ethiopia, which, he says, means India, settled in Egypt and in Syria." p. 24. Now he finds memorials even of these colonies preserved likewise by the symbols on medals; for he presents us with the types of coins, struck in several cities of Syria, having a female figure, seated on a rock, and a river flowing at her feet, with a man swimming in it. Having also observed that some of these had a temple on the brink of the river, he at first conceived that the men seen swimming were the priests of the goddess on the rock, who was worshipped in those temples, and that her priests were performing their sacred ablutions in the adjacent rivers. "I acknowledge that I was long in doubt whether the swimmer denoted one of the religious persons who bathe in the river." p. 16. But as second thoughts are often best, "he afterwards, in a medal of Tarsus, found the same goddess

goddess crowned; and at her feet the waves of a river and a man swimming as usual, but he had horns on his head." *ibid.* Now the sight of the horns staggered him much, and induced him to alter his former opinion; not that he conceived the man with the horns to be a victim of the inconstancy of his goddess, at whose feet he lays prostrate, and even seems to be peeping; no, he obtained his horns in a more honourable way: for the author had read in Indian accounts, that when the river Ganges leaves the mountains, where its sources are, and enters the adjacent plains, "it runs through some narrow rocks, which the natives call the *cow's mouth.*" p. 15. Hence it occurred to the author, "that the above type alluded, *beyond all contradiction*, to the horns on the *cow's head*, through which rock the river Ganges passes." p. 16. So that the Indians, who settled in Syria, brought the cow's horns along with them, when they left India, and placed them on their own heads, as a memorial of their origin from the bank of the Ganges; and thus these symbols confirm the accounts both of scripture and profane historians. He adds, "this medal is further applicable to our purpose, as *the goddess* sits on a seat decorated with a figure of a griffin; that is, a lion and eagle united, (two mountains on our principles)." These mountains, however, are now no longer the heads of Mount Taurus, but the mountains in which the Ganges has its source—"and in combining these ideas it is impossible not to admit their perfect correspondence, though employed in distant parts of the globe, as being *repetitions* of the original emblems adopted by these colonies, which had quitted the region of their nativity, but not forgotten its memorials." So that

that here we have these symbols and the science of *bullism* only at second hand, in imitation of those invented by the earliest descendants from the ark of Noah, after it had rested on Mount Taurus; but thus the original bull's horns are now turned into a cow's horns: and as it might be still doubtful what that *goddess* has to do here, he informs us, "that it is the image of the Indian god Vistnou, in a female form, as giving birth to the river Ganges." p. 15. And why should not a god be transformed into a goddess, as well as a bull into a cow, or a cow, suckling its calf, into a bull giving suck. This is all so sublimely mystical and so wildly ingenious, concerning the antiquities of mankind, that well may we say of the author with Ovid,

> "In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
> Corpora, Di, cœptis (nam, Di mutastis et illas)
> Aspirate tuis, dum ab origine mundi
> Et Noah, ad hæc deducite tempora mythos."

All this far exceeds even the bright imagination of Mr. Bryant, *that the man swimming in the river represented the desolation caused by the deluge*; and how superior are both these explications of such medals to that of *Noris?* who could give no better account of the *goddess* on such medals, than the simple explication of its being "Urbis *imago turrita* monticulum insidens et habens subtus figuram fluminis, quo urbs alluitur, et vivum ex undis emergentem." p. 247 and 345: which is too suitable to the abovementioned information of Ælian to be true, that the ancients denoted rivers sometimes by male and sometimes by female figures; and sometimes also by a *vir cornutus:* but how

how the ancients came by these horns is now for the first time perfectly cleared up. "*The mural crown also on the female head is now shewn to be the high crowned diddem of Vistnou; and that Noah himself drank out of the river Ganges at the cow's mouth.*" In fine, it is not possible for me to do justice to all the good things in this new antiquarian novel; but I will exhibit one example more which proves, beyond all dispute, that three human *feet*, found sometimes impressed on medals, were symbols of the three *heads* of Mount Taurus.

S.

ART. XIX. *Andrew Stuart's Letters and Douglas Case.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 299.]

I have waited thus long for a sight of the printed Case on the part of the Duke of Hamilton, before I proceeded to continue the review of this subject; but as I have not obtained it, I shall now proceed without it.

All the attention which I can give to the circumstantial and tedious *Case of Mr. Douglas* only confirms still more deeply the conviction I expresed on the first petusal of *Stuart's Letters*. I had not a particle of doubt *then*; if I had, it would *now* have vanished. A recurrence to the arguments of Mr. Stuart, and a reconsideration of them, after all that has ingeniously laboured on the other side, (for very ingenious Mr. Douglas's Case certainly is) induces me to pronounce them unanswerable. If they struck me as able and

perspicuous at first, they appear to me still more so, after escaping from the labyrinth of the other side.

Nor are they to be considered as merely applicable to a particular case. They contain an able elucidation of some of the general principles of evidence, drawn both from powerful reasoning, and a deep insight tnto the human character. Whoever peruses these Letters may learn some practical wisdom; and be consoled by finding that there are rules of proof, arising from the accumulated experience of acute minds, which not the ablest and most plausible judge can depart from, undetected, and with impunity.

I do not believe that there will be found a lawyer hardy enough to impugn Mr. Stuart's exposition of such parts of the laws of evidence, as he has had occasion to recur to. And as little do I believe that any one will venture to reconcile the conduct of Lord Mansfield in this case to those laws, if his arguments were such as Mr. Stuart states them to have been; which statement as I am not aware that either Lord Mansfield or his friends ever publicly denied, I must presume to be true.

I do not blame the advocates who drew up Mr. Douglas's case. It was their business to make the best of their client's cause,—with this exception, that they ought not to have fallen into the scheme of their employer's agents to sacrifice the character of Mr. Stuart for it; more especially, as it seems, as if in private most of them were convinced of his uprightness.

But in my mind their very mode of treating and labouring the case proves their consciousness of its weakness. Else why be dwelling on ten thousand minute and trifling points, and be endeavouring to puzzle

puzzle and fritter away the attention, when the whole turned on two or three leading hinges? It is the mark of little minds to be hanging upon the scent, and unravelling little intricacies, instead of striking at the main clue, of which all the minor windings must necessarily follow the course.

The truly infamous attempt to create prejudices, and destroy the fair operation of evidence by base insinuations and cruel invectives against the character and conduct of Mr. Stuart, who was the principal conductor of the Duke of Hamilton's interest, appears to me in itself to furnish insuperable presumptions against his opponents. We have, alas! had subsequent glaring proof, that this is the trick of perfidious, false, and revengeful, hired opponents, to those who have been seeking their just rights of inheritance! And, what is still more melancholy, that the trick has been again successful! Were it not that the same depravity of heart too often suggests the same expedients, I should almost suppose that the line of conduct in the last case was borrowed from the former! *

Mr. Stuart is accused not merely of uncandid conduct, but of leading witnesses, and of instituting a French process, called the Tournelle, for the purpose of manufacturing evidence. The injustice of these accusations will be proved, before I close, by the testimony of men, whose situation in life and opportunity of judging put their assertions beyond suspicion. Yet, painful as is the remark, there can be but little doubt

* It is but too apparent that some of the persons who took an active part in the case alluded to, had been poaching very industriously in Mr. Douglas's case, from a strange coincidence of a variety of singular expressions, which at the time I much wondered at, but now trace to their source.

 that

that the decision turned upon the prejudices created in this way.

I really feel a deep depression, while I record my loss of confidence in the power of law, and the skill of sound sense, to seat justice triumphant over sophistry, false eloquence, caprice, or prejudice: "*My ideas of justice,*" says Wedderburn, "*are a little perplexed by the decision, and I consider it as a striking example that no cause is certain or desperate.*"*

The whole of Mr. Douglas's long case contains an invective of the most virulent nature from beginning to end against Andrew Stuart. Superficial judges are thus induced to take for granted that the question depends on the proof offered by him, and, therefore, on the rectitude or dishonesty of his conduct. They are thus drawn away from the main point, on which the decision ought really to rest, and with which Mr. Stuart, even if his conduct had been improper, has nothing to do.

This is the testimony and conduct of Sir John Stewart himself, coupled with the evidence produced by Mr. Douglas's agents regarding Delamarre, the pretended accoucheur! If this be coolly and impartially examined, separated from all those clouds of comparatively irrelevant circumstances, in which it has been artfully involved, I confess myself incapable of anticipating a difference of opinion, among sound and honest minds.

We know that this cause unfortunately engaged the passions of large parties, not only in Scotland, but in England. We know that it was many years in liti-

* *Letter to A. Stuart, May 22, 1769.*

gation,

gation, during which all those misrepresentations, which folly, malice, artifice, and interest, are so apt to generate, had an opportunity of swelling to an alarming height. We know that from the very nature of the supreme court by which it was finally decided, these evils must necessarily have their operation even in that sacred quarter.

It does really seem to me that there is no other possible mode of accounting, at this distance of time, for the following series of insuperable difficulties having been got over. 1. The omitting to obtain a proper certificate from the accoucheur; or if lost, the omitting to procure another. 2. The admitted fabrication by Sir John Stewart of pretended letters from the accoucheur. 3. The inference, that, if a real accoucheur existed, Sir John Stewart could not in this fabrication have ascribed to him striking and material circumstances which did not belong to him, such as his tour to Italy and his sojourning at Naples, unless he had an interest in concealing him from examination. 4. The inference, that Sir John Stewart could not in his deposition ascribe to him, a wrong commencement of their acquaintance, which differed not only in place, but twenty-seven years in point of time from the true; an equally erroneous age; an erroneous place of residence; and an erroneous employment, such as being surgeon to a Walloon regiment; unless for the same purpose.

Now if Sir John Stewart's account of the accoucheur was true, it is *utterly impossible* to identify him with the accoucheur, set up by Menager: if it was not true, then every tittle of evidence given by Sir John Stewart, must be completely set aside. We must then

resort to Menager's evidence standing by itself: but Menager's evidence, uncombined with Sir John's, even if it be true, is strangely incomplete. Either way therefore the difficulty is insurmountable. There is either a gross deficiency, if taken separate; or if combined, the wonderful coincidence, of which Lord Mansfield endeavoured to enforce the belief, turns out to be a striking discrepancy!

Were we to stop our remarks here, and to refrain from making any further observations on Sir John Stewart's conduct, I think we have stated objections, on which Mr. Douglas's opponents might reasonably have thought themselves safe. But a few more obvious queries will materially tend to increase our doubts, if they want increase. If Lady Jane was really brought to bed in the house of Madame Le Brun at Paris, by an accoucheur of the name of Le Marr, how came Sir John Stewart not to assist in the inquiries for these people? How came he not to recollect (even if we can suppose him to have lost the letters) some of the circumstances, which in a correspondence of years must have come out to afford him a clue for tracing out Le Marr? Did he never write answers to Le Marr? Was there no trace of him to be found at those places, to which the letters were sent? Could he not have gone to Paris himself,* and pointed out the house of Ma-

* Mr. Douglas's lawyers seem to have felt the pinch of this; and endeavour to account for it, by accusing Andrew Stuart of attempting to frighten Sir John Stewart from coming to Paris, by the Tournelle process; but, even if a man conscious of innocence could be so frightened, why did not Sir John go to Paris before this Tournelle process was begun, or thought of: and which, in the same breath, these accusers charge Mr. S. with carrying on *secretly*?

dame

dame Le Brun? Could he not have conversed with Godefroi and Michel, and brought some decisive circumstances to their memory? Could he recollect no one person, except his own household, Frenchman, or Scotchman, who could give something more than loose hear-say evidence of this extraordinary birth, which would naturally have been a subject of gossip among all his acquaintance, and of triumph and boast with himself?

These are difficulties which occur in the latter stage of the business, when the cause was under absolute litigation, and proofs were called for, and searched after with the *utmost* diligence by Mr. Douglas's agents. But it may further be asked, why from the very hour of the birth, if birth there was, Sir John did not furnish himself with powerful and undeniable certificates, which were then within his reach, at little expense or trouble? The very nature of this extraordinary delivery, his wife's age, the inheritance which was at issue, and a foreign country, were all imperious reasons against this omission! But, had he then omitted it, how can we account for his not doing it, as soon as he learned that suspicions of the birth were actually entertained in Scotland? This happened very early, and before he returned from the Continent.

In lieu of all this Mr. Douglas's advocates urge that it is not so much their business to prove that the birth was true, as it is that of their opponents to prove that it is false, by proving Mr. Douglas, by positive evidence, the son of somebody else. They insist on demanding of the Duke of Hamilton a proof of the negative. And they intermingle with it unceasing invectives against Mr. Stuart for a zeal directed by rancour,

rour, for activity in opposition to his conviction, for suppressions by which he has misled his deluded principal, and for statements contrary to his better knowledge upon the chance that they might not be detected. And all this turns out to be built upon occasional arguments, which, as they contend (but cannot always be admitted) were pushed too far; and upon what Mr. Stuart states to have been (and what in the very nature of things probably were) the variations between the first colloquial statements of witnesses, and their final depositions in courts.

But, as I have said before, not one of these objections and accusations has the smallest concern with the main points on which this cause must hinge. It betrays therefore a feeling of despair on the part of Mr. Douglas's advocates thus to attempt to mislead the mind from the real difficulties. By these means, "*the controversy,*" says Stuart, "*seemed not to be one cause, but a vast collection of different causes. Those parts of it which were obvious to common sense, and which required no labour of thought to be comprehended, were lost and obscured in the multitude of others which demanded a more minute and accurate discussion; and the Peers, actuated by their usual integrity, but forgetting that the dispute turned merely on a question of fact,* of which they were no less able judges than the most profound lawyer, *were apt to consider the matter as on the same footing with the subtle questions of jurisprudence, where they justly have a great deference for those who are engaged by their profession to attain a more particular acquaintance with that science.*"——"Your Lordship's distinguished sagacity," continues he, "led you to perceive

ceive this disposition of mind in your audience, you took advantage of it, and availed yourself of the authority attending your station; you mustered up all that eloquence which you so readily command on every subject where you take an interest; and by wandering in that immense forest of facts and circumstances, you were able to draw off the attention of the judges from those luminous points of view, which, if considered singly, would have sufficed alone to determine that memorable cause."

I have observed, that there seems no occasion to travel further for ground on which to decide this case. A birth stated to have happened not twenty years before under very suspicious circumstances, and supported by very weak, or very discredited and inconsistent proof, does not appear satisfactory to an impartial mind. But to confirm the doubt, strong circumstantial evidence of the negative was established. It is admitted that about that time (within three months of it, as Mr. Douglas's party admit; exactly at the time as his opponents contend) the children of Mignon and Sanry were carried away. And many witnesses deposed to a variety of circumstances inconsistent with Lady Jane's delivery. An endeavour was made to discredit these witnesses, as influenced by Mr. Stuart. On this Mr. S. observes, "History and experience have shewn, that it is very possible for impostures to succeed, by reason of the extreme difficulty, with which the opposite party has to encounter, on whom the burden of proving the negative proposition lies; but no instance can be shewn of any satisfactory or successful proof brought of the *falsehood* of a *true birth*."—"In an affair which depends on the direct testimony

testimony of two or three witnesses, it may indeed happen, that the truth of a fact may be disguised or suppressed by their false testimony; but he, who grounds his cause upon a circumstantial proof, consisting of various branches, and comprehending a variety of separate and independent proofs, established by circumstances and by witnesses unconnected with each other, must be very confident indeed of the truth and justice of that cause. Witnesses may be corrupted, but circumstances cannot; nor are they so pliant as the memories or dispositions of men. From these considerations, a proof by circumstances, so incapable of being perverted, and so liable to detection if false, has ever been allowed to be not only the most free from suspicion, but the best suited for affording to the mind of man the surest indications of the truth; indications far more convincing and satisfactory than can arise from the positive testimony of a few witnesses liable to error or seduction."

I love eloquence and admire a brilliant mind: but when I see the rights of inheritance, and the laws of evidence at its mercy, I shrink with horror to reflect how little secure all that is most dear to us is from the caprice of human passions! Lord Mansfield put forth his meteor lights; and the inconsiderate public were led away by its coruscations! *

Having

* Mr. Harris, in a letter to Dr. Joseph Warton, dated March 7, 1769, says: "Great encomiums are given to Lord Chancellor, and Lord Mansfield, for their eloquent and decisive speeches in the Douglas cause, which carried the judgment in Douglas's favour without a division. Five Lords protested against this judgment, the Duke of Bedford, Earls of Sandwich, Bristol, and Dunmore, and Lord Milton." See *Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton*, 350.

In Elphinstone's *Forty Years Correspondence between Geniusses of both Sexes*,

Having myself been placed in a situation similar to that of Mr. Stuart, and having been the victim of the machinations of hired agents, who thought they could best earn the wages and the patronage to which they looked by the enormity of their falsehoods and cruelties, and whose rancour rose in proportion to their perfidy, I cannot hesitate to transcribe at length the most decisive authorities in Mr. Stuart's favour; for my statements and arguments, may, from what I have now suggested, be deemed liable to partiality. And there are those who, in the excess of their candour towards the attackers, cannot easily believe that he, who has been outrageously attacked, is entirely free from blame. They will not lightly admit, dear candid creatures! that corrupt motives can influence the bosom of the accuser! They forget that malice is a strong stimulant; and revenge of all passions the most energetic and vehement! For they, gentle judges, can imagine no impulse but the love of truth, however mistaken; and the hatred of falsehood, however wrongly suspected! I feel therefore a mixture of glory and indignation in recording the opinion of these great men,

Sons, Vol. II. p. 589, is the following passage: "My English Grammar, &c. Mr. Drummond haz coppies at Eddinburrough; hware, I suppoze, yoo wil also find Mr. *Stuart's* Letters. Width these Mr. Cadel declines connexion; nay, absolutely refuses to be an instrument ov their circulation: but my sister hoo iz now here (Kenzington) and joins my spouz and self in regards, says yoo hav onely to hint yoor wish in *New-Street*, shood yoo not have dhat extraordinary work at *Eddinburrough*. Ellegance ov style must be allowed it; nor can its wrong address be denied. Lord *Mansfield* iz attacked insted of Lord *Camden*: hwich latter grait man's decisive speech in dhe *Dugglas*-cauze iz very happily extant in dhe *Scots Maggazene* ov 1769; as I can vouch, hoo herd it (and herd it with admiracion!) pronounced!"

who

who had the best opportunity of judging, with regard to an ill-fated, most able and virtuous man, thus diabolically traduced, for purposes the most infamous!

LETTERS

From the Hon. Charles Yorke to Andrew Stuart, Esq.

"DEAR SIR, Sunday, March 26, 1769. Highgate.

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, a friend from your country called on me, and said much of the disturbances at Edinburgh, and the insults to the President. After the example set in this part of the country, to resist the authority of Parliament, I do not wonder at the efforts to weaken the dignity of an inferior judicature, though within its limits, and for the ordinary course of justice, supreme. Let me beg of you one thing, as a friend; not to be too anxious, nor feel too much, because things impertinent or injurious are said of yourself. Can any man exert his talents and industry in public or private business without staking his good name upon it? Or at least exposing himself to the jealousy of contending parties, and even to their malice and detraction? In these consequences do you experience more than the common lot? And why should you hope to be exempt from it?

"No impartial man can read over the *papers* in the cause, with all the *private letters* and *memoranda* exhibited, and not stand convinced of the purity of your intentions, and the integrity and honour of your conduct. You could not have given evidence consistently with the rules of the law of Scotland, by which the execution

execution of the commission was regulated. If you could, some circumstances which appear to me of little weight, would have been explained.

"The council of Scotland for all parties, and the judges, who differed on the merits from one another, *all* concurred in doing justice to your character, and declaring that you had acted uprightly, as well as ably. This I am free to say every where, and say to you in this letter, merely because I think it; and because the sincere opinion of a friend, declared on such occasions so trying and important, is the genuine consolation of an honest mind.

"For myself I need not say that I would not have urged some things at the bar of the House of Lords, as I did, if I had not felt the weight of them.—In such causes, an advocate is unworthy of his profession, who does not plead with the veracity of a witness and a judge.*

I am, Dear Sir, with great regard,

Your obedient humble servant,

C. YORKE."

From Mr. Solicitor General Dunning.

Lincoln's Inn, 27 May, 1769.

"——— I cannot write to you without expressing my hopes, that you have, ere now, taught yourself to disregard the many injurious misrepresentations of

* These are sentiments worthy this great and good man, who was not only an honour to his family but to his country; and whose morbid sensibility sacrificed him a victim to his high sense of honour in the following year. No one rose at the bar for many succeeding years *aut similis, aut secundus.*

your

your conduct in the Douglas cause, which I am sorry to learn are still circulated with some industry. It is not to be doubted, but that all imputations which are not founded in truth will be forgot, as soon as the animosity which gave birth to them has subsided. In the mean while, though the best consolation is the consciousness of not having deserved them, it may perhaps be matter of some consolation to you, that those, who have had the most occasion to examine them, think of them as you would wish;—perhaps too, some of them may be referable to the want of a sufficient explanation at the bar of particular passages, which have been made the ground of censure; and if so, it is more peculiarly a debt of justice to you from the council in the cause, thinking of it as I do, to declare, that after the fullest investigation which in that character it was my duty to make into every part of the cause, it appeared to me to have been conducted on your part, in a manner not only altogether irreproachable, but distinguished throughout by a degree of candour and delicacy, of which I have met with few examples.

I am, with real esteem and regard,

Your very humble servant,

J. DUNNING."

From Mr. Wedderburn.

"MY DEAR STUART, Broomhall, 22 May, 1769.

"I have read over here the news-paper account of Lord Chancellor's speech in the Douglas cause, which, in my opinion, he has more reason to be offended

fended with than you have: it is the publication of one, who had only capacity enough to retain those parts of the speech, which, I am persuaded, the Chancellor would wish to be least remembered. Nothing ever was worse founded than any aspersions upon your conduct in that cause, which, in its whole progress, was carried on, not only with the strictest probity on your part, but with a candour and delicacy that very few men would have thought themselves bound to observe. I have more than once thought, in the course of the inquiry, that you acted with too nice a sense of honour, in a contention with people who made no scruple to take every advantage, though I respected the principle upon which it proceeded. It was impossible you could escape abuse (let your conduct be ever so correct) at a time, when, for much less interests, all characters are daily traduced, and personal invective is become a standing mode of argument.—I am sorry, upon their own account, that it should be adopted by those, who having felt what calumny is, should be cautious how they give a sanction to it. Upon your account, I feel very little anxiety; because, besides the testimony of your own mind, you have the satisfaction to know, that all those, who have been eye-witnesses of your conduct, not only justify it, but applaud it; that of the many judicious people who have studied the cause, very few indeed join in the reflections upon you; and that even your adversaries do your conduct that justice in private, which in public they have sacrificed to the interests of their cause. They have succeeded, and the decision must compel our submission; but assent can only flow from conviction; and the opinion I had entertained of the cause is not altered by any reasoning I have heard

heard upon it. — My ideas of justice are a little perplexed by the decision, and I consider it as a striking example, that no cause is certain or desperate. You will probably be gone from London before I return to it; and I could not help writing to you, as I shall not have an opportunity for some time of meeting you.

Adieu, my dear Stuart, and believe me ever,

Your's most sincerely,

AL. WEDDERBURN."*

From Sir Adam Fergusson.

"SIR,

"I cannot express the indignation I have felt at the attempts which have been made, especially since the appeal was entered in the House of Lords, to throw out aspersions on your conduct in the management of the Douglas cause. If these attempts had proceeded alone from your adversaries, or from the mere vulgar, I should have disregarded them, and thought them unworthy of notice; because in the one I should have considered them as arts made use of to support their cause; in the other, as owing to want of proper information. But when I have seen them supported by those whose situation naturally gives weight to their assertions, how void soever they may be of any foundation in evidence, or even destitute of common candour, I look upon them in a very different light. It is for this reason, Sir, that I consider it as a testimony I

* I cannot say this authority is of as much weight, as the others. The character of Lord Roslyn was not much calculated to procure confidence in his opinions. *Editor.*

owe

owe to truth, to declare, that having had the fullest opportunity of considering every particular relative to the conduct of that cause, I have not only the most thorough conviction of the uprightness and integrity of your proceeding in every part of it, but think the whole has been conducted, not only with remarkable ability, but with a degree of candour, moderation, and temper, of which I know very few men who are capable. This is a piece of justice which I have not the smallest doubt will, sooner or later, be done you by the world. In the mean time, if a declaration of my sentiments can be of the least use to you, I chose to express them in this manner; and am, with the most real esteem, founded on those very qualities which have been so unjustifiably traduced.

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

AD. FERGUSSON."

St. James's Place, March 11, 1769.

I have now probably said enough on this subject. I will, however, neither bind myself to drop it here, nor to pursue it further.

ART. XX. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

No. VIII.

MRS. LEFROY.

I ENTER with hesitation upon a task of much delicacy; yet love and duty impel me not to throw away the opportunity of giving a memorial of one, most dear to me, whose merits deserve a lasting record.

Anne, the wife of the late Rev. George Lefroy of Ash, in Hampshire, was born at Wootton in Kent, in March 1748. She was the eldest child of Edward Brydges, Esq. of Wootton Court, who died in Nov. 1780, by Jemima, (who still survives) the youngest daughter and at length coheir of William Egerton, LL.D. Prebendary of Canterbury, Chancellor of Hereford, and Rector of Penshurst * in Kent, younger son of the Hon. Thomas Egerton of Tatton Park, in Cheshire, who was younger son of John, second Earl of Bridgewater, by Lady Elizabeth, daughter of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle.

From her earliest infancy she discovered a quickness of apprehension, and a rapidity of memory, which astonished all, who knew her. These were rendered still more attractive by a sweetness of temper; and an overflowing benevolence of heart, which was almost too exuberant for the rough world to which she was destined. Her conversation, and her command of language were as voluble and copious, as her ideas were instantaneous and brilliant. Her speaking countenance, more especially the smiling radiance of her eyes, added powerfully to her astonishing eloquence.

Thus endowed, she early displayed an insatiable love of reading—more especially works which addressed

* Here Dr. Egerton passed his time in the strictest intimacy with his cousin John Sydney, Earl of Leicester, to whom he owed the rectory; and, perhaps, it was from the groves of Penshurst, where

"The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While History points to all its glories past," *

that that enthusiasm for literature, which has marked one or two of his descendants, was transmitted by him.

* Mrs. Smith.

themselves

themselves to the fancy, or the heart. She became so intimately acquainted with the English poets, that there was scarce one, of any eminence, of whose productions she could not repeat by memory a large portion. With a mind formed and cultivated in this manner, it is not wonderful that she had herself the pen of a ready writer. At twelve years old she composed a pleasing hymn, which would not disgrace at the same age any who have risen to the highest pinnacle of genius. Had her ambition been thus early directed to literary pre-eminence, and regularly continued, I firmly believe that there was no laurel beyond her reach. But either in the retirement of the country, or when mixing with the world among her numerous relations and acquaintance, moving in a station in life, where other (I do not say more honourable or more virtuous) objects of rivalry were encouraged, she was taught to consider literature rather as a casual amusement than a business; and this, as her faculties were naturally volatile, increased the defect (if she had a defect) of her mind.

The shades of Wootton, however, were well calculated to strengthen the colours of her fancy, and confirm the purity of her heart. She lived beloved and admired, in the bosom of a large family, amid scenes of beauty, simplicity, and virtue. The warmth of her disposition, her amiable and pious sentiments, and her ideas of earthly happiness, were cherished by example, and took habitual root.

At this period she wrote many occasional poems, which displayed great ease, elegance, and harmony of language, justness of thought, and excellence of heart. Too many of them have been scattered to the winds,

and are now irrecoverable. She never put forward her whole force. If she had, I am confident she was capable of great strength and sublimity, particularly on subjects connected with her elevated ideas of religion. Her compositions never fell into flatness; and she was perfectly free from that uncouth and encumbered style of expression, with which too many of her cotemporaries have been tinctured.

In December 1778 she married the Rev. George Lefroy,* then rector of Compton, in Surry, whom she had known from her childhood; and removed with him to Basingstoke in Hants, till the living at Ash, in that county, for which he was then waiting, should become vacant. The new neighbourhood, where she now lived, were not less delighted with her attractions, than those circles, in which she was formerly known. She was the charm of every society of her own rank; and she was equally the idol of the poor, on whom her attentions, her kind and gentle manners, and her charitable disposition, conferred daily blessings. She electrified every company: young and old, gay and grave; the virtuous and the dissipated, the high and the low, were animated by the sound of her voice.

In 1784 she removed to Ash, where Mr. Lefroy had succeeded to the living, and very handsomely rebuilt the rectorial house. The domestic cares of a growing family, who in the excess of her affection engrossed a large proportion of her thoughts, tended, in

* Son of Anthony *Lefroy*, Esq. a well-known merchant of Leghorn and nephew to the late Benjamin Langlois, Esq. who in 1779 was Under Secretary of State; and to General Langlois, well known in the Austrian service. His brother was formerly Lieut. Col. of the 13th Dragoons, and now resides at Limerick.

addition to constant company, of which it was natural that she, with whom every one was delighted, should be fond, allowed her little time for the continued cultivation of those great talents, with which Providence had endowed her. She read eagerly and rapidly; but she read only for amusement. She wrote and she talked with energetic eloquence; but all that her pen produced were principally hasty letters, committed to paper, while her acquaintance or her family were talking around her, and interrupting every moment her eager and instantaneous apprehension, which darted from one subject to another with the celerity of the northern lights. Her wonderful gifts of intellect were in this manner too much frittered away; and are gone therefore without leaving behind those permanent proofs of their existence, which were so easily within her power.

When her family were struggling for the honours of their birth; when year after year, that ill-fated claim, which, like the Douglas cause, will stand a beacon in the annals of litigation, was prolonged, opposed, harrassed by treachery, overwhelmed with falsehood, surrounded by unexampled prejudice, and covered with the most cruel, undeserved, and provoking injuries; when, with every added session, she saw the gloom of her brothers increase under ill-usage irreparable, and springing from the instruments of corruption and revenge; she took a lively and active part in the contest and its sufferings; her mind became deeply occupied with the subject, and for the first time her philanthropy and universal benevolence received a shock. Her indignation now and then broke forth;

and would have made an impression on any head or heart, not depraved till they were callous as stone. She survived the unexpected blow of the final decision, not eighteen months; and, accompanied as it was by circumstances of aggravated mortification, it seemed to be constantly uppermost in her thoughts; and I believe she had by no means recovered it at her death.

Her mind, however, had sufficient occupation: for she was constantly employed in acts of goodness to all within her reach. When the important discovery of vaccination was promulgated, she eagerly caught at it; learned the process, and with her own hand extended its benefits to near eight hundred of the neighbouring poor. She persevered in defiance of interested calumny: and it was curious to see the flocks of people from the surrounding villages, resorting to her, whose complaints she patiently heard, and whose progress in the disorder she assiduously watched. Nor was any other act of kindness to the poor omitted by her. Amidst her various avocations, she every day condescended to teach a number of village children herself, not only to read and write, but to work, to make straw-hats, &c. In her walks and rides the cottages of the peasants were as much the objects of her visits as the mansions of rank, fashion, or opulence.

On December 15, 1804, having rode to pay a visit about two miles off, the horse, when she mounted him to return, set off in a canter, and increased his pace; she lost her courage, and after keeping her seat for near a mile, fell, and never spoke again. It is possible the servant might have caught the bridle, and stopt the horse; but he had been afraid to come up with her,

lest

lest his own horse should increase the pace of the other. She was carried home, and lingered in a state of insensibility till the next morning, when she died * in her fifty-seventh year, an example of every thing that is attractive and virtuous in the female character.

With the most sincere and most fervent sentiments of religion, with the most tender and affectionate heart, with the most pure and undeviating rectitude of conduct, she united the most lively and captivating manners, the most amiable temper, and the most brilliant understanding. Her death, therefore, created a very widely-extended lamentation. Wherever her name was known, (and it was not confined to narrow bounds) it drew forth deep and unfeigned regret. Her relations and friends considered it an unspeakable affliction. And he, who draws this memoir, who owes to her the first direction of his mind to poetry, who spent under her fostering attentions some of the happiest moments of his life, and experienced from his earliest dawn of infancy her fond and unceasing affection and partiality, never passes a day without a deep and woful sense of her loss.

Some of her poems have been preserved in the *Poetical Register*. The following, among many others, has not been printed.

"*To her Husband.*

"O say, dear object of my soul's best love,
By what new means can I my passion prove?
Twin'd with my heart-strings are the cords that bind
This weak and fearful to thy stronger mind.

* Her husband survived till January 1806.

O that you saw with what incessant care
For thee I raise to Heaven the fervent prayer;
How past this transient scene my raptur'd soul
Blest with thy love sees endless ages roll!—
As some poor wretch, whom midnight dreams affright,
Sees horrid gulphs just opening to his sight,
While hideous fiends torment his sinking soul,
And lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll;
Waking he scarce believes the scene deceit,
Still his nerves tremble, and his pulses beat;
So, tho' convinc'd my foolish fears were vain,
My heart still sinks beneath ideal pain."

I will venture one more specimen.

"*To Miss D. B.* Feb.* 1776.

"Whilst you for Gaylard's† festive dance
Adorn your lovely face,
With pleasure see each charm advance,
And heighten every grace;

By Marmontel's instructive page
I strive my soul to dress,
In charms that shall defy old age;
And brighten in distress.

When Belisarius, old and blind,
To Fancy's view appears,
Soft pity overflows my mind,
And fills my eyes with tears.

Taught by his fate how vain is power,
How fickle Fortune's smiles,
I learn to prize the peaceful hour,
And scorn Ambition's toils.

* Afterwards Mrs. Maxwel, who died March 1789.

† A neighbouring family in Kent.

Surround

Surrounded by the pomp of war,
Had I the hero view'd,
Those chiefs attendant on his car,
His valour had subdued;

Compassion for the sufferer's fate
Had o'er my soul prevail'd,
Obscur'd the conqueror's glittering state,
And all his glories veil'd!

Despoil'd of honours, riches, power,
Bent with the weight of years,
Helpless and blind, in sorrow's hour
How glorious he appears!

Torn from his brow in life's first bloom
The warrior's crown may fade,
Or in the cold and silent tomb
Be wither'd and decay'd.

But round the good man's placid brow
Unfading wreaths shall twine;
More fresh by time those laurels grow,
Bestow'd by hands divine!'*

Her productions, like her conversation, were all rapidity; she had no ambition of authorship, and neither confidence enough in her talents, nor sufficient continued attention, to do justice to her own powers. She looked only for her fame in the angelic goodness of her character; and she had the happiness of being so almost universally beloved, that, if there were any who indulged a taint of envy or ill-will towards her, they carefully for their own credit disguised it.

Sept. 12, 1807.

* This has been printed in the Poetical Register, Vol. I. p. 32.

ART.

N°. IX.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

The following curious letter having been inserted nearly thirty years ago in one of the volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which is now, I believe, difficult to be procured, I am prompted to reprint it here.

"January 20, 1781.

"WILLIAM COLLINS, the poet, I was intimately acquainted with from the time that he came to reside at Oxford. He was the son of a tradesman in the city of Chichester; I think an hatter; and being sent very young to Winchester school, was soon distinguished for his early proficiency, and his turn for elegant composition. About the year 1740, he came off from that seminary first upon roll, * and was entered a commoner of Queen's College. There, no vacancy offering for New-College, he remained a year or two, and then was chosen demy of Magdalen College; where, I think, he took a degree. As he brought with him, for so the whole turn of his conversation discovered, too high an opinion of his school acquisitions, and a sovereign contempt for all academic studies and discipline, he never looked with any complacency on his situation in the university, but was always complaining of the dulness of a college life. In short, he threw up his demyship, and, going to London, com-

* "Mr. Joseph Warton, since Dr. Warton, Head-Master of Winton school, was at the same time second upon roll; and Mr. Mulso, afterwards Prebendary of the church of Winton, third upon roll."

menced

menced a man of the town, spending his time in all the dissipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the play-houses; and was romantic enough to suppose that his superior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, by means of whom he was to make his fortune. In this pleasurable way of life he soon wasted his little property, and a considerable legacy left him by a maternal uncle,* a colonel in the army, to whom the nephew made a visit in Flanders during the war. While on this tour he wrote several entertaining letters to his Oxford friends, some of which I saw. In London I met him often, and remember he lodged in a little house with a Miss Bundy, at the corner of King's-square Court, Soho, now a warehouse, for a long time together. When poverty overtook him, poor man, he had too much sensibility of temper to bear with his misfortunes, and so fell into a most deplorable state of mind. How he got down to Oxford I do not know, but I myself saw him under Merton wall, in a very affecting situation, struggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the parish of St. Clement, in which was a house that took in such unhappy objects; and I always understood, that not long after he died in con-

* Dr. Johnson, and others, call him Col. Martin: Dr. Warton calls him Col. Martin *Bladen*, I suspect erroneously, as that person was uncle to Admiral Lord Hawke. But Dr. Warton adds, "Col. Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and translated Cæsar's Commentaries. He left his estate to his nephew my dear friend, Mr. William Collins, which he did not get possession of, till his faculties were deranged, and he could not enjoy it. I remember Collins told me that Bladen had given to Voltaire, all that account of Camoens, inserted in his Essay on the Epic Poets of all nations, and that Voltaire seemed entirely ignorant of the name and character of Camoens." From Warton's Pope, V. 284. *Editor.*

finement;

finement; but when, or where* he was buried, I never knew.

"Thus was lost to the world this unfortunate person, in the prime of life, without availing himself of fine abilities, † which, properly improved, must have raised him to the top of any profession, and have rendered him a blessing to his friends, and an ornament to his country!

"Without books, or steadiness and resolution to consult them if he had been possessed of any, he was always planning schemes for elaborate publications, which were carried no further than the drawing up proposals for subscriptions, some of which were published; and in particular one for '*A History of the darker Ages.*'

"He was passionately fond of music; good-natured and affable; warm in his friendships, and visionary in his pursuits; and, as long as I knew him, very temperate in his eating and drinking. He was of moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion, with grey eyes, so very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room; and often raising within him apprehensions of blindness.

* He died at Chichester, 1756. *Editor.*

† And does this writer suppose he did not avail himself of his fine abilities, when he wrote those beautiful poems, which have immortalised his name? And does he think, that he would have been more useful, if he had wasted his strength by contending with coarse and common-place talents in the vulgar career of a profession? If his career had been crowned with entire success, and he had gone to the grave ornamented with coronets, the earth would scarce have been thrown over him, before he had been forgotten! Who now thinks of Lord Thurlow, or Lord Rosslyn? Who does not pay his almost daily veneration to the names of Collins and Cowper? *Editor.*

"With

"With an anecdote respecting him, while he was at Magdalen College, I shall close my letter. It happened one afternoon, at a tea-visit, that several intelligent friends were assembled at his rooms to enjoy each other's conversation, when in comes a member * of a certain college, as remarkable at that time for his brutal disposition, as for his good scholarship; who, though he met with a circle of the most peaceable people in the world, was determined to quarrel; and, though no man said a word, lifted up his foot and kicked the tea-table, and all its contents, to the other side of the room. Our poet, though of a warm temper, was so confounded at the unexpected downfal, and so astonished at the unmerited insult, that he took no notice of the aggressor, but getting up from his chair calmly, he began picking up the slices of bread and butter, and the fragments of his china, repeating very mildly,

'Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.'

I am your very humble servant,

V." †

It appears from Mr. Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton, that the following little poem, which appeared in *Gent. Mag.* Oct. 1739, was written and communicated by Collins, while a Winchester school-boy.

* The translator of Polybius; the Rev. James Hampton, who died 1778.

† From Gent. Mag. Vol. LI. p. 11.

"*Sonnet.*

" *Sonnet.*

" When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
My soul! it reach'd not here!
Strange, that thy peace, thou trembler, flies
Before a rising tear!

From 'midst the drops my love is born,
That o'er those eye-lids rove:
Thus issued from a teeming wave
The fabled Queen of Love!

DELICATULUS." *

ART. XXI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

No. XV.

Harry Random's Second Letter to the Ruminator.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

You have shewn both courage and good sense by the insertion of my former letter; and I trust you will not lose your credit with me by refusing admission to this. Though my pace is not always equally rapid, you must allow me to be excursive and superficial. I laugh sometimes in bitterness of heart; but I will never expose myself to the accusation of weeping, when I ought to laugh. I leave it to you to

* I saw in a Magazine, not long ago, a copy of a Letter from a Mr. John Ragdale, dated 1783, giving some account of Collins from personal acquaintance, corresponding in all material points with the above. It has been too lately laid before the public to be inserted again here. *Editor.*

be

be angry with those at whom you ought to smile; and to be indignant where you should despise. You remember that extraordinary passage in the epitaph which Swift wrote for himself:

" Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit!"

But yet I will do you the justice to say, that you have not the spleen and misanthropy of Swift: witness those glowing passages of praise which often appear upon your pages; and which, in my opinion, would frequently admit of some abatement.

For me, who wander over the wide world with a determination to let nothing dwell seriously on my mind; but skimming the surface of every thing, to enjoy its sweets, and lightly reject its bitters; for me, the world appears a comedy; and, to own the truth, too much of a comedy! If it does not call forth my resentment, alas! it too little generates my love. You haters have the advantage of us there: I perceive you can love too, with violence! You remind me too acutely of the words of a common song:

" A generous friendship no cold medium knows;
Glows with one love, with one resentment glows!"

Harry Random, with all his carelessness and gaiety, and all his attempts to " set the table in a roar," knows not these gratifying extremes!

Look, however, around you on the world; or if you must confine yourself to literature, look on your brother authors, and observe how little there is worthy either of affection or disgust. I wish, therefore, you would learn to treat your subjects with a little more complacency; with a little more of that playfulness of ideas

ideas, which generates ease and cheerfulness; instead of assuming the character of

> "Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
> Immers'd in rapturous thought profound;
> And Melancholy, silent Maid,
> With leaden eye, that loves the ground!"

I had written thus far, when your two last numbers reached me; having been for some time absent from this place on a tour. Your last proves to me how little you are affected by my advice; or, perhaps, how little capable you are of variation! O Sir, do not, I beseech you, indulge so much in these dull sermonizing essays! You infect even me with your gravity! Instead of moving with my wonted elasticity, I shall become as soporific as yourself!

Why should you argue with such solemn earnestness for the privileges of poets? I do not know in what they differ from other men, unless in their imprudence and their folly! If an author makes me laugh, I am grateful to him; but I cannot forgive his troublesome eccentricities, because, forsooth, he makes not only himself, but his readers, *miserable!* It is said that *Dulce est decipere in loco*; and what is the place, in which this is not desirable?

You are told by your correspondent, Londinensis, "to unmask pretended patriotism, and detect the empiricism of ministers." Do it then with a playful hand, if you can; gently and smilingly draw off the disguise; but tear it not open with rude indignation, leaving wounds by the violence of the rent; nor probe the

the sore to the bottom with a rough and unsparing lancet. The man, who makes us smile is forgiven even while he exposes us; but severity, harshness, and insult no one ever forgets. And are you in such conscious security yourself, as undauntedly to incur the hazard of revenge? I have heard that you have enemies enough without wantonly provoking more; or whetting the appetites of those, to whose malice you have been already exposed! You have been guilty of unpardonable offences among your neighbouring squires:

"Fame in the shape of one Sir Harry
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts did tarry
A wicked imp, they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants." *

"For something he was heard to mutter,
How in the park beneath an old tree
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry,)

He once or twice had pen'd a sonnet;
Yet hop'd that he might save his bacon;
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conjurer taken." †

* See Gray's Long Story. † Ibid.

No, Sir! Your neighbours will not forgive you, even if you can justly plead the excuse contained in this quotation! Why then urge them to load you with still heavier calumny? You trust to the rectitude of your intentions, and the openness of your conduct! Alas! what a dupe are you then to the folly which you despise! These are not the weapons with which your opponents will fight. They will never meet you in the field face to face. They will way-lay you in the dark; their poison will be concealed; but it will be sure. Your reputation will secretly moulder away; your anxieties will increase; and mortification and neglect will bring your grey hairs to the grave before their time.

"Vive la bagatelle!" but let us have no more of this "sober sadness!"

HARRY RANDOM.

Bath, Sept. 5, 1807.

N°. XVI.

Reflections arising from the Season of the Year.

I AM afraid Mr. Random will give me up as incapable of amendment, when he reads the present paper. He will find me still in my old melancholy track. Alas! though he guesses well at some of my grievances, he knows not half the causes I have for gravity.

There is something in the fall of the leaf, which always overcomes me with a pensive turn of mind. It is a cast of frame, which is most beautifully described by

by Thomson in his enchanting delineation of this season of the year. When he speaks of the "faint gleams" of the autumn, and "the fading many-coloured woods," what poet can equal him? The foliage eddying from the trees, and choaking up the forest walks, is a circumstance which touches the heart with an indescribable kind of sensation! All Mr. RANDOM's raillery cannot dissipate the sombre hue of my thoughts at such a sight. My bosom is then filled with a thousand tender and solemn reflections; and sometimes they will, in spite of me, clothe themselves in verse.

Thus it happened the other morning, when, on rising, and looking from my window, I saw that the season had already begun its devastations in the shades which surround me.

Sonnet suggested by the approach of Autumn.

Another fall of leaf! And yet am I
No nearer to those sweet rewards of toil,
The praise of Learning and the good man's smile!
Year follows year, and age approaches nigh,
But still I linger in obscurity:
My painful days no sounds of fame beguile;
But Calumny, instead, would fain defile
The rhymes I build with many a tear and sigh.
Perchance ere yet another Autumn throws
The faded foliage from the mourning trees,
My vain presumptuous hopes may find repose;
And all these empty wishes Death appease!
Beneath the turf my weary bones be prest;
And the cold earth lie on this beating breast!

Having thus transcribed this sonnet, I hesitate to let it stand here, lest it should seem ungrateful to some respected friends, from whom, within the last year, I have received unmerited encouragement. But I am sure their candour will not interpret my expressions too strictly. From their praise I have felt a chearing consolation, which, though I have little reason to be in good humour with the world, has given in my sight new colours to existence here. I know, indeed, that I am too anxious to possess, as well as to deserve, their favourable opinion. And that he who thinks me careless of a good name, or not morbidly alive even to the whispers of calumny, is marvellously ignorant of the nature of my irritable disposition.

It has been my lot, if not innocently, at least by a very pardonable indiscretion of pen, to make enemies; of whose life, it has, in return, become the future business to traduce and blacken me. Lost in my books, or in distant speculations, I live in hourly danger; unprotected, and undefended; while these wretches are always at their post, and working in the mine. In this gloom the praise of more impartial and more intelligent judges is all I have to lighten me; and to give me a chance of counteracting these deeds of darkness. I cannot conceal how anxious I am to retain this consolation.

Sept. 21, 1807.

Art. XXII. *Literary Inscriptions.*

Literary Inscription on a blank leaf of Dr. Hunter's Sylva.

" To the memory of
John Evelyn, Esq.
A man of great learning, of sound judgment,
and of extensive benevolence.
From an early entrance into public life,
to an extreme old age,
He considered himself as living only for
the benefit of mankind.
Reader,
do justice to this illustrious character;
and be confident
that as long as there remains one page
of his voluminous writings,
and as long as virtue and science
hold their abode in this island,
The memory of the illustrious Evelyn
will be held in the highest veneration.
Ob. Feb. 27, 1705-6—Ætat. 85."

Epitaph in the Church of St. Mary-la-bonne.

" Near this place lies interred the body of
William Guthrie, Esq.
who died 9th March, 1770, aged 62:
representative of the ancient family
of Guthrie of Hankerton,
in the county of Angus, N. Britain.
Eminent for knowledge in all branches
of literature and of the British Constitution;
which his many works

 historical,

historical, geographical, critical, and political,
do testify.
To whom this monument was erected,
by order of his brother, Henry Guthrie, Esq.
in the year 1777."

*Epitaph on Thomas Day, Esq. author of "The Dying Negro," "Sandford and Merton," &c. Written by himself, and designed for Dr. Small; but reserved for his own tomb.**

"Beyond the rage of Time and Fortune's pow'r,
Remain, cold stone, remain and mark the hour,
When all the noblest gifts which Heav'n e'er gave,
Were buried in a dark untimely grave.
Oh, taught on reason's boldest wings to rise,
And catch each glimmering of the opening skies!
Oh, gentle bosom! oh, unsullied mind!
Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine!"

On Paul Whitehead.† By Garrick.

"Here lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Though his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame:
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses—till he died."

* Mr. Day lost his life by a fall from his horse, Sept. 28, 1789, at the age of 41.

† Ob. 30 Decem. 1774. Ætat. 64.

On

On the same. By Capt. Edw. Thompson.

"A poet rests beneath this marble hearse,
Whose friendship lives—the subject of our verse.
If cankering time his poesy devours,
And blights the beauty of his fairest flow'rs,
Yet shall his stubborn virtue nobly stand,
The praise, the envy of this generous land:
Sons yet unborn his memory shall commend,
Who gave up freedom to release his friend. *
Mild, though confin'd, as if to woe allied,
He ne'er rebuk'd, nor at his fortune sigh'd:
He serv'd his friend—and felt the conscious pride.
Let wreaths of laurel be the poet's fame;
Friendship and love were Whitehead's higher claim."

On Thomas Durfey. Ob. Feb. 26, 1723.

"Here lies the Lyric, who with tale and song
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant and his song was sweet,
His heart was chearful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader, grieve; that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told."

Art. XXIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

Art. 1. *A necessary doctrine and erudicion for any christen man, set furthe by the Kynges Majestye of Englande, &c. Psal.* 19. *Lorde preserve the Kyng, and here us whan we cal upon thee.—Psal.* 20. *Lorde in thy strengthe the Kynge shall rejoyce and be meruailous gladde through thy saluation.*

* Fleetwood the player, with whom he became joint bondsman in the sum of 3000l.

Colophon. *Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Berthelet, Printer to the Kynges Hyghnes, the XXIX day of May, the yere of our Lorde M.D.XLIII. cvm privilegio ad imprimendum solum.* 4to. 113 *leaves.* [*MS. title.*]

At the back of title "The contents of this Boke. The declaracion of Faith. The articles of our belefe called the crede. The seven sacramentes. The ten commandementes of Almyghtie God. Our Lordes Prayer, called the Pater Noster. The Salutacion of the Aungell called the Ave Maria. An Article of Free Will. An Article of Justificacion. An Article of Good Workes. Of prayer for soules departed."

"Henry the Eight by the grace of God Kynge of Englande, France, and Irelande, Defendour of the Faythe, and in earthe of the churche of Englande, and also of Irelande, supreme head, unto all his faythfull and lovyng subiectes sendeth greetyng," in a preface of six pages, because the humble and holy Harry "perceivyng that in the tyme of knowlege, the devyll (who ceasseth not in all tymes to vexe the worlde) hath attented to return ageyn, (as the parable in the gospel shewith) into the hous purged and clensed, accompanied with seven worse spirites, and hypocrisie and superstition beinge excluded and put away, we fynd entered into some of our peoples hartes, an inclination to sinister under standynge of scripture, presumption, arrogancye, carnall libertie, and contention; we be therefore constrained for the reformation of theym in tyme, and for advoiding of such diversitie in opinions as by the said evill spirites might be ingendred to set furth with thadvise of our clergie such a doctrine and declaration of the true knowlage of God and his worde, with the principall articles of our relygion, as wherby all men may uniformely be ledde and tanght the true understandyng of that, which is necessary for every christen man to know, for the orderyng of

him

him selfe in this lyfe, agreeably to the will and pleasure of Almighty God. Which doctrine also the lordes bothe spirituall and temporall with the nether house of our parliament, have both sene and lyke very wel."—" Wherfore we exhorte and desire all our loving subjectes, that they praying to God for the spirite of humilitie, do conforme themselves as good scholers and lerners ought, to here and beare awaie as afore, and wyllyngly to observe suche order, as is by us and our lawes prescribed and to reade and beare well awaie the true doctrine lately by us and our clergie sette furth for theyr erudicion wherby presumpcion and arrogance shall be withstanded, malice and contencion expelled, and carnall libertie refrayned and tempered, and disdayne clerely removed and taken awaie."

Art. 2. *The Courtier of Count Baldessar Castilio, deuided into foure bookes. Verie necessarie and profitable for young Gentlemen and Gentlewomen abiding in Court, Pallace, or Place. Done into English by Thomas Hobby. London: Printed by John Wolfe*, 1588. *4to. pp.* 616.

Second title, the contentes of the booke. The first booke, intreateth of the perfect qualities of a courtier. The second, of the use of them, and of mery jestes and prankes. The third, of the conditions and qualities of a waiting gentlewoman. The fourth, of the ende of a courtier, and of honest love.

This edition is printed in three columns, viz. Italian in italics, French in Roman, and English in black-letter. Several editions of the English part were published. Of the translator an account may be found in Wood, Vol. I. 150. He dedicated the work "To the Right Honourable the Lord Henry Hastings, sonne and heire apparant to the noble Earle of Huntington." The following sonnet by Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, is on the back of the first title,

" Thomas

" Thomas Sackevyll in commendation of the worke.

" To the Reader.

" These royall kinges, that reare up to the skye
Their pallace tops, and deck them all with gold,
With rare and curious workes they feede the eye;
And shew what riches here great Princes hold.
A rarer worke, and richer far in worth,
Castilio's hand presenteth here to thee;
No proude, ne golden court, doth he set forth,
But what in court a courtier ought to be.
The Prince he raiseth huge and mightie walles,
Castilio frames a wight of noble fame;
The King with gorgeous tissue clads his halles,
The Count with golden vertue decks the same,
Whose passing skill, lo Hobbie's pen displaies,
To Britaine folke a worke of worthy praise."

Art. 3. *The Solace of Sion and Joy of Jerusalem; or Consolation of God's Church in the latter age: redeemed by the preaching of the Gospell vniuersallie. Beeing a godly and learned exposition of the lxxxvij Psalme, of the princely prophet Dauid. Written in Latine by the Reuerend Doctor Vrbanus, Regius Pastor of Christe's Church at Zella in Saxonie,* 1536. *Translated into English first by Richard Robinson, Cittizen of London, and printed Anno* 1587 *and Anno* 1590.

Joel ii. verse 32.

" But whosoeuer shall call vpon the name of the Lorde shall be saued. For in Mount Syon and in Ierusalem shall be deliuerance as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."

Lastly, *Printed by Richard Iones,* 1594. *Small* 8vo. 39 *leaves.*

Back

Back of title the royal arms in a garter, eight lines of Latin poetry, and the city arms upon a shield, within a square. Dedicated "To the Honourable Sir Cuthert Buckle, Vintner, Knight, Lord Mayor of London this yeere 1594, and to the Right Worshipfull his brethern the Aldermen; with M. Paule Banning and M. Peter Houghton, now Sherifes of the same, long life, health, and prosperity temporall, with solace and ioy in Christ Iesus eternall." Concluding "at London, in S. Bride's parish, this 17 of 1594. Your Honor's and Worship's humble orator, Richard Robinson."

Art. 4. *The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ; containing the story of his Life and Passion. The teares of Christ in the Garden, with the description of heauenly Ierusalem. London: Printed by E. Allde for William Ferbrand, dwelling neere Guild-hall-gate, at the signe of the Crowne,* 1601. *4to. pp.* 45.

In this work are six poems as follows. "The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ, containing the story of his Life and Passion," 96 7-line stanzas. "The Teares of our Saviour in the Garden," 26 6-line st. "A heavenly prayer in contempt of the world and the vanities thereof," 4 6-line st. "The description of heavenly Ierusalem," 52 4-line st. "Another on the same subject," 19 4-line st. and "A Sinner's Supplication, or the Soule's Meditation," 21 4-line st.

Art. 5. *Trayterovs Percyes & Catesbyes Prosopopeia. Written by Edward Hawes, Scholler at Westminster, a youth of sixteene yeeres old.* [Wood-cut.] *Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, dwelling in the Cloth-Fayre, at the signe of the Three Crownes.* 1606. *4to.*

Dedication in Latin, and one piece of Latin poetry, with translation, all by Hawes; then the poem, in eighty stanzas, of six lines each.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

ART. XXIV. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 424.]

1755.

Isaac Kimber, author of *The History of England*, &c.

1769.

Edward Kimber, his son, Editor of the *Baronetage*, &c.

1771.

Henry Pemberton, A. M. Professor of Physic at Gresham College.

1772.

William Huddesford, D. D. Principal of Trinity College, Oxford.

Thomas Whateley, Esq. author of the Tract on *Gardening*, &c.

1773.

John Gregory, D. D. of Edinburgh, author of *A Father's Legacy to his Daughter*, &c.

1774.

Patrick Murdock, Mathematician, &c. It is presumed, the same who wrote the Life of James Thomson.

John Tottie, D. D. a celebrated Divine, author of *Sermons*, &c.

Mrs. Dorothea Du Bois, daughter to the late Earl of Anglesea.

1775.

Thomas Ashton, D. D. Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, London.

William Richardson, F.A.S. aged 77.

1776.

1776.

John Ives, F.R.S. and F.A.S. Suffolk Herald Extraordinary, aged 25.

Sir Edward Barry of Dublin, Bart. and M. D.

John Ellis, F.R.S. Agent for West Florida; and for Dominica.

Edward Bentham, D. D. Professor of Divinity at Oxford, æt. 70.

1777.

Robert Dossie, Chymist.

1778.

Thomas Gent, Printer.

Benjamin Victor.

Rev. John Derby, Rector of Southfleet, Kent.

Charles Darwin, son of Dr. Darwin, died at Edinburgh, æt. 20.

1779.

Sir Francis Bernard, Bart.

1780.

Capt. Stephen Rion, Architectural Writer.

1781.

John Lind, Barrister at Law, author of *Letters on Poland.*

Sept. 1. Thomas Nevile, A. M. of Jesus College, Cambridge, author of *Imitations of Horace and Juvenal.*

Nov. 8. Rev. Tho. Crofts, A. M. *Bibliographer.*

Dec. 7. In Stafford Row, Westminster, aged 79, Mrs. Madan, poetess, daughter of Spencer Cowper.

1782.

At Abingdon, Richard Boote, Attorney, author of a *History of a Suit at Law.*

Mar.

Mar. 1. Æt. 75, John Garnet, D.D. Bishop of Clogher, author of a *Dissertation on Job*, 1750.
May 13. Daniel C. Solander, LL.D. F.R.S.
In Ireland, Keane O'Hara.
July 26. Mr. Ballowe, of the Exchequer, aged 75.
Oct. 3. Ingham Foster, Ironmonger, a great Collector.
Nov. 5. Sir James Burrow, Kt. F.A.S. and F.R.S. aged 81.

[*To be continued.*]

Art. XXV. *Literary Obituary.*

Lately, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, at his house on Merchants' Quay, Limerick, the venerable and highly-respected Sylvester O'Halloran, Esq. an eminent surgeon and man-midwife, as well as a celebrated historian, M.R.I.A. and of most of the literary and honourable societies in the United Kingdom; he studied physic and surgery in Paris and London, and made a rapid progress in his studies, as he published the first of his works before he was twenty-one years of age. He afterwards wrote different treatises, medical and political; a General History of Ireland, down to the close of the twelfth century; and in 1803, he published a second edition thereof, greatly improved. He was highly learned in the Irish language and ancient laws, and was ever remarkable for his loyalty and attachment to the House of Brunswick, a steady supporter of its constitution, and a warm advocate for the honour and interests of his native country. His remains were interred in his family vault at Killilee.

Lately, at Pembroke, Mr. John Clark, Land-Surveyor, author of *The Works of the Caledonian Bards, translated from the Gaelic*, 1778, 8vo.—*An Answer to William Shaw on the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian*, 1781, 8vo.——

The Agricultural Survey of the Counties of Hereford, Radnor and Brecon; and lastly, of *An Enquiry into the nature and value of Leasehold Property*.

Lately, at Margate, James Macpharlane, M. D. formerly Professor of Physic in the University of Prague.

Lately, John Jackson, Esq. author of *A Journey over Land from India*, &c.

July 29. Charles M'Cormick, LL.B. æt. 61, born in Ireland. He came to London at the age of eighteen; thence went to France to perfect himself in the French language; and, on his return, entered himself of the Middle Temple; but by the death of his father, on the eve of his being called to the bar, he was precluded from that advantage. Hence he seems to have laboured in the fields of literature for a subsistence, and compiled and translated many works, which were published anonimously. The works that bear his name are *The History of Charles II.—Reign of George III. to* 1783—*Continuation of Rapin's History—Night-Readings for Leisure-Hours—Life of Burke*, &c. &c. The last is a disgraceful piece of party virulence. He died of a dropsy, in great want; leaving not enough to bury him.*

July 30. At his seat at Hackwood Park, Hants, æt. 59, Thomas Orde Powlett, Lord Bolton, a man of very considerable talents, both literary and political. He was brought up at Eton, and afterwards Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, where he was distinguished both as a scholar, and for the ingenuity of his pencil. He then married the daughter of Charles Duke of Bolton, elder brother of Henry the last Duke, on whose death, without issue male, this lady came into possession of the large estates of the Powlett family in Hampshire, Yorkshire, &c. He was secretary to the Duke of Rutland, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland;

* See a longer memoir in the Athenæum, Vol. II. p. 299.

and

and in 1797 was created *Lord Bolton*. He was also Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, and Governor of the Isle of Wight. Latterly his health was extremely bad; and he did not much engage in public affairs; but he was capable, when necessary, of much application; and had a clear and comprehensive understanding. He shewed great talent by his very able speech in the *Chandos* cause, in which he discovered more knowledge of the case even than any of the Law Lords, except Lord Eldon; and argued the whole with great accuracy and strength, urging its strong points with a force, which was never answered, and wading through and throwing off the unaccountable loads of irrelevant matter, with which it had been artfully complicated by its opponents, with such skill and perspicuity as excited the wonder and high approbation of the bar; but after all, having expressed his own conviction and proved that conviction to have been founded on a deep and laborious investigation of the subject, he very strangely declined to vote,* from some point of etiquette, following, as it seemed, the example of Lord Eldon, who *having been counsel for the claimant*, on that account declined it, though he did not forbear to state the whole case to the House in a very long and profound speech, such as became the judge, and not the advocate. Lord Bolton's voice was not good; and his language was not very fluent; but it was well-considered, pertinent, and forcible. Had not his better fortunes withdrawn him from the bar, to which he was called, he would probably have made a figure in that profession. His paternal name was Orde, of a family long settled in Northumberland.

* The claim was continued through various hearings for nearly fourteen years. Of the few who voted against the claim, there were some, who had lately taken their seats.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court,
Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXII.

[Being Number X. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *The names of the Balyfs, Custos, Mayres & Sherefs of y'. cite fo.* * *London from the tyme of Kynge Rickard the first called cure de lyon whiche was crowned y' iii day of Septẽbre y' yere of our lorde God xiiᶜLxxxix. cap. priᵐ. —fol. cxviii. sm. Folio.*

THIS is the book commonly called *Arnold's Chronicle*; and is the same edition described by Herbert, III. p. 1746. The copy, from whence the present account is taken, wants the "Kalender," or Table of Contents, which, according to Herbert, begins on signature A ii. This copy belonged to Wm. Cole, and afterwards to Dr. Farmer; who has made the following note.

"*This is the first edition of this very rare book; 19 years older than Hearne, Oldys, Capel, &c. supposed it. A copy wanting the 8 first leaves is among the Archives of the University of Cambridge. See Dr. Percy's Ballads, Vol. II. p. 26.*"

* Sic.

The date of this edition seems to be 1502. The date of the edition, of which Oldys has given a full Table of Contents, in his *British Librarian, p.* 22, which I have compared with this edition, seems to be 1521. See an account also of the later edition in *Capel's Prolusions*, 1760, Sign. C. 6. The *Nut-brown Maid*, which is the article that has most distinguished *Arnold's Chronicle*, begins in both editions at Sig. N. 6.

I have carefully collated the copy in this first edition of the beautiful poem, which Prior modernized into his very exquisite composition of HENRY AND EMMA, with the reprint of it in the last edition of Percy's Ballads,* and find the variations numerous in point of spelling, and am therefore induced to reprint the whole of a production of such uncommon merit and so singularly curious, with all the care my eyes and industry will allow, from this its first edition.

The Nutbrown Maid. Carefully copied from the Original Edition.

" Be it right or wrong these men among on women do complaine,
Affermyng this, how that it is a labour spent in vaine
To love them wele, for never a dele they love a man agayne;
For lete a man do what he can ther favour to attayne,
Yet yf a newe to them pursue, ther furst trew lover than
Laboureth for nought, and from her though † he is a bannished man.

I say not nay, bat that all day it is bothe writ and sayde,
That women's fayth is as who saythe all utterly decayed;
But nev'theles right good witnes in this case might be layde,
That they love trewe and contynew recorde the Nutbrowne maide,
Whiche from her love, whan her to prove, he cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe, for in her herte she lovyd but hym allone.

* It differs also in many minutiæ from the readings given by the laborious and accurate Capel in his Prolusions.

† Sic. Than

Than betwene us lete us discusse, what was all the maner;
Betwene them too we wyl also telle all they peyne in fere
That she was in. Now I begynne, soo that ye me answere.
Wherfore ye, that present be, I pray you geve an eare;
I am the Knyght; I cum be nyght, as secret as I can,
Saying alas, thus stondyth the cause: I am a banisshed man.

And I your wylle for to fulfylle in this wyl not refuse,
Trusting to shewe in wordis fewe, that men have an ille use
To ther owne shame wymen to blame, and causeles them accuse.
Therfore to you I answere now alle wymen to excuse;
Myn owne hert dere, with you what chiere, I prey you telle anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you allon.

It stondeth so a dede is do, wherfore moche harme shal growe;
My destany is for to dey a shamful dethe I trowe;
Or ellis to flee the ton must bee; none other wey I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlaw, and take me to my bowe;
Wherfore adew, my owne hert trewe; none other red I can;
For I muste to the grene wode goo alone a banysshed man.

O Lorde what is this worldis blisse, that chaungeth as the mone;
My somer's day in lusty May is derked before the none;
I here you saye, farwell; nay, nay, we departe not soo sone:
Why say ye so? Whedir wyl ye goo: alas, what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorow and care shulde chaunge yf ye were goon;
For in [my] mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

I can beleve it shal you greve, and shomwhat you distrayne;
But afterwarde your paynes harde within a day or tweyne
Shal sone a slake; and ye shal take comfort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for to make thought your labor were in vayne;
And thus I do, and pray you, loo, as hertely as I can;
For I muste too the grene wode goo alone a banysshed man.

Now syth that ye have shewed to me the secret of your mynde,
I shal be playne to you agayne lyke as ye shal me fynde;
Syth it is so that ye wyll goo, I wol not leve behynde.
Shal never be sayd, the Nutbrowne Mayd was to her love unkinde;
Make you redy, for soo am I, although it were anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yet I you rede, take good hede, whan men wyl thinke and say;
Of yonge and olde it shal be tolde that ye be gone away
Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle, in grene wood you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyte noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me be called an ylle woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wodde goo alone a banyshed man.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge that I shuld be to blame,
Theire be the charge that speke so large in hurting of my name.
For I wyl prove that feythful love it is devoyd of shame,
In your distresse and hevynesse to parte with you the same;
And sure all thoo that doo not so trewe lovers ar they noon;
But in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

I councel yow remembre how it is noo maydens lawe
Nothing to dought, but to renne out to wod with an outlawe.
For ye must there in your hande bere a bowe to bere and drawe,
And as a theef thus must ye lyeve ever in drede and awe;
By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow: yet had I lever than
That I had too the grene wod goo alone a banyshyd man.

I thinke not nay; but, as ye saye, it is noo mayden's lore:
But love may make me for your sake, as ye have said before,
To com on fote to hunte and shote to gete us mete and store;
For soo that I your company may have I aske noo more;
From whiche to parte it maketh myn herte as colde as ony ston,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

For an outlawe this is the lawe that men hym take and binde
Wythout pytee hanged to bee, and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede, what rescous coude ye finde;
For, sothe, I trowe, you and your bowe shul' drawe for fere behynde;
And noo merveyle; for lytel avayle were in your councel than,
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo alone a banyshd man.

Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee ful febyl for to fyght;
Noo womanhed is it indeede to bee bolde as a Knight;
Yet in suche fere yt that ye were amonge enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde with bowe in hande to grieve them as I myght,
And you to save, as wymen have, from deth many one:
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yet

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, the snowe, the frost, the reyn,
The colde, the hete; for, drye or wete, we must lodge on the playn;
And us a bowe noon other rove but a brake bussh or twayne;
Whiche sone shulde greve you I believe; and ye wolde gladly than
That I had too the grenewode goo alone a banyshyd man.

Syth I have here ben partynere with you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your woo endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of oo plesure, and shortly, it is this,
That where ye bee, meseemeth perde, I coude not fare amysse.
Wythout more speche I you beseche that we were soon a gone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider, whan ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shal no mete be fore to gete, nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wine;
Ne shetis clene to lye betwene, made of thred and twyne:
Noon other house but levys and bowes to kever your hed and myn.
Loo, myn herte swete, this ylle dyet should make you pale and wan.
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo alone a banyshid man.

Amonge the wylde dere suche an archier, as men say that ye bee
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete plente,
And water cleere of the ryvere shal be ful swete to me,
Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele endure as ye shall see:
And er we goo a bed or twoo I can provide a noon,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Loo yet before ye must doo more yf ye wyl goo with me,
As cutte your here up by your ere; your kirtel by the knee,
Wyth bowe in hande for to withstonde your enmys yf nede be;
And this same nyght before daylyght to woodward wyl I flee;
And ye wyl all this fulfylle, doo it shortely as ye can:
Ellis wil I to the grene wode goo alone a banyshyd man.

I shal as now do more for you than longeth to womanhod,
To short my here, a bowe to bere, to shote in tyme of nede:
O my swete moder, before all other, for you have I most drede:
But now adiew; I must ensue, wher fortune duth me leede.
All this make ye; now lete us flee; the day cum fast upon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Nay, nay, not soo; ye shal not goo; and I shal telle you why:
Your appetyte is to be lyght of love, I wele aspie;
For right as ye have sayd to me, in lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answere, who so ever it were, in way of company.
It is sayd of olde, sone hote sone colde; and so is a woman;
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede suche wordes to say bee me;
For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayed, or I you lovid perdee;
And though that I of auncestry a baron's doughter bee,
Yet have you proved how I you loved, a squyer of lowe degree,
And ever shal, what so befalle; to dey therfore anoon;
For in my mynde of al mankynde I love but you alone.

A Baron's childe to be begyled, it were a cursed dede;
To be felow with an outlawe Almyghty God forbede:
Yet bettyr were the power squyer alone to forest yede,
Than ye shal saye another day that be wyked dede
Ye were betrayed; wherfore good maide, the best red ye I can,
Is that I too the greene wode goo alone a banysshed man.

Whatsoever befalle, I never shal of this thing you upbraid;
But yf ye goo, and leve me soo, than have ye me betraied.
Remembre you wele, how that ye dele, for yf ye, as the sayde,
Be so unkynde to leve behynde your love the notbrowne maide,
Trust me truly, that I dey, sone after ye be gone,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, for in the forest now
I have purveid me of a maide, whom I love more than you.
Another fayrer than ever ye were; I dare it wel avowe;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe with other as I trowe.
It were myn ease to lyve in pease; so wyl I yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

Though in the wood I understode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought; bat that I wil be your;
And she shal fynde me softe and kynde, and curteis every our,
Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle commaunde me to my power;
For had ye, loo, an hondred moo, yet wolde I be that one.
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Myn

Myn owne dere love, I see the prove, that ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyf, in all my lyf, the best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad; be no more sad; the case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe that for your trouth you shuld have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd to you whan I began,
I wyl not too the grene wod goo; I am no banyshyd man.

Theis tidingis be more glad to me than to be made a Quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure; but it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they speke the wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle and stele fro me I wene;
Then were the case wurs than it was, and I more woo begone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Ye shal not nede further to drede: I wyl not dispage,*
You God defende; sith you descende, of so grete a lynage,
Now understonde, to Westmerlande, whiche is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge, be wey of maryage,
I wyl you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can,
Thus have ye wone an Erles son, and not a banyshyd man.

Here may ye see, that wymen be in love meke kinde and stable.
Late never man reprove them than, or calle them variable;
But rather pray God that we may to them be comfortable,
Whiche somtyme proveth suche as loveth, yf they be charitable.
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde be meke to them echeon,
Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve but hym alone."

ART. II. *A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets.*

"Altera Musa venit, quid ni sit et alter Apollo."

London: Printed by John Windet. 1595. 4*to.* 31 *leaves.*

These sonnets have already been hinted at in CENSURA, III. 173. They are inscribed by Barnabe Barnes to his "very good Lorde, Tobie [Matthews]

* Qu? disparage?

Bishop and Comte Palatine of Duresme and Sadberge."* B. Barnes, according to Wood,* was the son of Richard B. bishop of Durham, was born in Yorkshire, about 1569, and at the age of seventeen became a student of Brasen Nose College, Oxord, but left the university without a degree. In 1591 he appears to have accompanied a military expedition to France,† under the Earl of Essex, where (if satiric Nash is to be credited) he acquired no laurels as a warrior. After his return he published "Parthenophil and Parthenope;"‡ a most rare collection of sonnets, madrigals, &c. described by Mr. Beloe in his Anecdotes of Literature, II. 773 § and he took part with Harvey against Nash, by contributing three sonnets ‖ to Pierce's Supererogation,

* Athen. Oxon. I. 350.

† In the dedication to Bp. Matthews, he also speaks of "this last yeere [1594] in his late travailes had through some partes of *France*," as devoted to the daily and prescribed task of composing his spiritual poems.

‡ This work is inscribed to "M. William Percy, Esq. his dearest friend:" doubtless the same person who published Sonnets to the fairest Cælia, 1594, and closed them with a madrigal to Parthenophil. See CENSURA, III. 374.

§ The unique copy cited by Mr. Beloe, was obtained by the Bishop of Rochester for a mere trifle; and the copy of Barnes's Spiritual Sonnets, now before me, which may also be unique, was obtained from a London bookseller's catalogue, about fifteen years ago, for the sum of six *pence*. Such, however, is now the furor of competition at book-sales, that it might be struggled for at six *pounds*.

‖ One of these, addressed to Harvey, has the signature of Barnabe Barnes, and is dated from his "lodging in Holborne, June 1593." Another, signed Parthenophil, is entitled "Nash, or the confuting gentleman;" and a third, signed Parthenope, is superscribed "Harvey, or the sweet doctour;" which, from its incidental mention of contemporary writers, I am induced to extract.

"*Sidney*, sweet cignet, pride of Thamesis,
Apollo's laurel, Mars his proud prowesse;

Bodaile,

rerogation, 1593. This drew upon him, as was to be expected, the contumelious asperity of Harvey's bitter opponent, in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596: where the following sarcasm on the title-page of the present work occurs. "Of late he (Barnabe of the Barnes) hath set foorth another booke, which he entitles no lesse then *A Divine Centurie of Sonets:* and prefixeth for his posie, *Altera Musa venit, qu'd ni sit et alter Apollo?* As much to say as, 'Why may not my Muse be as great an Apollo, or god of poetrie, as the proudest of them?' But it comes as farre short, as Paris-Garden Cut * of the heigth of a cammell, or a cock-boate of a carricke. Such another device it is, as the godly ballet of John Carelesse, or the song of

Bodine, regist r of realmes happinesse,
Which Italye's and Fraunce's wonder is;
Hatcher, with silence whom I may not misse,
Nor *Lewen*, rhetorique's richest noblesse,
Nor *Wilson*, whose discretion did redresse
Our English barbarisme; adjoyne to this
Divinest morall *Spencer*: let these speake
By their sweet letters, which do best unfould
Harvey's deserved prayse; since my Muse weake,
Cannot relate so much as hath bene tould
By these forenam'd: then vaine it were to bring
New feather to his fame's swift-feathered wing."

Nash has the following gibe at this complimentary tribute, in his "Have with you," &c. a pamphlet that seems to have closed the wordy conflict between himself and Gab. Harvey. "Here is another sonet of his [B. Barnes], which he calls, 'Harvey or the sweet doctour,' consisting of Sidney, Bodine, Hatcher, Lewen, Wilson, Spencer, that all their life time have done nothing but conspire to lawd and honour poet Gabriell! Respond. *Miserum est fuisse felicem.* It is a miserable thing for a man to be said to have had friends, and now to have nere a one left."

* *Cut* seems to have been the cant term for a horse: and the Paris-Garden cut was probably a conjuring pony, or possibly Bankes's horse.

Greene

Greene Sleeves * moralized." † Wood further records of Barnes, that he published "Five Books of Offices,"‡

* Mr. Steevens has pointed out a ballad of "*Greene Sleeves moralized* to the Scriptures," as licensed to Edw. White in 1580. See Reed's Shakesp. V. 64.

† Nash thus proceeds to lampoon, not only the heroism but the honesty of Barnes:—"For his Cavaliership, it is lewder by nine score times than his poetry, since his doughty service in France five years ago: where having followed the campe for a week or two, and seeing there was no care had of keeping the Queene's peace, but a man might have his braines knockt out, and no justice or constable neere hand to send forth precepts, and make hue and crie after the murdrers; without further tarrying or consultation, to the generall he went and told him he did not like of this quarrelling kinde of life and common occupation of murdring, wherein (without any jurie or triall, or giving them so much leave as to saye their praiers) men were run thorough and had their throats cut, both against God's lawes, her Majestie's lawes, and the lawes of all nations. Wherefore he desir'd license to depart; for he stood everie houre in feare and dread of his person, and it was alwaies his praier—'From suddain death good Lord deliver us!' Upon this motion there were divers warlike knights and principall captaines, who rather than they would be bereaved of his pleasant companie, offered to picke out a strong guard amongst them for the safe engarrisoning and better shielding him from perill. Two stept forth and presented themselves as musketiers before him; a third and fourth, as targatiers behinde him; a fifth and sixt vowd to trie it out at the push of the pike, before the malicious foe should invade him. But home he would (nothing could stay him) to finish 'Parthenophil and Parthenope,' and write in praise of Gabriell Harvey! He was wise; he lov'd no blowes.—One of the best articles against Barnes I have overslipt, which is, that he is in print for a braggart, in that universall applauded Latine poem of Master Campion's, where in an epigram entituled *In Barnum*, beginning thus, *Mortales decem tela inter Gallica cæsos*, he shewes how he brag'd, when he was in France he slew ten men; when (fearfull cowbaby) he never heard piece shot off, but he fell flat on his face. To this effect it is, though the words somewhat varie.

"What his Souldership is, I cannot judge: but if you have ever a Chaine for him to runne awaye with, as he did with a nobleman's steward's chayne, at his Lord's installing at Windsore, he is for you."

‡ Wood has not specified whether this was a translation from Cicero *De Officiis*,

in

in 1606, folio; and the Devil's Charter," a tragedy,* in 1607.† One Barnabe Barnes (he adds) of the city of Coventry, died about 1644, but whether this was our author, or what relation to him, he could not tell: nor might an examination of the parish-registers in that city enable us to ascertain; since the latter portion of his life may have been shadowed by a similar obscurity to what has long enveloped his literary remains.

With his Century of devout Sonnets it was my better hap to meet, when I first became

> "Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
> Love-blooming, from the mournful waste of time."

They possess a few of the beauties and many of the defects which marked the vernacular poetry of his age, when scholars, courtiers, and soldiers, scribbled "unpremeditated verse." The quatorzains of Barnes however, were not unstudied effusions. They are written with a laborious adherence to the recurring *rima* of the Italian *sonetto*; a custom by many English poets "more honoured in the breach than the observance:" and they are frequently written also with an attention to what Mr. Warton truly considered as a beauty,—the continuance of the sense beyond the termination of the line. But diversified epithets or con-

* This tragedy, says Mr. Reed, contains the life and death of that most execrable of all human beings, pope Alexander the Sixth; in whose history the author has very closely followed Guicciardini, and seems also to have formed this play in some measure after the model of Pericles' Prince of Tyre. For as the author of that piece raises up Gower, an old English bard, to be his interlocutor; so has Barnes revived Guicciardini for the very same purpose. Biogr. Dram. II. 35.

† Ritson has noticed some of Barnes's scattered reliques in his Bibliogr. Poetica, p. 125.

crete

crete appellatives are continually substituted for figurative language, and sentences are not unfrequently tortured into a forced construction, which borders on the Della Cruscan subterfuge of attracting by a glitter of words rather than thoughts. I proceed to select a few specimens that are least obnoxious to such censures. The object and tenour of these poetic aspirations cannot be regarded without respectful approval.

SON. XXIII.

" Father of pietie! by this we know
The glories greater of thy gracious love,
Than of desires which carnal fancies move:
For if we praise a mortall shape below,
By flattery their divinities we show,
Comparing them their perfectnesse above:
Their cheekes to roses, their neckes white to dove,
Their eyes to starres from whence all fortunes flow,
Their eyes effects to the meridian sunne,
Their modest thoughts to the colde virgine moone.—
Oh fooles, fooles ignorant; when this is done,
We know we flatter them:—then Muses soone
Why turne you not your numbers musicall
To God, above man's praise, which ruleth all!"

SON. LXX.

" Unto my spirite lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest
Where Paradice may me relieve, opprest:
Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing
Thy praise, my comfort; and for ever bring
My notes thereof from the bright east to west.
Thy mercy lend unto my soule distrest,

Thy

Thy grace unto my wits; * then shall the sling
Of righteousnesse that monster Sathan kill,
Who with dispaire my deare salvation dared,
And, like the Philistine, stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soule: for heaven prepared,
At length I like an angel shall appeare
In spotlesse white, an angel's crown to weare."

SON. LXXII.

"The sunne of our soule's light thee would I call,
But for our light thou didst the bright sunne make;
Nor reason that thy Majestie should take
Thy chiefest subjects epithetes at all.
Our chief direction's starre celestiall
(But that the starres for our direction's sake
Thou fixed, and canst at thy pleasure shake)
I would thee name. The rocke substantiall
Of our assurance, I would tearme thy name;
But that all rockes by thy commaund were made.
If King of kings thy majestie became,
Monarch of monarchs, I thee would have said;
But thou gives kingdomes and makes crownes unstable:
By these I know thy name ineffable!"

This centenary of sonnets is succeeded by a "Hymne to the glorious honour of the most blessed and indivisible Trinitie," which closes thus:

"Vouchsafe, oh you perpetuall highest Powers,
Of equall vertues, yet in number odde,
These simple fruites of my repentant houres;
And, with your grace's showers,
The temper of my feeble wittes renewe,
To prosper, cherish'd with celestiall dewe."

* *Wits* are here used for *powers of mind* or *understanding*.

Then

Then "a table to find out any sonnet herein alphabetically," and after a neatly cut device * of the printer, the following colophon:—"London, printed by John Windet, dwelling at Powles Wharfe at the signe of the Crosse Keyes, and are there to be soulde. 1595." The volume is handsomely printed in the Italic letter, with borders round each page.

T. P.

ART. III. *The strange and marueilous Newes lately come from the great Kingdome of Chyna, which adioyneth to the East Indya. Translated out of the Castlyn tongue, by T. N. Imprinted at London, nigh vnto the Three Cranes in the Vintree, by Thomas Gardyner and Thomas Dawson. Small 8vo. six leaves. b. l.*

The present article may be considered as a valuable addition to one of a similar work given in the CENSURA, Vol. III. p. 351, and it is doubtless by the same translator, Thomas Nicholas. The tract appeared too curious for a brief notice, and the length not exceeding the usual limits for this work, joined to its rareness, has been the inducement for giving the reader a transcript of the whole. It is unnoticed by Herbert.

"In the moneth of March 1577, a certaine mar-

* It may not perhaps be undesirable for Mr. Dibdin to know, that this differs altogether from the device of Windet described by Herbert, p. 1223; and consists of an aged man receiving from the clouds a book in his right hand and a wheat sheaf in his left, encompassed by a motto 'Thou shalt labor for Peace and Plentie:' the latter words being stamped on two labels, rising from the beaks of two birds, within an oval; and allusive to the gifts descending from above.

chan

chant dwelling in the famous citie of Mexico, which is situated in the West India, now called New Spaine, writeth among other things to his friend dwelling in the province of Andoluzia, the particular newes, which at that instant were comen from the great dominion of Chyna, which adioyneth unto the East India, saying as followeth.

" Unto this citie of Mexico, within this moneth, is brought newes from China worthie to be published. And beeause the volume thereof dooth conteyne more then xx. sheetes of paper, and are nowe sent in thys caivell of advise unto the King's Maiestie, the copie remayneth onely among worshipfull personages; wherefore I can not nowe sende you the whole relation untyll the fleet depart from hence; but the substance in briefe, is as followeth.

" Two shippes came from Chyna, in one of the which came a credyble person, who as a present witnesse dooth declare, that the Spanyardes which were enhabited in certeyne ilandes which stande distant from that fyrme land, even as the Canaria ilandes standeth from Africa, having abode nere too yeeres in those ilandes, and beyng 500 persons in number, did discover more then forty leagues of coast of that fyrme land. The general of the Spanyardes was called Gandie, who had battayle with those Indians, wherein was slaine the lieftenant of the fielde, and fifty Spanyardes. And of the Indians were slayne 5000; whereuppon the Indians desired peace; and an agreement was concluded betwixt them, that guages should be given on both sides.

" The Spanyardes gave for their guage two learned men

men and four souldiours; receyving the like pawne of the Indians.

"The Indians caried their guages to a goodlie citie called Ander, which standeth more than forty leagues within the mayne lande. This citie dooth conteyne more then syxe leagues in circuite, with a double wal. The utter wall is substantial, and of three fadome of height, wrought as a gallerie, with loope holes for Hargabushe or other weapon. This wall is replenished with ordinance, and covered with pent house. The citie hath seven castels equally devided.

"In this citie ruleth for governour, a viceking, subject to the king of Chyna, with many doctors and lawiers, which weare foure cornered cappes made of heare. There are other licentiats, who use round bonettes like unto Portugall priestes. There are other magistrates of justice, who weare the heare of their head knotted, and uppon their breastes and backe golden lions sowen uppon their garmentes.

"There are also many religious persons that goe with shaven heades, saving one locke of heare hanging over eche eare. These persons are their priestes. They make their sacrifice uppon a table, using their accustomed ceremonies; they wryte and reade, and pronounce theyr orations and service unto theyr gods, with a loude voyce.

"In an abbey of these religious persons were our learned men lodged, for the space of syxe monethes; in which tyme they sawe many rich peeces of clothe of golde; and all sortes of sylke and purple; they have brought unto this citye some of those peeces, which is a thyng mervaylous to beholde.

"In this countrey they have great store of wheate, the

the which they doo myxe with ryce, and thereof make theyr bread.

"There are many horses and mares, better than the Spanishe kynde. All sortes of Spanishe fruites, and manye other fruites that grow not in Spaine. Except grapes, they have none. The people are of smal stature. Their women, when they are borne, they use to wrest one of theyr legges, whereof they ever remayne lame; because they shoulde continually kepe theyr houses: and are kept so close, that none may see them, except those of the housholde. For our learned men being there, as is sayde, syxe moneths, coulde not discrie fyftie women.

"The men use theyr nayles of theyr handes very long; for they find it a profitable thyng for the warres.

"This people dooth worshippe three gods, that is to say, the sunne, the moone, and an idol with three heades.

"They holde opinion, that in tyme past, the heaven did joyne with the earth, and that the heaven did dissever from the earth, and ascende above, where it now abydeth. But yet, say they, in time to come, it shall descend agayne, and joyne with the earth.

"They beleeve that the sunne is god of the warres, and the moone is the god of temperature, which is lesser in substance than the sunne. They also beleeve that al three gods are as one in godhead, although they rule severally every one by hym selfe.

"And having now understanding, by our learned men, of the blessed Trynitie; they allowe very well thereof, thinking that it is a similitude of their three gods.

"There hath been made within this citie of Mexico,

generall prayers and supplications, beseeching the Almightie God to lighten this strange people with the knowledge of his holy fayth and woorde.

"Whan our learned men departed from this city, the Indian rulers sent about fyve thousande Indians to accompanie them, and presented unto them many peeces of cloth of golde, and many other things.

"This garde of fyve thousande men was sent to defende our learned men from the Turkes; because at that tyme were tenne sayle of Turkes on the coast who did great hurte unto them. These Turkes gave chase to our men, and theyr company, and slewe thyrtie Christians, and many Indians. The Christians slewe of the Turkes above fyve hundred. And the next day following, our men and their Indians having refreshed themselves, set agayne upon the Turkes and slewe their king, and neare two thousande persons of his army, and drave the residue to flight.

"When the Indyans that went to accompany our men, returned with that news, all the citizens rejoyced, and chiefly the king of Chyna, who was abyding in another citie farther within the mayne lande. And forthwith he sent a present unto them for their king, which was a stature of golde, in token of victory: and advertised him of the valiantnesse of his subjectes, which had slayne the mightie Turke king of Brazer, in remembrance whereof he sent unto him the ymage of the same god of battayle, saying that hee deserved that idoll, whiche was made at the beginning and foundation of that land, and that the keeping of that idol was onely preserved for him. And with this present he sent 10,000 Indyans, and ten vesselles of warre for wafters, to accompany them, until they should

arive

arive at their iland, laden with victual, and many riche thinges. Also fruite, as nuttes, almondes, chestnuttes, pomgranates, orenges, and lymons, with store of rice, kine, and sheepe.

"The Christians had carried, before that time, kyne for to breede; whiche cattle are lesser then ours, but better fleshe and sweeter, and the sheepe also better then ours. And with this fleete of Indians, and 300 Spaniardes, they proceeded to seeke the Turkes navy, whiche they met not; but they conquered in that returne homewards, other three ilandes, the which they left in subjection, to the king our maister.

"And when the Indyan fleete returned from the ilande towarde Chyna, two shippes departed from the newe Spayne, for those parties [parts], in the whiche went twelve learned men, to preach the gospell unto those Indyans, and to instruct them of the mystery of the holy Trinyte. I beseech God that the fruite thereof may insue, as we trust it will; and comming so to passe, it will be the richest lande that ever was knowne.

"Wee doo nowe looke for other two shippes, that the viceking pretendeth to sende for 1000 men, to attempt the conquest of Chyna; for hee sayeth, that his part serveth him to fynishe that enterprise with so many men, because the Indyans are of small courage; yea, and though they have hargabushes, and other artillarie, yet they know not howe to use them: so that now this city prepareth 1000 men to send thither. And al the citizens of Mexico are moved with desire to go thither, with love of the great quantitie of gold that is there.

"Those that are come from them, doo report, that they exchaunge more silver for golde, then waight for

waight; because those Indyans esteeme silver better then golde.

"There is now for the king's tribute, which is a fifth part of all that is wonne, 600,000 dukets, all in golde.

"They brought not the idoll of golde to pleasure the Indyans, and also that they shoulde think that Christians doo not so much esteeme golde.

"They have also brought great quantitie of cloth of golde, as fyne as the sortes of Calicute clothe, and of better workmanship then any heretofore hath bene brought. Likewise, pepper, ginger, cloves, and sinamon.

"They have brought fleeces of wooll for a moster,* but not so fyne as ours, and much rice.

"They doo also certify, that the viceking hath woorkmen making four gallies lyke unto ours, for to expulse the Turkes, and to ayde the Indyans, which thinke themselves happy to bee defended from them.

"There are many other thinges to write of; wherefore I wyll procure the copy of the whole relation, and send it you in the fleete that is in a redynesse to departe, &c."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. IV. *The First Five Bookes of Ovid's Metamorphosis. Second Edition. Imprinted for W. B.* 1621. 16*mo. pp.* 141, *besides Introduction.*

* "*Mostra, Mostranza.* A shewe, a viewe, a patron or sight of any thing." Florio's World of Words. 1598.

This

This edition of the translation of Ovid by Geo. Sandys, is unnoticed in all the lists of his works. The title is engraved on a curtain, supported by two flying Cupids; above the curtain, Venus lying on a couch of clouds, holding a burning heart, attended with doves and the god of love, and below a full assembly of the heathen deities. "Fr. Delaram, sculp." A head of Ovid in an oval, with verses beneath, as in the folios. "Ovid defended," is the only article prefixed to this edition, which has a trifling variance from the subsequent ones, as giving for "Ovid's selfe-censure," a translation of the concluding lines of lib. 15.

Ovid's Metamorphosis, Englished by G. S. Imprinted at London MDCXXVI. Cum Privilegio. Col. *London: Printed by William Stansby,* 1626. *pp.* 326, *preface, &c. Fol.*

This is the first folio edition, and contains the dedication to Prince Charles, King, &c. Marshall's head of Ovid, his life and defence, and the Metamorphosis. The title is engraved in compartments incidental to the work, and the design served for the edition of 1632, but Savery's engraving is executed in a very superior style.

The edition of 1632 has a second title as given in CENSURA, Vol. V. p. 231. "Imprinted at Oxford by John Lichfield, &c." At the back, "The minde of the frontispiece and argument of this worke," in verse. Then follows the dedication * to the King, and panegyrics on him and the Queen, as has already

* The unfortunate circumstances of Charles, afterwards made the writer's general positions seem personal. See note in CENSURA, Vol. V. p. 23.

been described; next succeeding, is an address to the reader. "Since it should be the principall end in publishing of bookes, to informe the understanding, direct the will, and temper the affections, in this *second edition* of my translation, I have attempted (with what successe I submit to the reader) to collect out of sundrie authors the philosophicall sense of these fables of Ovid; if I may call them his, when most of them are more ancient than any extant author, or perhaps than letters themselves. I have also endeavoured to cleare the historicall part, by tracing the almost worne-out steps of antiquitie; wherein the sacred stories afford the clearest direction.—To the translation I have given what perfection my pen could bestow; by polishing, altering, or restoring, the harsh, improper, or mistaken, with a nicer exactnesse then perhaps is required in so long a labour. * I have also added marginall notes, for illustration and ease of the meere English reader—And for thy farther delight, I have contracted the substance of every booke into as many figures (by the hand of a rare workman, and as rarely performed, if our judgements may be led by theirs, who are masters among us in that faculty) since there is betweene poetry and picture so great a congruitie, the one called by Simonides *a speaking picture*, and the other *a silent poesie*"

This volume is too well known to require further extracts from; it contains the fifteen books of Ovid and first of Virgil; a work he "gave over even in the first entrance," but "published this assay, in tender of obedience to soveraigne commaund."

* The alterations of the text in the first five books are very few.

A portrait

A portrait of Sandys was published in Nash's History of Worcestershire, and since copied into the Gentleman's Magazine, with "Brief Memoirs;" having the well-known initials of the respectable editor, Mr. Nichols.

Dryden pronounced him the best versifier of the age; and Mr. Pope declared, in his notes to the Iliad, that English poetry owed much of its present beauty to his translations.* His account of Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, has since been amply confirmed.

Of the edition, dated 1621, I have never seen any other copy than the one above described. The date of the first edition of the five books yet remains to be ascertained. †

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. V. *The Fountaine of Ancient Fiction. Wherein is liuely depictured the Images and Statues of the gods of the Ancients; with their proper and particular expositions. Done out of Italian into English, by Richard Linche, Gent. Tempo è figliuola di verità. London: Printed by Adam Islip.* 1599. *4to.* 104 *leaves.*

Warton, (Vol III. p. 486,) says "this book, or one of the same sort, is censured in a puritanical pamphlet written the same year, by one H. G. a painfull minister of God's word, in Kent, as the spawne of Italian gallimawfry, as tending to corrupt the pure

* Sewell, who followed Sandys in the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, confesses that he was indebted to him for some lines which he despaired of translating better. *Editor.*

† Ovid's Metamorphosis by Geo. Sandys, eighth edit. 1690, 8vo.

and unidolatrous worship of the one God, and as one of the deadly snares of popish deception."

By a dedication "to the right vertuous and well-disposed gentleman, M. Peter Davison, Esquiere, Richard Linche wisheth all affluence of worldly prosperities, and the fruition of all celestiall graces hereafter:" concluding "yours in all loiall fidelitie most assured."

The address "to the reader" says, "this matter now handled was undertaken suddainly, and dispatched hastily; for which he craveth milder constructions; and in very deed had it not by an extraordinary accident happened into the hands of a stranger, it had not now (poore father-forsaken child) endured the insupportable tyrannie of lawlesse censure.—Such as it is, either culpable in words too much affected, or in disproportion being not methodically composed, or in shallownesse in the not proper understanding of the first author's meaning, it must nowe passe, as for me it is too late to recall it, and too needlesse to repent it; for how soever it is, it once never imagined to have been now subject to the error-searching sight of a generall eye, being only pend and translated for mine owne exercises and private recreations. But herein I am something too tedious; for as it is an absurd part in an architector to frame a long and vast entry for a little house and of small receit, so for me to use many words in this place, whose substance (you will say) challengeth no worthines, they should be frivolously bestowed, and time purpose-lesse entertained. For the indifferent readers I cannot but promise equal allowance; for any venom-lipt rough-censuring satires, I keepe sorrow for their woodborne incivility and rustike imperfections;

tions; and do arm myselfe with steele-mettald patience to abide the shocke of their injurious toung-oppressions. And so in hast I leave you. Rich. Linche."

Then follows "the images, statues, and pictures of the gods of the auncients, with their severall expositions;" giving an account of the various estimation of images in different countries, extracted from Cornelius Tacitus, Pliny, &c. &c. and the work has occasionally a new head, as Saturn, Janus, Apollo, &c. with whose stories are many of those of the inf rior deities intermixed, and several pieces of poetry from Ovid, Claudian, and others.

The first is a description of eternity, "not much unlike that reported by Claudianus, which wee will endeavour (though not in his right colours) thus to compose." Eight octave stanzas.

The four seasons from Ovid in eight lines.

Seven lines of Neptune's speech from Homer.

The story of Apollo and his sisters, "which Claudianus reporteth to bee so curiously wrought in an upper garment which belonged to Proserpina. And although in the Italian it carrieth a farre more pleasing grace than in the English, yet finding it there set downe in verse, I thought it not irrequisite so to discover it." Three ten-line stanzas.

Diana's Nymphs are described in eight six-line stanzas, a portion of which follows:

"A carelesse crue of young-year'd Nimphs, despising
The joyous pleasures and delights of love,
Wasting their daies in rurall sports devising,
Which know no other, nor will other prove:
Wing'd with desire to overtake the chace,
Away they fling with unresisted pace.

Some

Some have their haire dishevel'd hanging downe,
Like to the sun's small streames, or new gold wire:
Some on their heade doe weare a flowry crowne,
Gracing the same with many curious tires;
But in their hot pursute they loose such graces,
Which makes more beautie beautifie their faces.

Their neckes and purple-vained armes are bare,
And from their yvorie shoulders to the knee
A silken vesture o're their skin they weare,
Through which a greedie eie would quickly see;
Close to their bodies is the same ingerted
With girdles, in the which are flowers inserted."

Diana's "chariot is drawn by two white hinds, Claudianus likewise affirmeth." One six-line stanz The like describing Hecate from Ovid.

Pan "whose shape Silvius Italicus setteth forth is described in three six-line stanzas.

Echo "oftentimes disuaded and reprehended hi whosoever will undertake to depicture her, and Au sonius repeats it in an epigram, whose sence is th reduced to a sonnet.

"Surcease, thou medling artist, thy endevour,
Who for thy skill hast reapt such long-liv'd fame,
Strive not to paint my bodie's shape, for never
Did any human eies behold the same:
In concave cavernes of the earth I dwell,
Daughter of th' aire, and of ech tatling voice;
In woods and hollow dales I build my cell,
Joying to re-report the least heard noice,
To greefe-opprest, and men disconsolate,
That tell ech grone their soule's vexation,
Their dying agonies I aggravate
By their plaints accents iteration,

An

And he that will describe my forme aright,
Must shape a formlesse sound or airie spright."

"Auster or Notus, predominating the southerne egion of the aire, and because commonly proceed from is blasts darke showers and stormy tempests, is thus r to the like effect described.

"All gloomie-faced lookes the stormie South,
Whose ever-weeping eye drops showers of raine,
Who with his strong-breath'd all ore-turning mouth,
Kings' stone-built temples tumbles downe amaine;
Whose furious blasts the wave-tost seaman feeleth,
When up aloft his ship is hois'd to heaven,
Whose storme-cras'd sides ech churlish wave so reeleth,
That her right course she never keepeth even.
He never lookes with any cleere-aspect,
His temples are adorn'd with clouds, his seat
Of terrifying thunderbolts compact,
Which when he sends, he denotates huge heat.
He never breaths or sighs with any paine,
But from the same doe issue showers of raine."

"Statius depictureth the floud Inachus, which passeth through the continent of Greece:" one stanza of six lines.

Peace as described by Tibullus; in ten lines.

Fortune is the last deity of whom the Muse aids the description, which extends to four pieces of poetry; "shee is humorous, and must be pleased by submission and acknowledgment of her power and superioritie, as certaine verses, much to the same effect, doe demonstrate and testify; which Englished are these, or much agreeing with the true meaning of the authour." 24 lines.

"In

"In another place a discontented person rai against her crueltie, sayth," in three fourteen- stanzas, from which I shall extract the second,

"Forc'd by vile Fortune, I seeke out new waies,
And range in uncouth corners of ech wood,
Where darkenesse and sad silence spend their daies,
And melancholy lives in angrie mood;
There sit I, penning satyres 'gainst these times,
Railing 'gainst Fortune's malice in my wrongs,
Composing odes, and rage-expressing rimes,
Sad madrigalls, and heart-unburdening songs;
There, as a man all dead with discontent,
I feed on sighs, and drinke mine owne salt teares
When sencelesse trees shed sap, and doe relent,
And floures do hang their heads, as though th' eares
To heare my plaints, and all doe seeme to say,
We waile thy hap, thou image of decay."

The next piece is where a "discontented lover bowelled (as it were) and anatomized his heart's pressions:" consisting of seventeen six-line stanz in one described as

"So blind she will advance ech low-bred groome,
To haughtie titles of a glorious place,
Lifting him up from nothing, to the roome
Where those of honours, and of vertuous race
Should seated be, and not th' illiterate:
Learning, not place, doth men nobillitate."

The last is, where "the same lover in ano place further complaineth of the overmuch rigou his ladie, preserving and continuing in hate and sc

f his love: which words reduced to a sonnet, are nese, or to the like effect.

" Hard is his hap who never finds content,
But still must dwell with heavy-thoughted sadnesse;
Harder that heart that never will relent,
That may, and will not turne these woes to gladnesse;
Then joies adue, comfort and mirth, farewell;
For I must now exile me from all pleasure,
Seeking some uncouth cave where I may dwell,
Pensive and solitarie without measure;
There to bewaile my such untimely fortune,
That in my April daies I thus should perish,
And there that steele-hard heart still still t' importune,
That it at last my bleeding soule would cherish,
If not, with greedie longing to attend,
Till pitty-moved death my woes shall end."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. VI. *The Fanatick Indulgence, granted Anno* 1679.

" Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
Qualemcunque potest." JUVENAL, SAT. 1.

By Mr. Ninian Paterson. Edinburgh: Printed by David Lindsay and his partners, at the foot of Heriot's Bridge, 1683. 4*to. pp.* 14.

A volume of Latin epigrams by this writer has been noticed in the CENSURA, Vol. I. p. 151. The present little tract denotes him to have been a heated high-churchman, who had worked up his mind to a state of fanaticism against the fanatics, and against the Shaftesbury administration. An epistle prefixed, to James Duke of Albanie [James II.] thus commences:

" Great

"Great sir, this poem still conceal'd have I,
Till Time hath christen'd it a prophesy.
Indulgence now unmasked strives to tryst *
With John of Leyden against Antichrist:
This is the Trojan horse, wherein there lies
Catsbie and Vaulx, † with new conspiracies;
This, the Shaftsburian-crockodil his blind,
To lure Scotes rogues to English commons mind,"

A little further on, the motive for this address see to reveal itself.

"All my desire, great sir, is that I may
Live, like an atome, in the radiant ray
Of your life-giving heat and glorious light,
Whose crisping spires may make me warm and brigt

His principal poem (the Fanatick Indulgence) addressed to the King (Cha. II.) and has some pa sages of considerable force, though expressed with lit equability of style or moderation of temper. The fo lowing specimen may suffice:

"When wee, thy loyal subjects, looked for
Some Halcyonian days, the tempests roar;
And to our eyes, on every rising wave
Death sits in triumph, and presents a grave:
And in the midst of our despaires and fears,
Tears drowns our sighs, and sighs dries up our tears.
Wee are like Jobs, these nineteene years perplext,
Betwixt distractions and destructions vext:
And that, dread sir, tho' not so strange as true,
By scabbs and devils now indulg'd by you.

* To meet, or coalesce with.

† Robt. Catesby and Guy Vaux, or Fawkes, were two of the princip conspirators engaged in the Gunpowder-plot.

If ancient sages' saws with you have credite;
To spare a vice, it is the way to spread it.
Tame mercie is the breast that suckles vice,
Till, hydra-like, her heads she multiplies.
In sparing thieves and murderers, all see
A private favour's public injurie.
Should pitie spare, and let the gangrene spread,
Until the bodie's wholly putrified?
What surgeon would do this, but he that's mad?
He's cruel to the good who spares the bad!"

The pamphlet closes with a metrical "Welcome to his Royal Highness James Duke of Albanie to the kingdom of Scotland, Nov. 24, 1679;" but the poetical character of the author would derive no credit from any selected extract.

T. P.

ART. VII. *The Silkwormes and their Flies: lively described in verse by T. M. a Countrie Farmer, and an apprentice in physicke. For the great benefit and enriching of England. Printed at London by V. S. for Nicholas Ling, and are to be sold at his shop at the west ende of Paules,* 1599. 4*to. pp.* 75.

A wood cut on the title-page represents the silk-worm in its threefold state, as a worm or caterpillar, a chrysalis in its cone, and a butterfly or moth. This early endeavour to introduce the cultivation of silk as an object of national importance, was thus metrically inscribed:

"To

"To the most renowned patronesse and noble nu
of learning, Marie Countesse of Pembrooke.

"Great envie's object, worth and wisedom's pride,
Nature's delight, Arcadia's* heire most fitte:
Vouchsafe a while to lay thy taske aside,
Let Petrarke sleepe, give rest to sacred writte;†
Or bowe or string will breake if ever tied;
Some little pawse aideth the quickest witte:
Nay, heavens themselves (though keeping still their v
Retrogradate, and make a kind of stay.

I neither sing Achilles' baneful ire,
Nor man nor armes, nor belly-brothers' warres;
Nor Britaine-broiles, nor citties drown'd in fire,
Nor Hector's warres, nor Diomede's skarres:
Cease, country Muse, so highly to aspire!
Our plaine beholds, but cannot hold such starres.
Jove-loved wittes may write of what they will;
But meaner theams beseeme a farmer's quill.

I sing of little wormes and tender flies,
Creeping along, or basking on the ground;
Grac't once with those thy heav'nly human eyes,
Which never yet on meanest scholler frown'd;
And able are this worke to eternise
From east to west, about this lower round:
Deigne thou but breathe a sparke or little flame
Of likening, to enlife for aye the same.

Your H[onour's] ever most bounden,

T. M

* Sidney's "Arcadia" was inscribed to this Countess of Pembroke, sister.

† From this line it would seem that Lady Pembroke had employed pen on the poet of Vaucluse. The latter part of it seems to allude to Version of the Psalms, undertaken in conjunction with Sir Philip Sidney.

Th

This address is followed by a table of contents, that points to various details in the œconomy and management of silkworms contained in the poem, which is of didactic and moralizing cast. In the course of it the author describes himself to have been in Italy during the year 1579; so that he was probably a gentleman-farmer as well as a medical student. His production bespeaks him to have been a man of liberal education. The opening stanza of his first book may suffice as a specimen of its poetic structure.

"Sydneian Muse! if so thou yet remaine
In brother's bowels, or in daughter's breast,
Or art bequeath'd the 'Lady of the plaine;'
Because for her thou art the fittest guest:
Whose worth to shew no mortal can attaine,
Which with like worth is not himselfe possest:
Come, help me sing these flocks as white as milke,
That make and spinne and dye and windle silke."

T. P.

ART. VIII. *Dyets Dry Dinner: consisting of eight seueral courses. 1. Fruites. 2. Hearbes 3. Flesh. 4. Fish. 5. Whitmeats. 6. Spice. 7. Sauce. 8. Tabacco. All serued in after the order of time vniuersall. By Henry Buttes, Maister of Artes, and Fellowe of C. C. C. in C.*

Qui miscuit vtile dulci.

Cicero.

Non nobis solum nati sumus, sed
Ortus nostri sibi vendicant.

Printed in London by Tho. Creede, for William Wood,

Wood, and are to be sold at the West end of Powles, at the signe of Tyme. 1599. *Small* 8vo.

Herbert describes this work, p. 1282; and Wood, in "an odd story that hangs at the tail," gives an account of the death of the author,* who was vice-chancellor at Cambridge. Ath. Ox. I. 559.

In the epistle dedicatory he says "I have not onely bene votary to Aesculapius, Phisicke's great grandfather, but servant also to Dyet, Health's kindest nourse" In the epistle he professes himself "a verie prevaricatour of this age's fashion: and do follow the order of universall time, by consequence and succession. Fruites. Thus much all we know, our grand parents at first fed on the fruites of Eden; and some merrily say, Adam robbed God's orchyard. Hearbes. After their exilement, they fell to hearbes and rootes, and (as secular story witnesseth) we lived a long time (like hogges) with mast or acornes, &c."

By extracting the first two pages of the work it will be sufficient specimen of the author's manner and humour.

"*Figges.*

"*Choise.* White, best; red, second; black, basest; full ripe, tender-skinned.

Use. Nourish very well, and much more then other fruits: take away the stone in the reines; resist venims; quench thirst; cleanse the breast.

Hurt. Immoderately used, engender flative humors and crudities, therfore greatly annoy such as are subject to the collicque.

Preparation and correction. Mundified and pared;

* There is a print of him in Harding's Biogr. Mirror.

then

then eaten with orenges, pomgranats, tart meates, or condite with vinegar.

Degree. Hot in the first degree, moist in the second.

Season. Age. Constitution. Alway in season, chiefly in autumne; convenient for all ages and constitutions; least for old folkes."

"*Ficus. Story for Table-Talke. A Jove principium.*

"Some good scholastique divines thinke the fruite forbidden to be bitten, was not an apple but a figge; then surely as our first parents wilfully discovered their ambitious minds by eating of the frute; so very witlesly thought and sought they to cover their shame with an apren of the leaves; this was (as the Latine proverbe speakes) *ficulneum auxilium*, a fig'sworth of help; therfore whensoever we fall to figges, we have occasion to remember our fal from God. This plant, in it selfe very bitter, yeeldeth passing sweete fruite; transfusing indeed all his sweet juyce into his frute, leaveth it selfe exhaust of sweetnesse, and so by consequence bitter."

Our caterer, after serving up his several dishes of fruit, serves up "the painter's proverbe, *manum de tabula:* that is, (as present occasion interpreteth) no more table-talke.—I am purposed to proceed in my perpetuall parallell of paraphrase. The which I desire it may be served in amongst the rest of the dishes, and be tasted also; but yet of such onely as are of eager appetite. If any be desirous to know what a man may call it; surely I can thinke of no fitter name than an hasty pudding. For I protest in so great haste I composed it, that when a friend of mine came into

my chamber, and suddenly surprising me, asked what I was *making?* I, as not minding what he ask't, or what I answerd, tolde him in my haste, that I *made haste.*"

The first herb is sage: and "the holesomenesse of sage-ale is notoriously famous. Heywood's merry wit noted two kindes of sage, not named in our herbals: sage wise: sage foole."

"In the service of flesh is the red deer, *Cervus*; a most simple and innocent animall, howsoever nature in a mockery hath armed it most magnificently. It is the very emblem of a gull girded to a sword, being as hurtlesse as the hart is.

Of fish "Athenæus sayeth, he himself sawe in Arethusa of Eubœa, eeles with silver and golden earings, so tame that they would eate meate out of one's hands. The Isle of Ely, may be called the isle of eeles, for the abundance of eeles which it yeeldeth."

The whitemeates are milk, butter, cream, curds and cheese. "The Flemming, or Hollander, is thought to live so long as hee doth, onely for his excessive eating of butter:" while "they that have best leysure and love cheese best, I would wish them to write an apologie in defense of the common dislike thereof, why so many love it not."

From *Spice.* "Isidorus telleth a mad tale of pepper; that it groweth in certaine woods on the south side of Caucase mount, which woods are full of serpents; therefore the inhabitantes of those partes set the woodes on fire to scarre away the serpentes, and so the pepper comes to be blacke."

As sauce, there is salt, vinegar, mustard, and green sauce,

sauce, "described by the Italian freitagio."—"There is salt of diverse colours. In Ægypt it is red, in Sicilia purple; in Pathmos it is most bright and splendent; in Cappadocia it is of a saffron colour. The divel loves no salt with his meat, saith Bodinus."

One of the most curious articles in this little work, is the author's attack on tobacco; by which it appears that smoking was a prevailing fashion at that period, among the frequenters of the playhouses.

"*A satiricall epigram upon the wanton and excessive use of Tabacco.*

"It chaunc'd me gazing at the Theater,
To spie a *Lock* *-Tabacco-Chevalier,
Clowding the loathing ayr with foggie fume
Of *Dock*-Tabacco; friendly foe to rume.
I wisht the Roman lawes severity:
Who smoke selleth, with smoke be done to dy. †
Being well nigh smouldred with this smokie stir,
I gan this wise bespeak my gallant sir:
'Certes, me thinketh (sir) it ill beseems,
Thus here to vapour out these reeking steams:
Like or to Maroe's steeds, whose nostrils flam'd;
Or Plinie's nosemen (mouthless men) surnam'd,
Whose breathing nose supply'd mouths absency.'
He me regreets with this profane reply:
'Nay, I resemble (sir) Iehovah dread,
From out whose nosthrils a smoake issued:
Or the mid-ayr's congealed region,
Whose stomach, with crude humors frozen on,
Sucks up, Tabacco-like, the upmost ayr,
Enkindled by fire's neighbour, candle fayr:

* Misprint for *Dock*, as "Tobacco is an *Indian weed*."

† Alex. seu. Ediet.

And hence it spits out watry reums amaine,
As phleamy snow, and haile, and sheerer raine:
Anon it smoakes beneath, it flames anon.'
'Sooth then, quoth I, it's safest we be gon;
Lest there arise some ignis fatuus
From out this smoaking flame, and choken us.
On English foole: wanton Italianly;
Go Frenchly: Duchly drink: breath Indianly."

At the end are three pieces of poetry.

"*Epipoeion*

Grace after Diet's dry Dinner, wherein Diet-Drinking is promised.

"Now that your barking stomacke's mouth is shut,
And hunger's rage appeas'd with choycer fare,
And murmuring bowels be to silence put;
Now that the boordes with voyder purged are;
Both thank your God, and thanke Simposiarch's paine,
That for your thankes, he may thanke you againe.
For if you hunger yet, or if you thirst,
Both which (I weet) may Diet's Drinesse make,
A second course may hap to swage the first,
And Diet's Drinking shall the latter slake;
Accept meane while, these Cates of D. D. D.
Drest by Art's Cookery, in C. C. C.
Proficiat. Proface. Mytchgoodditchye."

Then "Ios. Wetveri Epicrisis ad Henricum Butsum," 14 lines English: and "Ejusdem ad eundem de eodem Palinodia," 10 lines same.

Conduit-street. J. H.

ART.

ART. IX. *A New Post, with soueraigne Salue to cure the World's madnes. Expressing himselfe in sundrie excellent Essayes or wittie discourses. A Marke exceeding necessary for all men's Arrowes: whether the Great Man's Flight, the Gallant's Rover, the Wiseman's Prickeshaft, the Poore Man's Butshaft, or the Foole's Birdbolt.*

Quantus in Orbe dolus.

By Sir I. D. Knight. Printed for Iohn Mariot. No date. 12mo. *pp.* 110.

"Whether," says Anthony Wood, "Sir I. D. be the same with Sir John Davies, I cannot justly tell." Probably, the popularity which that excellent poem *Nosce Teipsum* obtained from the public, immediately on its appearance, might induce the publisher of this little moral treatise to adopt a mode too often pursued, that of affixing the initials of a favourite author for more general recommendation. The date of this work, as given by Wood, is 1620; a period when Sir John Davies was deeply engaged in his professional duties of a lawyer; nor does it bear internal evidence of his hand. The poetical numbers are not equally nervous and polished, nor is the prose written with his accustomed correctness.

The preface, which is called "a new post," is no unfavourable specimen to shew the manner and power of the writer, who has divided his work into essays, taking a philosophical view of men and manners; and, in the language of a moralist, rebuking the excess and viciousness of the world.

"A NEW POST. The world (which is the shop

or warehouse of all evills) was never since the beginning unfurnished of most wicked commodities; and as time and men's lusts hath increast the trade, so hath the trade filled up the empty places, and left no vacuity or vast corner in the world unstored and filled up, even from the bottome to the top, with mymicke and fantasticke imperfections: with sinnes of all shapes, of all fashions, of all inventions; sinnes of all proportions and all measures; the great man's creations, the meaner's imitations, the court's ambition, the citie's surfaite, and the countrie's folly. The first being grounded upon envy, the second on pride, and the last on weaknesse; so that, according to the nature of man, the old world is full of old thoughts, and being the nearest to the end is farthest from all amendement, having in it nothing but a covetous hoarding or gathering together of those vices, whose sadde waight cannot choose but shake the body into cinders. This mortall tympanie how many worthy leeches have studiously sought to cure; but their medicines have either not beene received, or else so too early cast uppe in unnaturall vomits, that the vertue hath been lost for want of retention. How hath divinity threatened, morality condemned, satyres whipped, epigrammes mocked, and all in one jointly raised up an earthquake or thunder against the vices and abuses of the times: yet still the world (as drowned in a lethargie or dead sleep) nussels and snorts in security, feeding vice to such a monstrous bignesse, that men stand in awe and dare not forsake him, and women tye him to their wastes with above a dozen points of the strongest riban. But may not this feare be taken from men, and this folly untyed from the feminine gender? Yes, questionlesse and with great

great ease, if they will either take the antidote of reason against this poison of novelty, or bath themselves in the cleare and wholsome streames of moderation and discretion. It is nothing but the want of the discourse of reason which doth breed this madnesse in mankinde; for where it raigneth there can neither be want nor superfluitie; for it boundeth all things within a meane, and governeth with justice and judgement: it hath the true measure of goodnesse, and carryeth so even the ballance which weigheth every excellence, that no grain or drop can be insufficient, but our reason may amend, alter, or correct it. Thus if either moderne phylosophers, or our living poets, had instructed the world withall; surely all vice had long since forsaken us, much gall had beene saved in their inke, lesse pepper and more salt had kept vertue in season, without corruption. Since then the knowlege and use of reason is the onely salve to cure these reasonlesse infirmities, it is not amisse in this little dispensatorie to shew the true manner of this composition; that every man knowing the ingredients and their naturall operations, each man may be his own phystition, and cure those maladies which make the world run mad with toys and fantasmes. It is to be understood then, that to make this excellent balme of reason, every man must take number, place, time, use, art, things naturall, above nature, and against nature, and mixing them with example, distill them into a pure conscience; and the worke is then finished. Now for the nature and operation of these simples, thus in these essayes it followeth."

The work has for a running title "Reason's Academie;" and at the end of the volume is a poem of eleven

eleven six-line stanzas, entitled "Reason's moane," of which the first two will form a sufficient specimen.

"When I peruse heaven's auncient written storie,
part left in bookes, and part in contemplation;
I finde creation tended to God's glory;
but when I looke upon the foul evasion,
Loe! then I cry, I howle, I weepe, I moane,
and seeke for truth, but truth, alas! is gone.

Whilom of old before the earth was founded,
or hearbs, or trees, or plants, or beasts had being;
Or that the mightie canopie of heaven surrounded
these lower creatures, ere that the eye had seeing,
Then reason was within the mind of Jove,
embracing only amitie and love."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. X. *Small Poems of Divers Sorts. Written by Sir Aston Cokain. London: Printed by Wil. Godbid, 1658. Sm. 8vo. pp, 508, besides preface, and a copy of commendatory verses by Tho. Bancroft.*

The reader will find in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1797, p. 554, a memoir of Sir Aston Cokayne, drawn principally from various notices in the volume, now registered, by the present Editor. One or two new title-pages, with some variations of words and date, were afterwards affixed by the booksellers to this publication,—as *A Chain of Golden Poems*—and *Choice Poems.** Sir Aston was born at the ancient family

* See Gent. Mag. 1797, p. 737. Mr. PARK thinks the poems never reached a second impression. But Oldys mentions among his MS. notes, "Poems

family seat, Ashbourne Hall, in Derbyshire, (now Sir Brook Boothby's) in 1608, and died at Derby 1683.

The volume contains two dramatic works; each of which has a separate title-page: thus, at p. 289, *The Obstinate Lady, a Comedy, written by Aston Cokain. London: Printed by William Godbid,* 1658. At p. 411, *Trappolin creduto Principe. Or Trappolin supposed a Prince. An Italian Trage-Comedy. The scene part of Italy. Written by Sir Aston Cokain. London, &c.* (as before.)

The greater part of these poems consist of a kind of doggrel rhyme; but as they contain many local and personal notices, they are at least curious to the inhabitants of Derbyshire, and its neighbourhood. But the masque* presented at Bretby Hall in Derbyshire, the seat of Lord Chesterfield, on Twelfth Night, 1639, shews talents for an higher kind of poetry.

The various pieces are called eclogues, love-elegies, funeral-elegies, songs, encomiastic verses, &c. but principally epigrams, which consist of two books, and the beginning of a third,

EPIG. XXXIX. B. II.

To my Honoured Friend, Mr. Samuel Roper.

"Make Derbyshire by your most able pen
Allow you her obliging'st countreyman;
From dust and dark oblivion raise her glories,
And from old records publish all her stories.

* Poems with the Obstinate Lady, and Trappolin, supposed a Prince: by Sir Aston Cokayne, Bart. Whereunto is now added The Tragedy of Ovid, intended to be acted shortly. Printed for Phil. Stephens, &c. 8vo. 1662," with his portrait, and a poem to the author by Tho. Bancroft.

* This has been reprinted in The Topographer, Vol. IV. p. 38, as well as some of the epigrams, p. 112.

So

So you, with Mr. Dugdale, shall remain,
Your country's honour; other country's stain."

EPIG. LIV.

To my honoured Cousin, Sir Francis Burdet, Ba

"The honest poet, Michael Drayton, I
Must ever honour for your amity:
He brought us first acquainted; which good turn
Made me to fix an elegie on 's urn:
Else I might well have spar'd my humble stuff;
His own sweet Muse renowning him enough.
In Warwickshire your house and mine stand near;
I therefore wish we both were settled there;
So we might often meet, and I thereby
Your excell'nt conversation oft enjoy.
What good should you get by it? Truly none:
The profit would accrue to me alone."

B. I. EPIG. LXIII.

*To the truly noble Sir Arthur Gorges.**

"Those worthy Romans that scorn'd humble things,
Created, and obliged after-kings,
Amidst their thoughts of highest honour, ne'er
Conceiv'd imaginations 'bove your sphere.
The Babylonian Euphrates may
For ever run, and Tybris never stay;
The plenteous Rhine continually speed on,
And Danubie, each to its ocean;
And not outgo your fair and high repute,
Which doth amuse the world, and strike me mute."

I guess my readers by this time have had enou
and that it becomes me to stop my pen.†

* I presume, the translator of Lucan.

† He published also "Diana, an excellent new Romance, writ in It
by Giovanni Francesco Loredano, a noble Venetian, in four books, trans
into English by Sir Aston Cokaine, 8vo. 1643. 1654."

A

ART. XI. *Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discoverie: by way of Dialogue between Jamie and Willie. Amidst the Babylonians, printed, by Margery Mar-Prelat, in Thwackcoat-Lane, at the signe of the Crab-tree Cudgell; without any priviledge of the Cater-Caps, the yeare coming on, 1641. 4to. fourteen leaves.*

"The Epistle. Most kind and courteous countrey-men, being at Berwicke, it was my chance to meet with two of my countrey-men there, the one of them being lately come from London, and the other had been in the Camp; where, after salutations past among us, they desired me to write down their severall collections of passages, which I confesse are not such as they would have been, if mischances had not happened; for it seems the one was forced to burn his notes at London, and the others were spoyled with water at Berwick; and therefore they are but fragments, not whole relations, &c."

"The Printer to the Reader," an address of thirty lines, begins

> "Martin Mar-Prelat was a bonny lad,
> His brave adventures made the prelats mad;
> Though he be dead, yet he hath left behind
> A generation of the Martin kind.
> Yea, there's a certain aged bonny lasse,
> As well as he, that brings exploits to passe;
> Tell not the bishops, and you know her name,
> Margery Mar-Prelat, of renowned fame, &c."

Jamie, from London, having given a long account of foreign and domestic news, in which the bishops make

make considerable display, is interrupted by an exclamation of Willie against "those priests, let us heir somewhat els, for ther's no goodnesse in them."

"Then (quoth Jamie) I will tell you something of poets and players, and ye ken they are merry fellows.

"There was a poore man (and ye ken povertie is the badge of poetry) who, to get a little money, made a song of all the capps in the kingdome, and at every verse end concludes thus,

'Of all the Capps that ever I see,
Either great or small, Blew Cappe for me.'

But his mirth was quickly turned to mourning; for he was clapt up in the Clinke for his boldnesse to meddle with any such matters. One *Parker*, the prelat's poet, who made many base ballads against the Scots, sped but little better; for he, and his *antipodes* were like to have tasted of justice Long's liberalitie, and hardly he escaped the powdering tub, which the vulgar people calls a prison. But now he swearers he will never put pen to paper for the prelats againe, but betake himselfe to his pitcht kanne, and tobacco-pipe; and learne to sell his frothie pots againe, and give over poetrie.

"But ile tell thee, I met with a good fellow of that quality, that gave me a few fine verses, and when I have done I will sing them.

"In the meane time let me tell ye a lamentable tragedie, acted by the prelacie, against the poore players of the Fortune play-house, which made them sing

"Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me, &c.'

for they having gotten a new old play, called 'The Cardinall's Conspiracie,' whom they brought upon the

stage in as great state as they could, with altars, images, crosses, crucifixes, and the like, to set forth his pomp and pride. But wofull was the sight to see how, in the middest of all their mirth, the pursevants came and seazed upon the poore cardinall and all his consorts, and carried them away. And when they were questioned for it, in the High Commission Court, they pleaded ignorance, and told the archbishop, that they tooke those examples of their altars, images, and the like, from heathen authors. This did somewhat asswage his anger, that they did not bring him on the stage; but yet they were fined for it, and after a little imprisonment, gat their liberty. And having nothing left them but a few swords and bucklers, they fell to act 'The Valiant Scot,'* which they played five dayes with great applause, which vext the bishops worse than the other; insomuch, as they were forbidden playing it any more; and some of them prohibited ever playing againe."

"The few fine verses," above alluded to, serve to end this narrative. "So I will only sing my song, and conclude.

'Sir John got on a bonny browne beast
To Scotland for to ride a,
A brave buffe coat upon his back,
A short sword by his side a.
Alas, young man we Sucklings can
Pull down the Scottish pride a.
He danc'd and pranc'd, and pranckt about, †
'Till peopie him espide a.

* "The Valiant Scot, by J. W. Gent. London, printed by Thomas Harper for John Waterson, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-Yard, at the signe of the Crown." 1637. 4to.

† "He pranckt and danc'd, about he pranc'd," to make rhyme.

With

With pyebald apparell he did so quarrell,
As none durst come him nye a;
But soft, Sir John, ere you come home,
You will not look so high a.

Both wife and maid, and widow prayd,
To the Scots he would be kind a;
He storm'd the more, and deeply swore
They should no favour find a:
But if you had been at Barwick and seen,
He was in another ruffe a.

His men and he, in their jollitie,
Did drink, quarrell, and quaffe a,
'Till away he went, like a Jack of Lent:
But it would have made you laugh a,
How away they did creep, like so many sheep,
And he like an Essex calfe a.

When he came to the camp, he was in a damp,
To see the Scots in sight a,
And all his brave troops, like so many droops,
To fight they had no heart a;*
And when the allarme call'd all to arme,
Sir John he went to sh—te a.

They prayd him to mount, and ryde in the front,
To try his courage good a:
He told them, the Scots had dangerous plots,
As he well understood a;
Which they denyed, but he replyed—
"It's sinne for to shed blood a."

He did repent the money he spent,
Got by unlawfull gaine a;
His curled locks could endure no knocks,
Then let none goe againe a
Such a carpet knight, as durst not fight,
For fear he should be slaine a.'

* Read "They had no heart to fight a."

"We

"Well (quoth Willie) as I remember there was some songs here also at the camp of him. And I will sing so much of it as I can, because I will begin as you have ended: but mine is a sinister verse then yours, for it hath two foot more, and it is to be sung to the tune of *John Dorie*, as followeth:

'Sir John got on an ambling nagge,
To Scotland for to goe,
With a hundred horse, without remorse,
To keep ye from the foe:
No carpet knight ever went to fight
With half so much braveado; [book,
Had you seen but his look, you would swear on a
Hee'd conquered the whole Armado.'

"But the valour of the knight, and the veyn of the poetry are both of so course a thred, that I had rather tell you the rest in plain prose."

The speaker further relates, "that there came divers carpet-knights to the camp, onely for fashion not for fighting, whose chiefest attendants are either poets or players; at whose return you shall either have the second part of *Holia Moko*, or els *Polydamna* acted, with a new addition; but if it had once come to knocks, then you must have expected a tragedie instead of a commedie; as The Losse of a Loyall Subject; The Prodigal's Repentance; The Suckling's Succour; The Last Lover; or some such pretty peece.

"That all the time the camp lay here, we had most lamentable wet wether, as if the heavens had mourned with continuall rayne, which our camp scarse call Scottish teares: but I am sure it made good the old saying, 'A Scottish mist will wet an Englishman to

the skinne:' and well it might be, for there was neither care taken for huts, nor tents; but as soone as it was faire againe in the sun-shine, they went all in hunting the lousie lare, where they made good that riddle which put Homer to a staud, 'What they found, they left behind them; and what they could not find, they tooke with them.' But having done execution upon those grudge pikes, at their returnes they would bragge how many *covenanted* enemies they had killed since they went out."—

"It is thought this climate hath an extraordinary operation in altering of men's constitutions and conditions: for our *gallants* have both changed their voices and their words since they came from London; for there they used to speak as bigge as bulbeggers, that fight in barnes; and at every word sirra, rogue, rascall, and the like; but it is otherwayes now, for their words is as if they whispered, for feare the Scots should heare them; and their words are turned to honest Jacke, courage souldiers, and the like; so if we had stayed but a little while longer, we should have been all fellows at football.

"That a great many old souldiers lived by their shifts, some counterfeited fortune-tellers, some juglers, and some morice-dancers; and indeed they sped best of all, for whilst the wives without conveighs (which ay lurking about the house) would either get a duck or a henne, or others perhaps a lamb or a pigge, and home they came to the camp often times with half a dozen of women at their heels crying 'Stoppe theef, stoppe;' but never an honest man was in the way, and it is not the fashion for one thiefe to stay another: but when they came to their huts, then there was all

the

the sport to see them quarrell for dividing of it, untill the marshall or provost came, who to stint the strive, kept it to himselfe, so often times he that fet it never eat it."

A skirmish or two is described and the will of a dying soldier given, "but there was none to doe it but a poet, and he made it in verse," consisting of twenty-eight lines, in which he bequeaths his body in various portions, as

"My legges I leave to lame men, to assist them;
If Scots come on, here's many that will misse them."

The dissolving the army is described; "whereupon order was given in the king's camp, that every man should have a monethes pay, to carrie him home to his countrie; but the captaines and commanders did so shuffle and shirke the poore souldiers, that some of them had nothing, and the most had but foure or five shillings a piece to travell 300 miles; yet to give the devill his due, they did them a court courtesie in giving them a passe home to their countrey, with a licence to beg by the way, and a tiquet to all maiors, justices, constables, and the like, not to trouble the stocks, nor whipping posts with any such souldiers as came from the king's camp."

The loquacious orator next relates—"As soon as the armies were dissolved and the king possessed of the castles of Edenburgh, Dumbarten, &c. new wells were raysed against the covenanters, and it was reported, that under the colour of a parle with the lords at Berwick, they should all have been detayned and sent prisoners to London; but, as good was, they went not, but excused themselves to the king, because

the appointed assemblies was then to begin, which hath since quite abolished bishops.

"The king seemed displeased, and thereupon placed generall Ruthwen governour of the castle of Edenburgh; and now he having got that by a tricke, which they never could have gotten by strength, keeps a couple of false knaves, to laugh at the lords (a foole and a fidler) and when he and they are almost drunke, then they go to singing of Scotch jigges, in a jearing manner, at the covenanters for surrendring up their castles.

"The fidler he flings out his heels, and dances and sings,

"Put up thy dagger Jamie,
And all things shall be mended,
Bishops shall fall; no not at all
When the Parliament is ended."

"Then the foole he flirts out his folly, and whilst the fidler playes he sings,

"Which never was intended,
But onely for to flam thee:
We have gotten the game,
We'll keep the same,
Put up thy dagger, Jamie."

The work concludes with the following lines as a postscript.

"Through fire and water we have past,
To bring you northern news;
And since as Scouts we travelled last,
We now that name refuse.

I

. But if henceforth new broyles appeare,
And warre begin to rise,
Castiliane like, wee'll cloth oure selves,
And live like Spanish spyes."

From a part of the above extracts this satirical attack upon the times does not appear to have been hitherto known, if we except the ballad upon Sir John Suckling. Of such ephemerical publications it is difficult to explain the several allusions to names and occurrences, after a lapse of above a century and an half.

The ballad of "Blew Cap" appears to have been a political one, and now lost; at least, I have not been able to trace it in the repositories of that period, or the modern collections.* Cater-caps are mentioned in the title; and the author of the tract, speaking of continental circumstances, observes—"They say at London that the cause of this combustion proceedeth from a quarrell for superiority between black-capps

* In "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence," 1685, is "The Song of the Caps," but of thirteen verses there is little to incur the anger of the prelates. The following lines are the most personal.

"The satin and the velvet hive,
Unto a bishoprick doth drive:
Nay when a fill of caps y'are seen in,
The square cap this, and then a linen,
This treble may [then] raise some hope,
If fortune smile, to be a pope.
Thus any cap what e're it be,
Is still the sign of some degree."

Evans's Old Ballads, Vol. IV. p. 264, has "Blew cap for me:" but it turns on the preference of a Scotch lass to her countryman If it was a Scotch song, it is not mentioned by Ritson in "A list of desiderata in Scotish Song," published in the Scot's Magazine, 1802, nor is it in his own collection of two vols. 1794.

and blew-capps; the one affirming that cater-capps keeps square dealing, and the other tells them that cater-caps are like cater-pillars, which devoure all where they may be suffered; and the round cappe tells the other, that their cappe is never out of order, turn it which way you will; and they stand stiffly to it, that blew-capps are true capps, and better than black ones."

Of Parker and his antipodes I have not been able to trace any thing explanatory.

The "Vox Borealis" could not be printed till after August 1641, that being the time when the army was disbanded; but the incident of the players of the Fortune being committed, appears rather to have happened to the company at the Cockpit in May of the year preceding; which is precisely stated in Sir Henry Herbert's MS. (See Reed's Shakesp. Vol. III. p. 292.) The play of the Cardinal's Conspiracy is a title unknown. From the description of a new old play, perhaps it was an alteration of either the first or second part of Cardinal Wolsey by Chettle, there not being any scene in Henry the Eighth for the introduction of altars, images, &c.* Sir Henry Herbert does not mention the title; he says "The play I cald for, and, forbiddinge the playing of it, keepe the booke; because it had relation to the passages of the king's journey into the northe, and was complaynd of by his majestye to mee, withe commande to punishe the offenders;" which seems conclusive, that the same circumstance is alluded to in both places, and the account of the allowance of plays continues to the commencement of th

* "The Cardinal," by Shirley, was not licensed till Nov. 25, 1641.

war in August 1642, without any similar incident happening.

The ballad upon Sir John Suckling appears to be printed very incorrectly in many instances, and the first twenty-four lines seem originally designed for quatrains. There must have been some other reason than "the coarseness of the thread" for not concluding the second ballad, as the same circumstance is recorded in the first; but the whole of the second may be found as "Sir John Suckling's Campaigne,"* in Percy's Reliques (Vol. II. p. 326. Edit. 1794,) where it is said "this humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his cotemporaries, however, attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it was printed" in 1656. The similarity of the two copies make them appear nearer than parodies, and the coincidence of

* I shall give the first and last stanzas of this ballad from a collection of songs, as they differ from the copy here referred to.

"Then as it fell out on a holiday,
'Twas on a holiday tide-a
Sir John he got on his ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride a;
With an hundred or more of his own, he swore,
To guard him on ev'ry side-a.

- - - - -

To ease him of fear, he plac'd him in the rear,
At miles back half a score a; *
Sir John he did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a."

* This line is preferable to the one in Dr. Percy's copy, as it prevents the recurrence of the same rhime. There it stands;

"Some ten miles back, and more-a."

 ideas

ideas and words is too general to be the offspring of accident. Had there not been the part given as *second* above, the other would only have appeared an altered copy of the one in Percy's Reliques; as it is, the priority of the two is not distinguishable; that in Sir John Mennis's poems is more correctly given, but the slovenly appearance of the other might be the inattention of the pamphlet-writer or his printer.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XII. *Essayes by Sir William Cornwallyes the Younger, Knight. Newlie corrected. London: Printed by Thomas Harper, for J. M. and are to be sold by Ambrose Ritherdon in Paule's Church-yard at the signe of the Bull Head, 1632.* * *Sm. 8vo.* This is on an engraved title-page, by T. Cecil, with the figures of two men in their gowns and large hats, sitting opposite each other at a table under arches, one writing, the other reading.

At Sign. L 2, (for it is not paged) is a second title-page before the Second book of Essays, with the date, 1631; and at Sign. Ii 4, a third title-page before *Discourses upon Seneca the Tragedian.*

Sir William Cornwallis the younger, (so called to distinguish him from his uncle Sir William Cornwallis, ancestor to Marquis Cornwallis) was son of Sir Charles Cornwallis, distinguished for his diplomatic abilities, which he displayed in his embassy to Spain† during the time of K James I. and afterwards in 1610 Treasurer to Henry Prince of Wales, of whose Life and

* These Essays were first printed in 1601, without the engraved title-page, which Granger supposes to represent the Essayist and his father.

† See Memoirs of Peers of James I. p. 195.

Death

Death he wrote an account, printed several years afterwards at London, 1641, 8vo. Sir William's mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Farnham, Esq. of Fincham, in Norfolk.

These Essays are dedicated "to the Right Vertuous and most Honorable Ladies, the Lady Sara Hastings, the Lady Theodosia Dudley, the Lady Mary Wingfield, and the Lady Mary Dyer;" three of them sisters by nature, the fourth by love.

Of these essays the first book consists of 25, and the second of 52. Of these I give a specimen from one of the shortest.

ESSAY II. B. I. *Of Discourse.*

"It is a pitiful thing at great assemblies, to see how the rich and gay will ingross their talk, and how basely they use that commodity; not a word able to profit a hackneyman. They send away Time worse apparelled than their horse-keepers; poor and naked of what is precious, but loaden with straw and dirt, good only for thatchers and daubers. At this time I suffer much, specially if I would choose rather to fill my ears than my belly. I wish for fidlers to confound them, or any noise saving theirs. I would at this time lose my memory; for she is covetous, and takes all; and with this she will pollute all, make all taste of barbarism.

"In this time my eye wandering to find a handsome cause of interruption, meets with a fellow in black: back again they come with their intelligence, and tell me they have found a scholar. I go to this vessel, and thirsting after some good liquor, hastily pierce it, when there issueth medicines, or law-terms. Alas! it is either a surgeon, or an attorney; my expectation hath broken

broken her neck. Well; these are places to grow fat in, not wise. Let us travel some whither else—to the University. Their discourse is good, but too finical; you undo them if you suffer them not to go methodically to work. *Nego majorem, aut minorem; probo; ipse dixit, &c.* I like not this; unless his adversary be a fencer too, there is no understanding one another. It is a general fault amongst the best professions; for mercenary and mechanic, it skills not: it becomes them well to discover themselves by their speech; but a gentleman should talk like a gentleman; which is like a wise man: his knowledge ought to be general; it becomes him not to talk of one thing too much, or to be weighed down with any particular profession. Herein I admire Plato his description of Socrates, who, although a soldier and a scholar, yet he discoursed still like wisdom, which commands over all. One knowlege is but one part of the house, a baywindow, or a gable-end: who builds his house so maimed? much less himself: no, be complete! If thy guests be weary of thy parlour, carry them into thy gallery: be thus; but yet, if thou meetest with a fellow, that would fain shew thee he is a mathematician, or a navigator, be content to talk with him of circles, and quadrangles; of the poles, and navigating stars.

"There is another creature that weighs every word; and will be sure to turn the verb behind; affects elegancy, and to be thought learned. This fellow is formal; he robs himself of his commendations with this premeditated course; men look for much where they discern such a preparation: besides, methinks he dresses Truth and Wisdom too gaudily. It is the country

country fashion to sugar over what is naturally sweet; he profits not his auditory.

"I knew a country church furnished with a clock, whose hammer was stricken by an image like a man; upon the wheels stood a cat, which, when the image struck, made such haste away, as the parishioners, when they should have wept for their sins and were moved thereunto by the preacher, laughed at the cat's nimbleness. So it is with this man's hearers; they catch at some pretty sounding words, and let the matter slip without any attention. Let ape-keepers and players catch the ears of their auditors and spectators with fair bombast words and set speeches. It shall be my course, when I must discourse, (but I had rather hear) not to lose myself in my tale; to speak words, that may be understood, and to my power to mean wisely rather than to speak eloquently."

Montaigne set the example of this sort of Essays, by his publication under that name in 1580; these were much read, and, of course, brought forward many imitators: but none of them have acquired, much less retained, the celebrity of their master. Montaigne died in 1592. His Essays were written, as he tells us, to give a picture of himself, and to represent his own humours and inclinations, excellencies and infirmities, to the public.

ART. XIII. *Elizabeth Lady Cary, the Dramatic Writer.*

I have too hastily given my opinion in Vol. I. p. 153, that Elizabeth, Lady Carey, the dramatic writer, was the

the wife of Sir George Carey,* Lord Hunsdon; I am now convinced that she was the same person, to whom John Davies of Hereford dedicated his *Muse's Sacrifice* in 1612; and whom that poet calls the "wife of Sir Henry Cary," (probably the first Lord Falkland, whose lady was Elizabeth daughter of Chief Baron Tanfield.) The following words, which Davies makes use of, seem to decide the matter:

"Cary, of whom Minerva stands in fear,
Lest she from her should get Art's regency,
Of Art so moves the great all-moving sphere,
That every orb of Science moves thereby.

Thou mak'st Melpomen proud, and my heart great
Of such a pupil, who, in *buskin* † fine,
With *feet of state* † dost make thy Muse to meet
The scenes of Syracuse and Palestine.

Art, language; yea, abstruse and holy tongues
Thy wit and grace acquir'd thy fame to raise;
And still to fill thine own and other's songs;
Thine with thy parts, and others with thy praise.

Such nervy limbs of art, and strains of wit,
Times past ne'er knew the weaker sex to have;
And times to come will hardly credit it,
If thus thou give thy works both birth and grave."

* To this lady, who was daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, and sister to Alice Countess of Derby, is dedicated "The Terrors of the Night, or a Discourse of Apparitions, by Thomas Nash," 1594, 4to. a book which is in the Bridgewater library, and of which no other copy is known to exist. *See Todd's Spenser*, I. lxxiv.

† This evidently alludes to her tragedy of "Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry," written in alternate verse. See Vol. I. p. 153.

ART.

Art. XIV. *John Davies of Hereford.*

I copy the close of this poet's long Funeral Elegy on Mrs. Elizabeth Dutton, daughter of Sir Thomas Egerton, because it touches on some circumstances of the author's life, and is another instance of what, alas! no new instances are wanting, the poverty and difficulties to which poets are generally condemned.

" For, never had I greater cause of grief;
Sith, while she liv'd, I joy'd in painful life:
But now am left all solitary-sad,
To wail her death, whose life made sorrow glad!
O had it pleas'd the Heavens by their decree
T' have made my pupil learn'd t' have died of me,
And mine example, I had been at rest,
And she live blessed long to die as blest.
I, like a wither'd pine, no fruit produce;
Of whom there is no care, no hope, no use.
I burden but the earth, and keep a place
Of one perhaps that should have greater grace:
Oppreat with cares that quite crush out the sap
That feeds my life; now thrown off Nature's lap,
I solely sit, and tell the saddest hours,
That ever yet impeached rival powers;
Obscur'd by fate, yet made a mark by fame,
Whereat fools often shoot their bolts in game.
Yet live as buried, (that I learn'd of thee,
Dear pupil!) while the world goes over me:
Praying for patience still to underlie
The heavy weight of this world's misery.
Oft have I been embosomed by lords;
But all the warmth I found there was but words.
And though I scarce did move, yet scarce they would
There let me lie, though there I lay a-cold;

But

But, as I had some biting vermine been,
Out must I, mov'd I but for warmth therein:
Or else so lie, as I were better out;
Sith there I lay as dead, yet liv'd in doubt:
In doubt, I should have nothing but a place
In th' outward room but of their idle grace.
In doubt, black mouths should blot me in their box
That make few scholars; and in doubt my hooks
Would hold no longer to hang on (O grief!)
This hanging's worse than hanging of a thief!
An halter soon abridgeth bale and breath;
But hanging on men's sleeves is double death.
To hang in hope of that which doubt doth stay,
Is worse than hanging till the later-day.
Doubt stays that need that merit hopes for, oft
Lest need should but make merit look aloft;
Or, quite leave working, sith it hath no need;
Therefore the great do still withhold this meed:
For, to themselves they say, if we should fill
The well-deserving empty (working still)
They would but rest: then, well wee'l them intreat
Yet keep them hungry still to worke for meat.
Fate, but to state this privilege affords;
And but the mean, without means, worke for word
Yet work they must, sith sir the great do give:
For if they have their hate they cannot live.
Their love doth little boot; but O their breath
Blows down, in hate, a poor relict to death.
These miseries I ran through, and did try
These dear conclusions but in misery;
Hoping for that, which but my hopes deceiv'd;
And me of hope and life almost bereav'd;
Till I, to stand, from these was fain to fall
To serve two lords, that serve me now withall:
The one immortal, th' other mortal is;
Who serve my turn for what my life doth miss;

Whic

Which, for its still amiss, still misseth that,
Which makes men gracious, and, so, fortunate.
But He, who knows all, knows perhaps its best
For me to live with little in unrest:
For, never since I first could move, had I
A better life than those, that, living, die.
I never yet possess'd one day of joy
That was not lin'd or hemm'd with some annoy.
The kingly preacher in his weal found woe,
But I in thwarts; for those alone I know.
These made me old in youth: for Sol had run
Scarce thirty years before my days were done;
And to his course ere five more added were,
Black days, like nights, in grey had dyed my hair.
Yet never cross on me so sad did sit
As this dear loss; whereof this benefit
To me accrues, that now each pressing woe
Stands far without this; and this keeps them so.
I say, I greatly grieve; yet seem to feign;
For great griefs never greatly could complain:
That is, when sorrow's flood the banks doth fill,
It noiseless runs, and smoothly glideth still;
But if the current once the brim gets o'er,
'Twill roughly run; or, stopt, 'twill rage and roar.
But, O, that tyrant Time will silence me,
Before my griefs are utter'd as they be!
Farewell then, my grief's cause, who wast th' effect
Of all the joy my life did well elect!
Farewell, in *Him*, on whom who fares is well;
And while I live, I'll be the leading-bell,
That shall thy loudest peals of praises ring,
Which in the clouds shall ne'er leave echoing!
Or be the trumpet of thy fame, to fill
Th' etherial lofts with strains more lofty still!
That when Time's wings his funeral flame consumes,
Thy fame shall soar with fair unsinged plumes!"

ART.

ART. XV. *Rump: or an exact Collection of the choycest Poems and Songs relating to the late Times. By the most eminent Wits, from Anno 1639, to Anno 1661. London. 12mo. 200 pages. Printed for Henry Brome at the Gun in Ivy-Lane, and Henry Marsh, at the Prince's Armes in Chancery Lane, 1662. With an engraved title and frontispiece.*

"To the Reader.

"Thou hast here a bundle of rodds; not like those of the Roman Consulls, for these are signes of a No-Government. If thou read these ballads (and not sing them) the poor ballads are undone. They came not hither all from one author (thou wilt soon perceive the same hand held not the pen), yet none but shew either wit or affection (and that's better) or both, which is best of all. The truth is, this Rump, and indeed the whole carcase, was so odious and bloody a monster, that every man has a stone or rotten egge to cast at it. Now if you ask who named it Rump? Know 'twas so stiled in an honest sheet of paper (called The Bloody Rump) written before the Tryal of our late Soveraign of glorious memory: but the word obtained not universal notice till it flew from the mouth of Major Genral Brown at a public assembly in the daies of Richard Cromwell. You have many songs here, which were never before in print: we need not tell you whose they are; but we have not subjoynned any authors names; heretofore it was unsafe, and now the gentlemen conceive it not so proper. 'Tis hoped they did his Majesty some service; 'twas for that end they

were

were scribbled. Now (thanks be to God,) we have lived to that day, that there is no cavalier, because there is nothing else, and 'tis wondrous happy to see how many are his Majestie's faithfull subjects, who were ready to hang the authors of these ballads. But he that does not blot out all that's past, and frankly embrace their new allegiance, or remembers ought but what shall preserve universal peace and charity, let him be anathema: for he were a strange man that should now be unsatisfied, when those that writ against the King do now write for him, and those who wrote for him need now write no more. Let heaven now continue these blessings on his Majesty, that no one enemy live unreconciled, nor any false friend be undiscovered, that so there be no strife, but who shall shew most duty to so excellent a King. Farewell."

"The Stationer to the Reader.

"GENTLEMEN,

"You are invited here to a feast, and if variety cloy you not, we are satisfied. It has been our care to please you; and it is our hope you will retribute an acknowledgement. These are select things, a work of time, which for your sake we publish, assuring you that your welcome will crown the entertainment.

Farewell. H. B. H. M."

The volume is divided into two parts; the first begins with The Zealous Puritan, 1639; and then follow *Pym's Juncto*, 1640.

"*Upon Mr. Pym's Picture.*

"Reader, behold the counterfeit of him
Who now controuls the land; Almighty Pym!
A man whom even the devil to fear begins,
And dares not trust him with successless sins; &c.

"*The Parliament's Pedigree.*

"No pedigrees nor projects
Of after times I tell,
Nor what strange things the Parliament
In former times befell,
Nor how an Emperour got a King
Nor how a King a Prince;
But you shall hear what progenies,
Have been begotten since.

The devil he a monster got
Which was both strong and stout,
This many-headed monster
Did strait beget a rout;
This rout begat a parliament,
As Charles he well remembers;
The Parliament got monsters too,
The which begot five members.

The members five did then beget
Most of the house of peers,
The peers misunderstandings got,
All jealousies and fears;
The jealousies got horse and men,
Lest wars should have abounded,
And I dare say this horse got Pym,
And he begot a round-head, &c."

"*Upon Ambition. Occasioned by the accusati the Earl of Strafford, in the Year* 1640.

"How uncertain is the state
Of that greatnesse we adore,
When ambitiously we sore,
And have ta'en the glorious height:
Tis but ruine gilded o're
To enslave us to our fate,

Whose false delight is easier got, than kept,
Content ne'er on its gaudy pillow slept.

Then how fondly do we try,
With such superstitious care,
To build fabricks in the ayr?
Or seek safety in that sky
Where no stars but meteors are,
That portend a ruine nigh?
And having reach'd the object of our ayme,
We find it but a pyramid of flame."

"*The Round-head's Race.*

"I will not say for the world's store
The world's now drunk; (for did I)
The faction which now reigns would roare;
But I will swear 'tis giddy:

And all are prone to this same fit,
That it their object make,
For every thing runs round in it,
And no form else will take.

To the round nose Pecalier is
The ruby and the rose;
The round lip gets away the kisse
And that by favour goes, &c."

The Sence of the House, or the reason why those members who are the remnant of the two families of Parliament, cannot consent to peace, or an accommodation.

To the tune of the New England Balm, Huggle Duggle, Ho! Ho! Ho! the Devil he laught aloud.

"Come, come, beloved Londoners, fy, fy, you shame us all,
Your rising up for peace, will make the close Committee fail;

I wonder you dare ask for that which they must needs deny,
There's thirty swear they'll have no peace, and bid me tell you why."

"*An Elegie on the death of Sir Bevile Granvile.*

"To build upon the merit of thy death,
And raise thy fame from thy expiring breath,
Were to steal glories from thy life, and tell
The world, that Granvile only did die well!
But all thy dayes were fair, the same sun rose,
The lustre of thy dawning, and thy close:
Thus to her urn th' Arabian wonder flyes
She lives in perfumes, and in perfumes dyes," &c.

I shall conclude my notice of this collection with the two first stanzas of the following excellent song, styled

"*Loyalty confined.*

"Beat on proud billowes, Boreas blow,
Swell curled waves, high as Jove's roof,
Your incivility doth shew,
That innocence is tempest proof,
Though surely Nereas frown, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a goale,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my baile,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, barres, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner but an anchorit," &c.*

I. S. C.

* This has been attributed to Lord Capel, but Mr. PARK, in the Royal and Noble Authors, has traced it to Sir Roger Le Strange. *Editor.*

ART.

Art. XVI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and sentimental Essays.*

N°. XVII.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

SIR,

When the concurrent opinion of all ages, ancient as well as modern, concerning the merits of Homer, are considered, I trust I shall not be deemed to have merely had recourse to a schoolboy's common-place-book, in venturing to express my admiration of him. If he was in the opinion of Horace *(judice te non sordidus auctor naturæ verique)* as great in morals and philosophy, as he is universally allowed to be in poetry; if as an historian, a geographer, a soldier, and even a physician, * no succeeding writer in the most improved and polished age, has equalled his fame; and what the Roman poet said of his Jupiter may justly be applied to him, *nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum*; surely any dissertation which may tend to make him better understood, can hardly be thought foreign from the purpose of a literary work. Perhaps, therefore, you will not consider that portion of your Censura, which is appropriated to *rumination*, disgraced by the admission of an attempt to elucidate the meaning of a passage of the ancient bard, which still remains doubtful and obscure, though it has been explained in several different ways.

In the third volume of Harmer's "Observations on

* In the original and proper sense of the word, ἰατρὸς included every branch of the art of healing.

Scripture," the ingenious and learned author gives some few specimens of his manner of applying to the classics, as well as to sacred history, illustrations taken from travels into the countries where the scene of action lay. In one of these he endeavours to explain the meaning of a part of Hector's soliloquy in the twenty-second Iliad, line 126, &c.

Hector has been deliberating whether he should meet Achilles unarmed, and offer him terms of peace; but suddenly recollecting the ferocity of his temper, and his implacable hatred, he exclaims, "but why do I employ my mind upon such thoughts, for he would kill me even though unarmed."

Ου μεν πως νυν εστιν απο δρυος ουδ' απο πετρης
Τω ομαρτησαντα δυο παρθενος ηϊθεοισι,
Παρθενος ηϊθεος τ' ομαρτεον αλληλοισιν.

In these lines is the difficulty; their literal translation is this. "For it is not possible now to converse with this man from an oak or from a rock, as a maiden and youth, as a maiden and youth converse with each other."

Now it is certainly not very easy to comprehend what is meant by conversing from an oak or a rock, since young men and maidens are not wont to "breathe out the tender tale" from oaks or rocks: nor does it seem to apply well to mere friendly intercourse. The Latin version is the same, and exactly literal, both in Didymus's, and in Clarke's Homer, and therefore throws no light on the subject. The old Greek scholiast in that edition which bears the name of Didymus, has a long note upon it to this effect: "There is no using such language towards Achilles, says Hector, as young men and women use in their conversation. The ancients when they found children

drun who had been exposed near oaks or rocks, thought they were produced from them, and this gave rise to that opinion. For the ancients lived chiefly in the fields, and rarely possessed houses, so that the women who brought forth their children in the mountains, lodged them in the hollows of the oaks or rocks. In them they were sometimes found, and then supposed to have been produced from them. This is the account given by Didymus."

Clarke has copied this note without making any addition to it; and Eustathius, as quoted by Pope, explains the passage in the same manner, and supposes it to have been a common proverbial expression for an idle old tale, and to have been used by Hector in this manner, "Achilles will not listen to such tales as may pass with youths and maidens."

Pope himself renders the passage with his usual diffuseness; *aut viam invenit aut facit*; where the sense is not obvious, he uses no ceremony towards poor Homer, but gives a paraphrase of what appears to him to be the general meaning. In his version he glides smoothly over the difficulty, takes no notice of the repetition of παρθενος γιθεος τ', translates the preposition απο *at*, (a sense of which I believe it is incapable) and with the utmost sang froid, by one stroke of his magic pen levels the rock into a *plain*. *

* "What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But wo.na like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met *at an oak*, or journeying *o'er a plain*;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning wa.k.†" POPE's HOMER.

† It is indeed impossible for four more contemptible verses to have proceeded from a bellman. *Editor.*

Harmer, with his accustomed copiousness of quotation, * has brought together a variety of passages from different authors, to shew, what would be sufficiently proved by common sense only, that it is usual in hot countries to sit in the shade; and that Homer therefore meant to allude to the meeting of persons on *account* of some rock or tree whose shade invites them to repose under it.

Harmer's interpretation depends upon the propriety of translating ἀπὸ under, or *on account of*. Of the former meaning I doubt if there be any example; of the latter there are many, some of which, in the New Testament, he has pointed out. Yet still the obscurity of the passage seems to me to remain the same. A young man and maiden may very naturally converse *under* an oak, but I am utterly at a loss to comprehend how they can converse *upon account* of it, or indeed how such a simile could apply to the meeting of Hector and Achilles.

But in reality it appears to me that Hector's meaning is totally different from any of these suppositions, and that the *oak* and the *rock* are mentioned only as conveying an idea of *security*. He considers his antagonist as so entirely under the government of passion, † that he would be capable of killing him though a suppliant, ‡

* No disrespect is here meant to Mr. Harmer, to whose diligent researches the Christian world is much obliged, and many of whose explanations of the Scriptures, drawn from eastern manners and customs, are not only probable, but carry the most complete conviction with them.

† Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Hor. de Art. Poet. f. 121, &c.

‡ Οὐ δέ τι μ' αἰδοῖόν γε λίσσεται οὐδὲ μὲν γουνῶν τεθεῖν.

For the ancients esteemed the character of a suppliant as sacred. See the conduct of the same Achilles to Priam, in the twenty-fourth book.

and

and unarmed. Achilles is to him as a wild beast, from whom he could not be safe unless he could converse with him from the top of an *oak*, or the summit of a *rock*. "I will not take off my armour then," says he, "for he would kill me though unarmed, for there is no possibility of conversing with him from an oak or a rock (that is, in perfect safety) as a young man and maiden converse with each other," (that is, amicably and without fear.)

If this conjecture be well founded, the difficulty vanishes at once; ἀπὸ is translated according to its usual meaning, *from*; the sense is clear, and there is no need of having recourse to the far-fetched explanation of Eustathius, which even darkens obscurity itself. The *oak* and *rock* are ideas almost unconnected with the *youth* and *maiden*, and should be separated by a comma at least, if not by a parenthesis. Still, however, the grammatical construction must be deemed harsh and the transition too sudden; and this explanation is offered rather as an endeavour to clear up this obscure passage, than as proceeding from a complete conviction, that it has succeeded in giving the true sense of the author.*

†*†.

Additional

* There is no note upon this passage by Stephens; but in the Greek MS. notes, by Aloysius, to the Florentine Homer in 1518, appended to Didymus's edition, is the following supposition. "That the heart of Achilles seemed so hard that he must have been produced from an oak or a rock." According to this the passage may be thus rendered: "There is no possibility of conversing with him, who must have sprung from an oak or a rock, as a young man and maiden converse with each other." This is certainly a happy and ingenious conjecture; and it is much strengthened by part of the upbraiding

Additional Observations by the Editor.

The Editor has inserted with much pleasure the ingenious criticism, contained in his learned correspondent's communication. But he knows the accomplished writer's liberal mind too well, to fear that he shall displease him by frankly owning, that on the present occasion he differs very strongly from him. There appears to the Editor no difficulty in the simple and obvious construction of the passage. He conceives that it is perfectly in the spirit and letter of the Greek and Latin poetry to describe youths and maids as "breathing out the tender tale *from* oaks and rocks." He thinks, therefore, that Homer means, to make Hector say, "It is not possible now to converse with the same gentleness and carelessness, as a maiden and youth do, whose soft love-tales issue from an oak, and a rock." Cowper seems to have understood it in the same way:

> "It is no time from oak or hollow rock
> With him to parley, as a nymph and swain,
> A nymph and swain soft parley mutual hold,
> But rather to engage in combat fierce
> Incontinent."———

That this is one of the most usual senses of απο may

upbraiding speech of Patroclus to Achilles, B. xvi. l. 34 and 35, to which possibly the poet meant to allude.

> Οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ γλαυκὴ δέ σε δίπλὰ θαλάσσα,
> Πέλραί τ' ηλιβάτοι δὲι τοι νοος ἐστιν ἀφύσσας.

And so Virgil, Lib. iv. l. 365, &c.

> ——— Duris genuit te cautibus horrens
> Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.

be exemplified by innumerable passages. Thus Theocritus, in his first Idyllium, V. 7, 8.

Αδυ, τι πνειμαν, το των μελος, η το κατ' αιγας
Την απο τας πετρας καταλειβεται υψοθεν υδωρ.

Again, in the twenty-sixth Idyllium, V. 10.

Πεισεις δ' αλιζοιτω πετρας απο ταινι' ελισσων.

And thus M. Green, in his GROTTO,

"While insects *from* the threshold preach."

With regard to rocks being the scenes of love-tales, the following from the same poet, Idyllium II. v. 17, 18, is decisive.

καθεζομενας δ' επι πετρας
Ψυλλας, ες ποιτον ερων, κειδε τοιαυτα.

And in Virgil *the rock* occurs among images the most delightful and soothing in rural scenery.

"Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,
Hybleis apibus florem depasta salicti,
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aeria cessabit turtur ab ulmo."

ECLOG. I. v. 54, 59.

N°. XVIII.

On the ancient English Families.

I conceive I shall give some variety to my pages, by inserting here a paper, which was lain by me for some years, and which was originally intended to be carried to a much greater length.

The

The minds of men seem to be recovering from the confusion and poison with which the shallow and vulgar doctrines of equality preached by Tom Paine and his half-witted but base followers, had overset them. It is found that from the unalterable nature of things, distinctions will exist. To modify the [illegible] therefore, in a manner most agreeable to the passions and experience of mankind, is a point of the highest wisdom, because it is essentially conducive to the peace and happiness of society.

In the beautifully-mixed constitution of this country, where the principle of privileged ranks forms an essential part, yet under such limitations, as in general to correct all the abuses to which it may be liable, the study of its practical operations in the history of the rise, prosperity, and decay of the aristocratical branches of our government, is often entertaining, and surely not altogether unimportant. Nor will cursory remarks drawn from a wide, as well as close and continued reflection upon the subject, be considered, perhaps, as totally devoid of interest.

Such remarks will probably remind us of some cautions, which ought never to be forgotten by those who have the distribution of honours. The neglect of them is said to have fomented the rising flames of revolution in France; and Sir Edward Walker testifies, that it added not a little to the cause of similar horrors in this country in the unfortunate reign of Charles I.

While the kingdom continues to grow every day more and more commercial, and sudden wealth falls to the lot of the lowest and most uneducated individuals, it becomes doubly necessary to guard the avenues of distinction, and counteract that powerful influence

which gold will always too much command. If all respect be engrossed by riches, who will long pursue the toilsome and ungainful labours of the mind, or the dangerous and empty laurels of the field?

Records and other authentic documents tell us, that there are many families who for centuries have preserved their names in affluence and honour unsullied by any mean occupation. Have they not been preserved by the wise reverence that the custom of the country has hitherto paid to such advantages of birth? And shall we now laugh at this distinction as a prejudice in favour of a shadow?

But it seems a strange contradiction in the existing age, that while these distinctions are most scoffed at, a spirit of curiosity and inquiry regarding them peculiarly characterizes the present day. County-histories are publishing in every quarter of the kingdom. And even the gorgeous nabob, who bought his mansion but yesterday, accompanies its history with a pompous pedigree. While others, arguing from such abuses, treat every pretension to illustrious birth, as fabulous.

But they, who have examined the subject with a critical and penetrating eye, that can pierce the fabulous dresses, in which vanity or adulation have clothed too many families, must yet have discovered in every part of the kingdom, no small number, who can boast both antiquity and splendour of descent demonstrable by the clearest proofs.

Perhaps our nobility, by their elevated situation, have been more exposed to ruin, than those in a more private and retired situation.

"Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus; et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt

Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
Fulmina montes.*

Dugdale, in the preface to his Baronage published in 1675, says, that "of the two hundred and seventy-five families" [who had their first advancements to the peerage before the end of Henry the Third's reign] "touching which the first volume doth take notice; there will hardly be found above eight, which do to this day continue; and of those not any whose estates (compared with what their ancestors enjoyed) are not a little diminished. Nor of that number (I mean 270) above twenty-four, who are by any younger male branch descended from them, for ought I can discover."

Dugdale has not named the families to which he alluded, but the following are probably the eight whom he considered to be remaining in the *chief line* in his time.

I. Percy Earl of Northumberland, since extinct.
II. Vere Earl of Oxford, since extinct.
III. Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury.
IV. Grey Earl of Kent, since extinct.
V. Clinton Earl of Lincoln.
VI. Berkeley Lord Berkeley.
VII. Nevile Lord Abergavenny.
VIII. Hastings Earl of Huntingdon, since extinct.

Of whom it appears that one half have already expired. The twenty-four younger branches then existing I presume to be the following.

I. Ferrers of Tamworth, and of Baddesley, Co. Warw. since extinct.

* Hor. Od. B. ii. Od. 10.

II. Courtnay

II. Courtney of Powderham, in Devonshire, now Peers.

III. Byron of Nottinghamshire, now Peers.

IV. Astley of Patshull, in Staffordshire, since extinct; and of Norfolk, now flourishing there, Baronets.

V. Berkeley of Stoke-Gifford, Co. Glouc. and Bruton, Co. Som. both extinct; and of Cotheridge, Co. Worc. since extinct in the male line.

VI. Clavering of Northumberland, now Baronets.

VII. Clifford of Chudleigh, Co. Dev. now Lords Clifford.

VIII. Chaworth of Nottinghamshire, since extinct.

IX. Blount of Sodington, Co. Worc. now Baronets.

X. De Curcy, ancient Irish Peers.

XI. Scrope of Wiltshire, &c. now (I believe) of Castlecomb.

XII. Strange of Hunstanton in Norfolk, since extinct.

XIII. Mohun, of Boconnoc in Cornwall, now extinct.

XIV. St. John* of Bletso, Co. Bedf. and Lydiard-Tregoz, Co. Wilts, both now Peers, by the titles of St. John and Bolingbroke.

XV. Wake of Blisworth in Northamptonshire, now Baronets.

XVI. D'arcy, Earls of Holdernesse, since extinct.

XVII. Grey of Pirgo, now Earls of Stamford.

XVIII. Corbet of Shropshire; of which name there are some families still subsisting in that county, but whether genuine branches of this noble family I know not.

XIX. Gresley, now Baronets of Drakelow, in Derbyshire; descended from Nigel de Stafford,

* Descended from the St. Johns of Stanton, "*as I guess*," says Dugdale, but it seems clear they were derived from the St. Johns of Basing.

younger

younger son, as supposed, of Robert Baron Stafford, which Nigel held Drakelow at the time of Domesday-Book.

XX. Burgh, who have long been Earls of Clanrickard in Ireland.

XXI. Luttrel of Dunster-Castle, Co. Som. now extinct in the male line, but the heir of the female line has taken the name.

XXII. Warren of Poynton in Cheshire, stated by Dugdale to have been an illegitimate branch, lately extinct. *

XXIII. Stafford of Blatherwick, in Northamptonshire, soon after extinct in the male line, the coheiress marrying Lord Carberry of Ireland.

XXIV. Fitzgerald, now Duke of Leinster, derived from Robert, a younger son of Walter Fitzother, or Windsor, from which stock the Gerards of Lancashire, Gerard's Bromley, and Brandon, are also derived, and as it seems the Carews, and by a natural son the Fitzmaurices Earls of Kerry. †

Subsequent

* But Admiral Sir J. B. Warren stated to be a collateral branch.

† Dugdale in his account of the Despensers, Earls of Gloucester, &c. and the Montacutes, Earls of Salisbury, in his first volume of the Baronage, gives no hint of the Earls of Sunderland and Manchester, &c. being derived from younger branches of those great houses. I have not therefore placed them among the twenty-four in the text. Yet it would be injustice to omit the words, with which he prefaces their respective articles in his third volume; though I think this mode of treating them was a gentle intimation of his opinion, or his doubts.

XXV. Under Spenser Earl of Sunderland he says "Of this family which do derive their descent from a younger branch of the antient Barons Spenser, of whom I have in the first volume of this work already spoke, was John Spenser, Esq. (son to John Spenser of Hodenhull, in Co. Warw. as it seems) which John having purchased that great lordship of Wormleighton, situate

Subsequent investigations can add something to this list upon certain evidence; and more upon very strong probabilities. I am not sure that every younger branch of the once-illustrious family of Zouch was extinct in

situate on the southern part of that county, began the structure of a fair manor-house there in 22 Hen. VII."

XXVI. Under Lord Montague of Boughton, he says. "Touching that branch of the antient family of Mountagu, whence those who were long since Earls of Salisbury did spring; and which determined in one sole daughter and heir female, having in the first volume of this work already spoke; I come to Edward Mountagu of Hemington, Co. Northampt. Esq. a descendant of another branch thereof; for so it is generally esteemed to be." This Edward was knighted and made Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench 30 Hen. VIII.

Collins, in his Peerage, following such pedigrees as were drawn subsequent to Sir Edward's elevation, makes him the descendant of Simon, youngest brother to John the third Earl of Salisbury. But there has been no authentic proof offered of such a descent. And there is a curious passage in Thorpe's Custumale Roffense, p. 125, under the account of the church of Ludsdowne in Kent. "In the south-chancel of that church is an altar tomb of Caenstone, or brown marble, on which were the effigies and arms of James (whom Dugdale by mistake calls *John*) Montacute, natural son of Thomas the fourth and last Earl of Salisbury, to whom his father left the manor of Ludsdowne. The arms are quarterly 1st and 4th 3 lozenges in fess for Montacute; 2d and 3d an eagle displayed for Monthermer; over all, a battoon dexter. The battoon, according to Sir John Ferne, Leigh, and other old writers on heraldry, signifies a fourth part of a bend, and was the most ancient and usual mark of illegitimacy. It is even at this day borne by some of the nobility; though afterwards, from the Marshal's Court not being so strict in heraldic matters, and to palliate this mark, a border was substituted in its stead. My father once acquainted his friend John Anstis, Esq. Garter principal king at arms, who was a most excellent genealogist, at the time he was compiling his History of the Order of the Garter, of the said tomb and arms; and that the then Duke of Montague could be descended from no other person of the family but the above James. Mr. Anstis was convinced of it, but said the Duke was his very good friend; therefore it would be improper for him to take notice of it in his work. The family now bear the above arms quarterly within a border."

Dugdale's time. * The Spensers, Montagues, Bruces, Finches, Herberts, Bagots, Herons, Mallets, Sackvilles, Tracys, are also deserving of notice.

But

* XXVII. The Percevals claim to be descended from the great House of Lovel: with what truth, I know not.

XXVIII. The royal family of Bruce in Scotland sprung from the baronial family of that name in England, and it seems that the house of Clackmannan, Elgin, &c. in Scotland, are derived from this regal branch, though, according to Crawford's Peerage, antiquaries differ as to the exact mode. Sir Edward Bruce, Earl of Carrick, younger brother of Robert King of Scotland, left only a natural son, on whom the King bestowed the Earldom of Carrick; but this latter also left only a daughter and heir Helen, who married Sir William Cunningham, &c. but died S. P. Yet Crawford says that the family of Clackmannan are branched from the Earls of Carrick. Certain it is, that King David II. made a grant of the castle and barony of Clackmanan, to Robert Bruce, "dilecto consanguineo suo." There seems no sufficient evidence of the existence of John Bruce, a younger uncle of King Robert, from whom Collins deduces the present family.

XXIX. There seems to be a considerable probability that the Finches are descended from the baronial family of Fitzherbert, recorded by Dugdale, who slightly mentions the report that the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, are also so descended.

XXX. The family of Bagot, now peers, do not come strictly within this line; but Hervei Bagot, a younger branch of this family, was of sufficient consequence in the reign of Hen. III. to have married the heiress of Robert Lord Stafford, which name his posterity took, and continued that illustrious family, who became afterwards Dukes of Buckingham, &c.

XXXI. The family of Heron of Chipchase in Northumberland, made Baronets in 1662, and but lately extinct, seem to have been an undoubted branch of the family recorded by Dugdale.

XXXII. The Mallets of Enmore in Somersetshire (whose coheiress married John Wilmot, the celebrated Earl of Rochester, in the time of Charles II.) were undoubtedly of the same family with William Mallet, Baron of Eye, Co. Suff. &c. And if Collinson, in his History of Somersetshire, be accurate, (as he appears in this case to be) from hence is derived Sir Charles Warre Mallet, lately resident in India, created a Baronet Feb. 12, 1791, being son of the Rev. Alexander Mallet, Rector of Combe-Flory, and Preby. of Gloucester, who is stated to be the direct descendant of Richard

Mallet

But though so few have continued in an unbroken male succession to the present, or even to Dugdale's days, yet many more have, through heirs female, laid the foundation of that greatness which families derived from them enjoy. Thus the accumulated honours and property of the great houses of Albini, Moubray, Fitzalan, Warren, &c. have been derived to the splendid family of Howard. Upon the vast feudal property, and noble family, of the families of Tony and Ros, are founded the ducal family of Manners. Through the Ferrerses and Greys of Groby, the great family of Devereux rose into such importance—and through the Devereuxes the Shirleys — through the Nevile; the Fanes—through the family of Chandos, that of Bridges — through the Beauchamps, the Greviles—through the Audleys, the Touchets — through the Somerics, the Suttons, Dudleys, and Wards—through the St. Johns (or Ports) the Powlets of Hampshire—through the Despencers, and Neviles, Sir Thomas Stapleton, now a Peer—through the Clintons, Trefusis, now a Peer—through the Cliffords, the Southwells—through the Greys of Wilton, Sir Thomas Egerton,

Malet of St. Audries, by Joane daughter of Richard Warre of Hestercombe, grandson of Baldwin Malet of Curry poole, collector to Hen. VIII. ad son of Thomas Malet of Enmore, 1498. (Coll. Hist. Som. I. 93.)

XXXIII. According to Collins, Jordan de Sauckville, (collateral ancestor to the Dorset family) is mentioned in a charter of Rich. I. in the Cotton Collections, to be a Baron; and his brother Richard the same. They were at any rate a very considerable family at this time, as the Black Book of the Exchequer, and other contemporary evidences prove. They occur in Ord. Vitalis, as of consequence in Normandy, before the Conquest.

XXXIV. Tracy of Todington, Co. Glouc. who, it seems satisfactorily proved, were derived from a younger son of Sudeley of Sudeley. They were Irish Viscounts, and are very lately extinct.

now a peer, by creation. And the Stanleys were augmented by the Stranges of Knockyn—while a great proportion of the estates and some of the honours of the powerful family of Percy are inherited by the heir general, the present Duke of Northumberland; and the blood (and sometimes even part of the property) of by much the largest number of these families, whom Dugdale has recorded in his first volume, has descended by the female line among our nobility and most ancient gentry.

1799.

ART. XVII. *On the fanciful additions to the new Edition of Wells's Geography of the Old Testament.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 65.]

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

After the author of the *additions* in question had ransacked all nature, both in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, for objects, which might be considered as symbols of Mount Taurus; and even pressed into his service such objects as are not in nature, but the mere inventions of human fancy, such as those compounded and imaginary animals of antiquity, minotaurs, chimæras, and other monsters, he at last found some more pretended symbols of the same existing in the accidental embellishments impressed by some ancient artists on some of their medals; so that every part of the world is made to turn its face toward Mount Bull, and even human *legs* and *feet* are found by

by him to have been employed as symbolic expressions of the *three heads* of it in those cases where *triplicity* is implied in them.

The superstitious veneration of the Pythagoreans to the numbers *three* and *seven* is very well known, but it has been doubted as to what gave origin to those whimsical attachments; some persons have supposed, that the idolatrous adoration of the seven planets produced the current esteem for the number *seven*; but what gave rise to that for the number *three* has never been sufficiently known: our present author, however, has at last discovered the mystery, and finds it to have had a very ancient origin indeed, as having arisen from the account given by Moses of the situation of Paradise, and afterwards confirmed still more from the respect paid by the descendants of Noah to the *three heads* of Mount Bull.

Read his own words; "*Armenia alba* is one of the highest regions in the world, for it sends out rivers in contrary directions toward the *four* cardinal points in the heavens, and contains *three mountains*. Now I must remind the reader, that in coincidence with this account, Moses in Genesis specifies *three provinces*, as being adjacent to paradise; for though the number of his *rivers* be *four*, his provinces are only *three*, Ethiopia, Havilah, and Assiria; and we can scarcely doubt, that this number was hence received among the ancients. In proof of this we may refer to the well-known emblem of Caucasus, a lion, a goat, and a serpent. [*i. e a chimæra*] *three*; or the bull, the eagle and man, *three*; or the lion, eagle, and human head, *three*; which form the *griffin*, or the *sphinx*.

"But I think there is yet a more *simple* proof of this

triplicity, in the figure called *triquetra*, which is formed on medals by a circle, or disk, in the center, from which issue *three bended legs*, as it were following one another, which are sometimes separated by ears of corn; implying *so many provinces* fertile in grain. If these *legs* be thought to hint at the *long journies*, migrations, devious ways of the travellers, and the ears of corn to signify *the provinces*, then the circle or round disk in the middle may denote *the mountain* [Taurus I presume]; and thus, it must be owned, their emblematic meaning is not undeserving of attention." *p.* 11. Et quidem eris mihi *magnus Apollo!*—"Such symbols on medals are not dubious, but direct allusions to the original country of the primitive colonists—and the most ancient cities, whose inhabitants we may reasonably conclude came directly from Mount Caucasus, adopted these emblems, at first to maintain a memorial of their origin, and in later times a proof of their antiquity." *p.* 12.

Having thus been entertained with a sample of the antedeluvian and Noarchic history of the cause of predilection for the number three, and the symbolic meaning of the *triquetra* on medals, that is, three bended legs and feet, let us next attend to the modern history of them. Pliny informs us, that Sicily was by many called *Trinacria aut Triquetra a triangula specie* (lib iii. 8). At each of the three angles are three considerable promontories of rock, which say to the boisterous sea, hitherto shalt thou come and no further. Hence the Sicilians, at first adopted *three bent horns*, as a symbol of their island, which horns were joined together at one end like the spokes of a wheel: now horns were always in ancient times considered a significative of

power,

power, strength, and firmness, as is well known. This symbol was both simple and readily understood, as alluding to the three promontories of their triangular island. Of these some examples may be seen in plate 4, fig. 6, 7, and 12: the two first have only *kol*, inscribed on them, which seems to mean *Colonia*; the third has apparently the name of some unknown city, so that it cannot be determined hence that these were cities of Sicily; but we shall see afterwards a more clear proof of this. For as mankind are soon tired of what is simple and intelligible, some whimsical artist, in later times, changed this symbol, under pretence probably of proposed embellishment merely, and substituted for the three *bent horns*, a more mysterious one of *three bent human legs and feet* joined together at the thigh, like the spokes of a wheel, in imitation of the former symbol: of these, examples may be seen in the author's pl. 3, fig. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and pl. 4, fig. 8; and in such incongruous whimsies as these of ancient medalic artists, he has discovered mystical allusions to the pretended *three heads* of Mount Taurus, and also the three fertile provinces contiguous to paradise; although the *ears of corn* intermixed with the legs probably only alluded to the fertility of Sicily in grain, and the *legs* themselves were only a fanciful variation of the three *horns*, expressive of Sicily; not any allusion to the *long journeys, migrations*, and *devious ways* of the Noarchic travellers from Mount Taurus.

But one of the types on the above medals, fig. 9, contains a further and important information, which fixes these symbols to the cities in Sicily, for it has on it the legend Συρακοσιον thus proving it to belong to

Syracuse, as the others therefore probably did to other cities there: one of them also, fig. 7, has inscribed *M. Florus triumvir*, 3, which at least proves them not to belong to more ancient times, than the Roman republic, therefore certainly a few years later than the age of Noah and his issue.

But if any readers prefer mystical romance and the sublimity of inventive fancy to the simplicity of history, I have no desire to interrupt their entertainment, but wish them a safe journey to the top of Mount Caucasus and its three heads. I only wonder at the strange turn, which the ingenuity of man sometimes takes, and expect, that before the author has finished his work, he will find the history of Noah in the figures formed by the clouds, and compute the number of years since his death by the contents in a paper of pins! Throughout the whole there is indeed such an extraordinary intermixture of erudition with extravagant suppositions, that it appears like a connected dream by a man not quite awake, and in his learned rather than sober senses.

One observation, however, I may still add, as it seems to have been misrepresented by the author: In pl. 4, fig. 7 and 8, he presents two medals, having on them two bull's heads joined together at the neck, with the Sicilian symbol of the *triquetra* on the reverse in both; on which he remarks "This double bull I take to be a Persian emblem, and therefore have added, in N°. 9, a similar figure from the tomb of *Naxi Rustan* in Persia; but this peculiarity struck me in these bulls, that they have but *one horn*. N°. 10 also is given at large by *Lebruyn*, in which there is also a *single* horn—this proves the figure to be emblematical."

matical." But there is another peculiarity, which he has omitted; the form of the nose of these pretended bulls is too sharp and pointed for that animal, being more like the nose of a dog; and the figure in all those numbers seem to be the very same as one of those two fictitious animals, which Niebuhr delineated from the walls of Persepolis. At p. 175 I gave an account of one of them, which we may call the Persian *sphinx*; the other Niebuhr calls the Persian *unicorn*; it has, indeed, lost its head, but the form of it may be supplied from his pl. 23, where it is perfect and seized by a lion, of which he gives an account in his p. 109; and adds in 110, "that one meets with this figure, which I call an unicorn, frequently among those ruins, so that it seems to have been a very remarkable emblem with the ancient Persians."

At his pl. 25, fig. *e*, Niebuhr presents a third fictitious animal, having but one horn also, which we may call the Persian *griffin*, and this seems to be the same as that copied by our author at fig. 10, from Lebruyn, therefore different from the *unicorn* at N°. 7 and 9.

What these three animals were meant to represent is quite unknown, but thus far is evident, that our author had no pretence to call any of them *bulls*; for in all of them the heads approach nearer to those of a deer or a dog. It is, however, very extraordinary, that these Persian fictitious animals should be found upon medals formed in Sicily, as the *triquetra* on N°. 6, 7, 8, and 12, indicate.

I will mention a conjecture, which has occurred to me concerning the origin of this, but which I give only as an uncertain hint for others to confirm or refute

refute by future examples of the same kind, which may present themselves. We know, that Mount Cragus in Cilicia, which was the scene of Bellerophon's exploits, afterwards denoted by the *chimæra*, was a burning mountain; hence possibly some city at the foot of Mount Ætna in Sicily might have adopted likewise the *chimæra* for its symbol; and, in imitation of that, yet at the same time in order to be distinguished from it, other cities near Mount Ætna might have adopted other foreign and fictitious animals of a compounded nature, like the chimæra, to denote their situation being in the neighbourhood of the volcano of Ætna.

But however this may be, yet thus much seems clear, that the coin with Συρακοσιων on it was struck in Sicily, therefore that the *triquetra* impressed upon it rather referred to the three promontories of *Trin-acria* than to the three heads of Mount Bull; and also that no medal with any real bull impressed upon it has been found by the author, among all those which have the Sicilian *triquetra* upon them; and so end these medalic romances concerning Mount Bull, and the several colonists who derived their origin from it.

S.

ERRATA.

P. 60. for χιμαιραιον r. χιμαιρα.
P. 64. for vivum r. virum.

Art.

ART. XVIII. *Lives of Modern Poets.*

N°. X.

DR. DARWIN.

MISS SEWARD has written Memoirs* of Dr. Darwin; but they contain few facts; and form rather a volume of criticism than of poetry. I will confess that the character of Darwin does not please me; and that I enter upon it unwillingly. The blaze of his fame was literally like that of a meteor, and has already passed away.

ERASMUS DARWIN was the fourth son of Robert Darwin, Esq. a Nottinghamshire gentleman, by Elizabeth Hill, and born at Elston near Newark, Dec. 12, 1731. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards at Edinburgh; whence in 1756 he settled at Lichfield as a physician. Here he almost immediately distinguished himself in his profession, by the skill he exercised in recovering Mr. Inge of Thorpe, a neighbouring young man of fortune and family, from a violent and dangerous illness, after he had been given over by his relations, and his medical attendant, Dr. Wilkes of Willenhall.† Extensive practice was the result.

In 1757, he married Miss Howard of the Close at Lichfield, an amiable and affectionate wife, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. by Penelope Foley, by whom he

* See also a short memoir in Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXII. p. 473.

† See CENS. LIT. Vol. III. p. 321, for an account of Dr. Wilkes.

had

had several children; and who died at an early age in 1770. During this period, his business principally occupied his time; but his hours of retirement and leisure were secretly devoted to literature. He drew around him a select society of men of a similar turn; the Rev. Mr. Michel, well known for his scientific acquirements; Mr. Kier of West-Bromwich; the ingenious Matthew Boulton; Mr. Watt, the mechanic; Dr. Small of Birmingham, who died in 1775; the celebrated Mr. Day, and his friend Mr. Edgeworth;* and occasionally Mr. William Seward of London, the compiler of the *Anecdotes*. With Sir Brooke Boothby he had a particular intimacy; and with him and a Mr. Jackson instituted, in 1772, what they called The Botanic Society of Lichfield. He was also intimate about this time with Mr. Mundy of Marketon, near Derby, the ingenious author of that beautiful descriptive poem, entitled NEEDWOOD FOREST.

In 1768 Dr. Darwin had a fall from a whimsical carriage of his own contrivance, by which he broke the patella of his right knee. This produced a lameness, which was never perfectly cured.

When Johnson visited Lichfield, Darwin, whose own fame was not yet established, avoided his overbearing and dictatorial society with sullen aversion. He spoke of that Colossus with bitter, and perhaps affected, scorn.

About 1771 he commenced the compilation of his Zoonomia, which was not published till 1794. It is said to contain much ingenuity; but as it is so limited

* Mr. Edgeworth married first Honora Sneyd, and afterwards Elizabeth Sneyd. By the former he had Miss Edgeworth, the authoress; and Anna wife of Dr. Beddoes of Bristol.

and

and presumptuous, in its views, as to ascribe every thing to *second causes*, it will ever be condemned and detested by the wise and good. All that he published at this period were communications to periodical works of observations on botany, with the signature of *The Lichfield Botanical Society*. He carefully concealed those poetical powers, which he was silently cultivating, lest the supposed incompatibility of such a pursuit with the graver studies of physic should injure him in his profession.

In 1781 he married a second time Mrs. Pole, widow of Col. Pole * of Radbourne near Derby, who died in

* She had by Col. Pole, a son, Sacheverel Pole, Esq. now of Radbourne, who lately changed his name under somewhat singular circumstances. In the reign of Henry IV. Peter De La Pole of Newborough in Staffordshire acquired *Radbourne* by marriage with Elizabeth *Lawton* sole daughter and heir of John Lawton, by Eleanor his wife, sister and coheir of Sir John *Chandos* of Radbourne, K. G. who died S. P. 1370. From that time the male descendants of Peter De La Pole, and Elizabeth Lawton, have resided in great respectability at Radbourne. After the name of Pole had thus been permanent against the shocks of time at this place for four hundred years, it seemed strange to abandon it. But Mr. Pole has been persuaded, that the name of *Chandos* sounded better, by the Herald, who was interested in the change, and he has lately obtained the King's sign manual to assume the name of CHANDOS. The family of Chandos of Radbourne were probably a *branch* of the baronial family of that name; but too far back to be connected with them; and therefore as no honours were connected with this change, but a mere matter of sound, it seems a very odd step. See *Banks's Peerage*, I. 260. At this rate we may expect all the modern families, who can trace their descent in the female line to the ancient baronage, to assume all the names of the Conqueror's attendants, which have expired these six hundred years! What a noble harvest for *Garter* and *Windsor!* They may collect money enough to buy at least a *bloody hand* for themselves in the next generation! But, alas! Garter has no progeny to succeed! A mortifying circumstance, after having raised his fortunes so high! Miss Pole, one of Mrs. Darwin's daughters, married Mr. John Gisborne author of "The Vales of Weaver," and younger brother to the Moralist.

1780;

1780; a lady for whom, it seems, from some verses printed by Miss Seward, he had long conceived a warm admiration. By this lady's desire he quitted Lichfield, and removed to Derby; a hazardous attempt to leave a neighbourhood, where he was established for one in which he was to make his way anew! But it succeeded. He was solicited by many to remove to London; but he was firm in withstanding every solicitation of that kind.

Miss Seward says, that Dr. Darwin commenced his poem, *The Botanic Garden*, in 1779. "It consists," to use her words, "of two parts; the first contains the Economy of Vegetation; the second, the Loves of the Plants. Each is enriched by a number of philosophical notes. They state a great variety of theories and experiments in botany, chemistry, electricity, mechanics, and in the various species of air, salubrious, noxious, and deadly. The discoveries of the modern professors in all those sciences, are frequently mentioned, with praise highly gratifying to them. In these notes, explanations are found of every personified plant, its generic history, its local situation, and the nature of the soil and climate, to which it is indigenous; its botanic and its common name. The verse corrected, polished, and modulated with the most sedulous attention; the notes involving such great diversity of matter relating to natural history; and the composition going forward in the short recesses of professional attendance, but chiefly in his chaise, as he travelled from one place to another, the Botanic Garden could not be the work of one, two, or three years; it was *ten* from its primal lines to its first publication."

The second part was published first. It was printed at Lichfield; and came out in 1789. It instantaneously seized

seized the public attention. The novelty of the design, and manner; the splendour of the imagery; and the point and harmony of the versification, dazzled almost every reader. Every line was wrought with such a polish, as the public since the days of Pope had been utterly unaccustomed to. Every sentence was so rounded, that the most careless, or ignorant reader could not mangle, or mismanage it. But, alas! every person of true taste soon perceived, that it

Play'd round the head but came not to the heart.

It abounded in all the *matter* of poetry; but it wanted the *soul*. It was like an exquisitely beautiful picture, or statue: its form was perfect; but it never reflected the nicer or more hidden movements of the heart or the head. But it is apparent, from Dr. Darwin's prose Interludes, that his theory of poetical excellence accorded with his practice. Such a narrow view of this art would deprive it of its best and most essential qualities. It would degrade it to a level with painting and sculpture; or, perhaps, to a degree below them. Imagery and ornamented language are not necessary ingredients of poetry. Some of the most poetical passages of Shakspeare and Milton are totally without either of these. Sublimity and pathos more particularly result from grandeur or tenderness of *thought*, such as is best conveyed by the simplest expressions; and which it is neither requisite nor possible to illustrate by *material* allusions.

The poem has many minor faults. To an ear of moderate sensibility, the unvaried monotony of the verse soon becomes intolerable: the incessant repetition of personified plants and flowers nauseates; and

many

many of the groups of figures, though sketched a finished with the highest skill, are almost childis and at least unworthy of a manly imagination.

Still it must be owned, that some of the descriptio taken separately, are exquisitely beautiful: witness t following;

" Weak with nice sense, the chaste Mimosa stand
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands;
Oft as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarm'd she trembles at the moving shade;
And feels, alive, through all her tender form,
The whisper'd murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eye-lids to approaching night;
And hails with freshen'd charms the rising light.
Veil'd with gay decency and modest pride,
Slow to the mosque she moves, an eastern bride;
There her soft vows unceasing love record,
Queen of the bright seraglio of her lord.—
So sinks, or rises with the changeful hour
The liquid silver in its glassy tower.
So turns the needle to the pole it loves,
With fine vibrations quivering, as it moves."

The description of Montgolfier's flight in the balloo in the second canto of Part II. excites unqualified a miration.

" The calm philosopher in ether sails,
Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales!
Sees, like a map, in many a waving line
Round earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine;
Sees at his feet the forky lightnings glow,
And hears innocuous thunders roar below.
Rise, great Montgolfier! urge thy venturous flight
High o'er the moon's pale ice-reflected light!" &c. &c

But perhaps his happiest painting is that of the Night-Mare.

" So on his NIGHTMARE through the evening fog
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;
Seeks some love-wilder'd maid with sleep oppress,
Alights, and grinning sits upon her breast.
—Such as, of late, amid the murky sky
Was mark'd by Fuseli's poetic eye;
Whose daring tints, with Shakspeare's happiest grace,
Gave to the airy phantom form and place.—
Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,
Her snow-white limbs hung helpless from the bed;
While with quick sighs, and suffocative breath,
Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.
—Then shrieks of captur'd towns, and widow's tears,
Pale lovers stretch'd upon their blood-stain'd biers,
The headlong precipice that thwarts her flight,
The trackless desert, the cold starless night,
And stern-eyed murderer with his knife behind,
In dread succession agonize her mind.
O'er her fair limbs convulsive tremors fleet,
Start in her hands, and struggle in her feet;
In vain to scream with quivering lips she tries,
And strains in palsy'd lids her tremulous eyes;
In vain she wills to walk, swim, run, fly, leap;
The WILL presides not in the bower of SLEEP.
O'er her fair bosom sits the Demon-Ape
Erect, and balances his bloated shape;
Rolls in their marble orbs his gorgon-eyes,
And drinks with leathern ears her tender cries."

In 1791 Dr. Darwin brought forth the First Part of the Botanic Garden, containing the Economy of Vegetation. Miss Seward thinks he did not consider it of

so popular a nature as the Second Part; and on that account, and not for the reason he assigned, reserved it till the other had established his fame.

In 1799 Dr. Darwin was visited by a most afflicting domestic loss. His eldest surviving son, an attorney of Derby, an amiable young man, in good circumstances, being seized with a fit of melancholy, left his house of a cold and stormy December evening, and drowned himself in the river Derwent, which ran at the bottom of his garden. The doctor is reported not to have exhibited those feelings on the occasion, which would have become a father and a poet. His own dissolution was not far remote.

On Sunday, April 18, 1802, having risen in his usual health, he sat down to write a letter; but was suddenly seized with the pangs of death, and expired before his apothecary could arrive, in his seventy-first year. *

Doctor Darwin is said to have exhibited in his life the same excellencies and the same deficiencies as characterized his poetry. † His head was brilliant, but to the quiverings of sensibility he was a stranger. He was conversant with matter, rather than intellect; of "the shadowy tribes of mind" he was inattentive. I cannot think therefore that with all his merits he is to be placed either in the first or second class of poets.

I believe that rules of criticism, for one person that they have taught to compose or to judge rightly, have misled twenty. They have taught people to mistake

* He left a posthumous poem, entitled "The Shrine of Nature."

† His poetry is well characterized by Mr. D'Israeli in the Curiosities of Literature, II. 70, 71.

the

the mechanical incidents of poetry for its essence. Some they have taught to require her to be dressed and ornamented till

——pars minima est ipsa puella sui.

Others they have taught to demand at least a considerable portion of ornament; whereas an ornamented dress is, as I have already said, so far from being a necessary ingredient, that the *highest* poetry is absolutely without it. When therefore Dr. Warton proposes to apply to Pope's Essay on Man the test of dropping the measures and numbers, and transposing the order of the words into prose, and then examining if it be still poetry; he cannot mean that the question should be determined merely by the richness or the plainness of the language, but by the presence or absence of "the poetical spirit," which principally depends on the thought. If many large portions of that celebrated writer, when thus tried, are found not to be of the true stamp, it is not merely because the diction is plain, and deficient in figures, but because the sentiments want grandeur or pathos. How different is the pathetic solemnity of his Dedication of Parnell's Poems to Lord Oxford; a most noble composition, and one of his finest poems. *

* Dr. Warton seems to have felt the same, and for the same reason when he says, that in it, "there is a weight of sentiment, and majesty of diction, which our author has no where surpassed. His genius seems to have been invigorated and exalted by the high opinion he had justly conceived of the person to whom he was writing."—Pope's heart was commonly cold; but whenever it was touched, he wrote almost with the pen of inspiration. Witness his Eloisa to Abelard; his Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady; his lines on his Mother; and his occasional apostrophes to Bolingbroke. What a complete proof that the heart must furnish the main ingredients of poetry!

If these remarks be just, we have discovered the secret, why Darwin in the exuberation of all the ingredients which ordinary critics have inculcated on the world as the infallible tests of the highest poetical talents, has failed to retain the public favour; or ever to have impressed those of the best taste with superior delight.*

Oct. 12, 1807.

ART. XIX. *Short Biographical Notices.*

REV. JAMES HURDIS.

James Hurdis was born about 1763; he was a native of Sussex, and educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took the degree of A. M. 1787; and obtained a Fellowship. In 1788 he published a poem in blank verse entitled *The Village Curate*; and in 1790 Adriano, or the First of

* Description is among the charms of real poetry. Mrs. Charlotte Smith is very generally and very justly praised for the descriptive excellences exhibited in her Sonnets. But many writers might be named, more excellent in description; and perhaps in exact and original description. In what then does the charm of her poetry consist? In a tone of exquisite pathos, in those moral and touching epithets, which associate the imagery with the movements of the heart! This is a charm, which no brilliance of fancy, no intellectual effort, no mechanical toil, can give. It is literally the inspiration of an involuntary frame of the soul. Thus in a different and more philosophic tone do the poems of Mrs. Carter seize upon our admiration. The charm is not in their imagery; or their nicer or more pathetic touches; but in their exalted sentiments; in the strains of a mind carried by religion and intellectual cultivation, above all earthly passions! All Gray's best poems were written under the immediate effects of a predominant melancholy, occasioned by the death of his friend Richard West.

Even where descriptions and imagery are required as the chief ingredients of a poem, they nauseate, if heaped together in any other order, than the natural combinations of the mind. Here imitators always fail.

June. These poems immediately brought him into notice; and I heard them spoken of in terms of the warmest praise by an eminent Oxford scholar at the time of their first appearance; while others equally condemned them. They are too much an echo of Cowper; but still they possess considerable merit; and by no means deserve the contemptuous terms, in which Miss Seward has spoken of them in her Memoirs of Darwin. In 1790 he published *A short Critical Disquisition on the true meaning of a passage in Genesis*, i. 21. In 1793, when he was curate of Burwash in Sussex, he addressed to the inhabitants of that parish *Reflections on the Commencement of the New Year*. In that year he had the honour of being elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, against the competition of Mr. Kett. I have heard Oxford men say, with what truth I know not, that his scholarship was not equal to the situation. Perhaps the soreness of the contest had not then subsided. In point of natural endowments he was far superior to some, who have filled that office. He published also *A volume of Poems*, 1791, including the Play of Sir Thomas More,—*Cursory Remarks upon the Arrangement of Shakspeare's Plays, occasioned by reading Mr. Malone's Essay on the Chronological order of those celebrated pieces*, 1792; *and Select Critical Remarks upon the English Version of the ten first chapters of Genesis*, 1794. He likewise gave a new edition of *Drayton's Heroical Epistles*. He was a correspondent of Cowper, several of whose letters to him are in Hayley's Life of that poet. He died at Blackbourn, Co. Lancaster, Dec. 22, 1801, aged 38; leaving a character of uncommon gentleness and purity of mind and conduct.

REV. HENRY MOORE.

This ingenious man was, I believe, a dissenting minister in the West of England, where he wasted a long life in obscurity. He was a flower

——————born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,

After his death some fruits of his genius however were given to the public, by Dr. Aikin, under the title of *Poems Lyrical and Miscellaneous of the late Rev. Henry Moore.* Dr Aikin says, "They will not, perhaps, rank among the more original poems of the language; but I am mistaken if they will not maintain a permanent place among the most splendid, the most melodious, the most elevated in sentiment and diction. The versification of the Odes is perhaps too void of regularity, but it abounds in strains exquisitely musical and often happily adapted to the subject. The imagery is singularly grand, elegant, and rich, and both the sublime and the pathetic are touched with a master hand. Above all, these pieces are characterized by that expansive glow of benevolence, that ardour of pure and rational devotion, which, when allied to genuine poetry, exert the noblest influence on the soul." * He died Feb. 2, 1802. æt. 71.

THOMAS DERMODY.

A young man, whose vicious excesses, and total want of principle and conduct in every action of life, consigned him to a premature grave in Oct. 1802, after his genius blazing through obscurity of birth in Ireland, and almost incredible distresses, created by his own infatuated misbehaviour, had led him into the paths of distinction and patronage. He published a volume of poems the year in which he died. It exhibits many proofs of wonderful powers, when the circumstances of low dissipation, and debauchery, under which it was written, are considered. It shews the strangest and most unaccountable inconsistency between a mind, which could feel all the delicacies of sentiment, and all the niceties of language; and a conduct which was hardened to the lowest state of vice.

The following Sonnet to Lord Moira breathes a moral pathos, which we should only expect from a virtuous heart.

* Aikin's Letters on English Poetry, p. 295.

"To

"How many with'ring years of dull despair
Have o'er my fated front relentless roll'd,
Since first beneath a Moira's partial care
My happier moments wav'd their wings of gold!
Ah me! And must I never more behold
The glorious orb of day in gladness rise?
No more salute with rapture-beaming eyes,
The glimm'ring star that shuts the shepherd's fold?
No more! If led not by thy lenient hand
To the lone hermitage of learned ease;
Where pensive joy may tenderly expand
His blooms, sore shatter'd by the blighting breeze;
And a new mental Eden by degrees
Bud forth, best patron, at thy soft command!"

It must be admitted, however, that the poems, in consequence of the attention excited by the extraordinary history of the author, have had more than their due share of praise. Mr. Raymond has written the life of this profligate but brilliant youth.

REV. RICHARD HOLE.

This poet was a native of Exeter; and educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took the degree of LL.B. in 1771. In early life he published a versification of Fingal in flowing and elegant rhyme. In 1781 he gave the world a translation of *Homer's Hymn to Ceres*, in 8vo. In 1789 came out, *Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment, a Poetical Romance, in Seven Books. By Richard Hole, LL.B. London printed for Robinsons*, 8vo. Upon this work his poetical fame must rest. He communicated several pieces to Polwhele's Devonshire and Cornwall Poems; and several also to the volumes of Essays published by the Literary Society of Exeter. In 1797 he published separately *Remarks on the*

Arabian Nights Entertainments, in which the origin of Sinbad's Voyages, and other Oriental fictions is particularly considered. In 1762 he was presented by the Bishop of Exeter to the rectory of Faringdon in Devonshire; and held with it by dispensation the vicarage of Buckerell, which he exchanged for the rectory of Inwardleigh He died at Exmouth in the flower of his age after a painful illness, May 28, 1803. To his numerous friends his premature death caused the deepest regret; as they lost in him one not only of brilliant talents, and elegant and extensive learning; but of the most amiable character and greatest integrity. I will not attempt to characterize his *Arthur*; for it is long since I have read it with attention. I suspect that the tameness of the couplet is not quite consistent with the wildness of the subject; and the sort of charms with which the author wished to endue it. Romantic imagery and the combinations of enchantment seem better suited to his inclinations than his genius. But let it be remembered that this is a hasty opinion. Hole seems at least to have applied to the true fountains for inspiration.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

One of the wits of a former reign, who died at his seat at Twickenham, Sept. 17, 1802, æt. 86. He is best known by his *Scribleriad, a mock heroic poem in six books,* &c. 1751. It is a poetical continuation of the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, which ridicules the errors and follies of false taste and false learning. He also wrote *An Account of the War in India, between the English and French on the Coast of Coromandel from the year 1750 to 1760,* &c. 1761, and was the author of several papers in The World. His son has since republished his works with a memoir. He was a very ingenious, learned and amiable man; but can hardly be admitted into the rank of poets.

ROBE

ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQ.

This author is best known as a dramatic writer. His *Braganza*, 1775; *Law of Lombardy*, 1779; and *Count of Narbonne*, 1781, were all well received on the English stage; besides which he wrote a farce; an opera; and *Julia*, a tragedy, 1787. He was originally an officer in the Irish army, and being patronized by the late Lord Townshend, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for his wit and convivial talents, was made Master of the Horse, (a place which he held for many years) and brought into the Irish Parliament. In 1794 he published *Roman Portraits, a Poem, in heroic verse, with historical remarks and illustrations, in one vol. 4to. and the same year The Confessions of James Baptiste Coutgan, Citizen of France, written by himself, and translated from the original French, in* 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* a severe satire of his own on the depravity of French manners. He died at his house, Black Rock, near Dublin, May 31, 1803. His *Roman Portraits* appeared to me when published dull and prosaic; and almost every where deficient in the spirit of true poetry.

JOHN HOOLE.

This ingenious, and very laborious author scarce aspired to the merit of original composition. He was a very useful and elegant translator from the Italian in a style which, though it bore no similitude to the spirit of the originals, yet produced popular and amusing works for modern readers of no extraordinary erudition or energy. He was the son of Samuel Hoole, a London watchmaker, and was born about 1727; and was designed for his father's trade, but was too short-sighted for the business. He was therefore placed a clerk in the accountant's office of the East India Company; from whence in due time he was removed to the office of Auditor of Indian Accounts, in which office he remained till

till he retired upon an annuity not long before his death. From an early period he employed his leisure hours in the cultivation of literature; and in 1763 brought forth his translation of *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, 2 vols. 8vo. In 1767 he published *The Works of Metastatio, translated from the Italian*, 2 vols. 12mo.—and in 1773 the first volume of a translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which he published complete ten years afterwards, in five vols. 8vo. He also published in 1791 the ORLANDO of Ariosto reduced to 24 books, the narrative connected, and the stories disposed in a regular series, 2 vols. 8vo.—and in 1792 a translation of Tasso's RINALDO in 1 vol. 8vo. He also wrote three tragedies, *Cyrus*, 1768; *Timanthes*, 1770; and *Clemick*, 1778.* He also edited the *Critical Essays on the English Poets* of his friend John Scott of Amwell, to which he prefixed an account of the life and writings of the author, 1785, 8vo. He retired in his latter days to Tenterden in Kent; but died at Dorking in Surry, Aug. 2, 1803, æt. 76. †

REV. RICHARD GRAVES.

This amiable, well-read, and lively old man, who died at the age of 90, at the close of 1804, was known to all the frequenters of Bath, near which he resided at his rectory of Claverton, for more than half a century. He was the friend and correspondent of Shenstone; and author of a variety of spirited and amusing publications; of which his novel, entitled *The Spiritual Quixote*, bids fairest for permanent fame. He was born at Mickleton in Gloucestershire, May 4, 1715, being second son of Richard Graves, Esq. of that place. At the age of sixteen he went to Pembroke

* His son, the Rev. Samuel Hoole, married a daughter of Arthur Young, the Secretary to the Board of Agriculture. He is author of *Edward, or the Curate*, a poem, 1787; and *Aurelia, or the Contest*, a poem, 1793.

College,

College, Oxford, where his acquaintance with Shenstone commenced. In 1736 he was elected Fellow of All-Souls' College; and in 1740 took orders. In 1750 he was presented to the rectory of Claverton, to which was added the living of Kilmersdon. His first publication was *The Festoon, or a Collection of Epigrams, with an Essay on that species of composition*; and afterwards published *Two Volumes of Poems*, under the title of *Euphrosyne*, 1780. His *Spiritual Quixote* came out in 1772. His last publication was *The Invalid, with the obvious means of enjoying Life by a Nonagenarian*. In 1788 he published Recollections of some particulars in the Life of Shenstone.* His poems were rather bagatelles, than serious effusions of the Muse. It was amusing to see him on the verge of ninety, walking to Bath with the briskness of youth.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM.

A self-taught poet, died at Maglerabeg, near Dromore in Ireland, Dec. 27, 1804, æt. 24. He had been nothing more than a weaver-boy, who receiving instruction at one of the Bishop of Dromore's Sunday-schools, made such a progress as to be able to request a loan of books in a copy of such verses as instantly engaged the bishop's attention and patronage. He was then placed at the Diocesan school of Dromore, where he made a rapid progress in Latin and Greek; and qualified himself to become an assistant teacher in the academy of the Rev. Dr. Bruce of Belfast. A rapid consumption, however, soon came on, and baffled the powers of medicine, terminating in early youth a career that promised much reputation. A few of his poetical compositions are to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine.

* For a further list of his publications, see Gent. Mag. Vol. lxxiv. p. 1165.

REV.

REV. JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE, B.D.

This very industrious and learned man was a native of Cumberland. He was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he was much respected for his assiduity, regularity, and quiet manners; but I do not remember that he was considered to possess any extraordinary powers. He took a good degree, and was attentive to the studies in vogue; but he did not then display any poetical turn; or even any considerable classical attainments. He took the degree of A. B. 1779; M. A. 1783; B. D. 1793; and was about 1780 elected Fellow of his College; from whence he retired into the country, where he probably first applied himself to Oriental literature. He published I. *Mauret Allatafet Jemaleddini filii Togri Bardii, seu rerum Egypticarum Annales ab A. C. 971, usque ad A. 1453. E codice MSo. Bibliothecæ Academicæ Cantabrigiæ*, 1792, *with a Latin version and notes.* II. *History of Egypt from an inedited Arabic MS.* and accompanied by a critical and elegant commentary. III. *Specimens of Arabic poetry*, with an English poetical version, and notes. In 1785 he was chosen Arabic Professor at Cambridge on the resignation of Dr. Craven. He afterwards, in 1799, accompanied the embassy of Lord Elgin to Constantinople, for the purpose of obtaining access to the library of the Seraglio. On his return he retired to his vicarage of Newcastle upon Tyne, where he immediately fell into a dangerous state of health, which did not prevent his attempt to prepare the fruits of his labours and travels for the public. He had undertaken a correct edition of the Arabic Bible; and was composing his Dissertation on the Troad, with observations made during his tour through Lesser Asia, Syria, and Egypt, when death put an end to his designs on April 12, 1804, at the age of forty-five. His Tour has since appeared. His *Specimens of Arabic poetry*, 1796, seem to have received at least

least their due share of praise. They appear to me deficient in a true poetical spirit. The truth I suspect to be, that Carlyle was a man of more industry than genius. His acquirements were no doubt, very great, and very meritorious, and I believe him to have been a man of a virtuous and excellent disposition. Before he died, he had been appointed Chancellor of Carlisle.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, ESQ.

Christopher Anstey was a man of wit and a scholar; and may be called the inventor of a particular species of colloquial verse, which has been very popular; but like every thing of a popular cast has for a time probably been valued too highly. He was born about 1725; and educated at Westminster-school, as I have heard from some of his schoolfellows; but perhaps changed to Eton, as he was afterwards of King's College, Cambridge, where he was refused his degrees on account of some innocent irregularity, of which I have heard the particulars, though they have now escaped my memory.* He had a moderate patrimony at Trumpington, near Cambridge, where he resided part of his life. In 1766 came forth his *New Bath Guide, or Memoirs of the Blunderhead family.* It had a great circulation, as many well remember, and as is noticed in Gray's Letters. The next year he printed a poem *on the death of the Marquis of Tavistock.* His *Election Ball* appeared about 1774; and in 1776 his *Latin Epistle to C. W. Bampfylde* on his designs for the *Election Ball.* In 1774 he also published *The Priest Dissected.* In 1779 came out his *Poetical Paraphrase of the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians;* and in 1780, *Speculation, or a Defence of Mankind.* He afterwards published one or two other trifles.

* I think the cause assigned in Gent. Mag. 75, p 786, is inaccurate.

The

The latter part of his life was spent at Bath, where his caustic humour constantly found food. He died at Harnage House, Wilts, the seat of his son-in-law, Henry Bosanquet, Esq. Aug. 3, 1805, æt. 81.

REV. JOHN CLARKE HUBBARD.

This poet was little known in his life. He was of Merton College, Oxford, where he took the degree of A. M. in 1769. In the latter part of his life he published a poem entitled *Jacobinism*, which appears to possess considerable merit. This drew him into notice, and he obtained from the crown the rectory of St. John's, Horsleydown, in Surrey, worth about 200l. a year. He was also the author of *The Triumph of Poetry*, and other poems. He died about the middle of the year 1805.

BRYAN EDWARDS.

This gentleman was a native of Wiltshire, but went early in life to the West Indies, where he succeeded by inheritance to a considerable fortune. He afterwards returned to England, and became a West India merchant, and set up also a bank at Southampton. His *History of the West Indies*, in 2 vols. 4to. 1793, to which he added in 1797 the history of the French colony of St. Domingo, is a work of credit. He possessed much poetical fancy, and introduced some poems in his History; but he also printed and privately distributed among his friends a separate volume of *Poems*, about the year 1794. He married a Miss Phipps of Wiltshire, by whom he left a son, and died at his house in the Polygon, Southampton, July 16, 1800, being then M. P. for Grampound.

* See Gent. Mag. Vol. LXXVIII. p. 794.

LADY

LADY BURRELL.

Widow of Sir William Burrell, Bart. published *Poems* in 2 vols. 8vo. 1793; and in 1794 *The Thimbriad* from Xenophon's Cyropædia; and *Telemachus*, extracted from Fenelon's Story. She died June 29, 1802.

MRS. ROBINSON.

This celebrated woman once known in the annals of gallantry by the name of *Perdita*, was afterwards distinguished in the circles of fashionable literature under the signature of LAURA MARIA.* The zeal with which in the wane of her beauty she devoted herself to the Muses did her honour; but it may candidly be doubted whether she ever drank at the true waters of Helicon. Her style both in prose and verse† was the most unchaste that ever was exhibited; and she seemed to deal more in an exuberance of glittering words than in thoughts of any kind. She paid in her latter days by neglect and poverty for the vanity and vices of her youth. She died Dec. 26, 1800, at her cottage on Englefield Green, aged about forty. Some Memoirs of her written by herself have since been published. She was a native of Bristol; her maiden name was Darby.

REV. WILLIAM COLLIER.

Was many years Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Hebrew Professor there from 1771 to 1790, whence at length pecuniary embarrassments, arising, I believe from indolence and carelessness, removed him. He fell afterwards, as I have heard, into severe distresses, and was for some time in legal confinement. He then published a Collection

* She published a small 8vo. volume of Poems as early as 1775.

† See her two volumes of Poems, 1791 and 1793; and her most absurd novel entitled, *Vancenza*.

of

of his Poems, *with Translations from Authors in various Languages, 2 vols. 12mo. 1800*, in the hope of relieving h necessities; but was most severely and most unjustly treate by periodical critics, who, in his days of prosperity woul have looked up to his talents and acquirements. I will n venture to pronounce upon his poems, because the volum never fell into my hands; but I remember the characte which his abilities had acquired him at Cambridge, and h fame as an elegant classical scholar; and an inscription whic I once saw written in a pure and classical style, and which think was turned into Greek by Professor Porson when a undergraduate, confirmed me in the justness of his repu tation. He died Aug. 7, 1803, æt. 61, at Newington Surrey, being then Senior Fellow of Trinity College, an Rector of Orwell, Co. Cambridge.

JOSEPH FAWCETT.

An eccentric character, originally a dissenting ministe but afterwards a farmer, published in 1795 a poem, calle *The Art of War*, 4to. and in 1803 *War Elegies*. He died Hedgegrove, near Watford, Essex, Jan. 24, 1804.

[*To be continued.*]

ART. XX. *Literary Obituary.*

Dr. Sturges, Prebendary of Winchester, and father Sturges Bourne, Esq. M. P.

Oct. 17, aged fifty-eight, at his seat at Wootton Co Kent, the Rev. Edward Tymewell Brydges, late Claim to the Barony of Chandos, of whom more will be s hereafter.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXIII.

[Being Number XI. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *Naps upon Parnassus. A sleepy Muse nipt and pincht, though not awakened. Such voluntary and jovial copies of verses as were lately received from some of the Wits of the Universities in a frolick, dedicated to Gondibert's Mistress by Captain Jones, and others. Whereunto is added, for demonstration of the author's prosaick excellency's, his Epistle to one of the Universities, with the Answer: together with two satyrical characters of his own, of a Temporizer and an Antiquary. With marginal notes by a friend to the reader. London: Printed by express order from the Wits, for N. Brook, at the Angel in Cornhill,* 1658. 8*vo.*

FROM the mention of "Gondibert's Mistress" in the title-page, these satirical poems have been thought to glance at Sir William Davenant, whose *lapsus amoris* became the butt of all the wits. But we are informed by Wood,* that the real object of ridicule was

* Athen. Oxon. II. 343.

Samuel Austin, a Cornish man and a commoner of Wadham* college, who being extremely conceited of his own worth, and over-valuing his poetical fancy more than that of Cleveland, (who was then accounted the hectoring prince of poets) he was served up by the university-wags in a banquet of banter, as Coriat had been before. The discovered contributors to this volume appear to have been Flatman of New College, Sprat and Woodford of Wadham, the latter known by his paraphrastic version of the Psalms; Sylvanus Taylour and George Castle of All Souls, and Alexander Amidei, a teacher of Hebrew: but it is probable that several others joined in this personal pasquinade, as initial signatures are annexed to most of the pieces, of which the titles may partly serve to display the humour.

A prose advertisement, dated from the Apollo in Fleet Street, May 30, 1658, is ludicrously signed Adoniram Banstittle, alias Tinder box. The remainder are penned in variety of verse.

1. Upon the infernal shade of the Author's poems: or the hooded Hawk. †
2. *Incerti Authoris.* Upon the incomparable and

* The title to his poem of Urania, announces him B. A. of Ex[eter] Coll. Oxon.

† A stanza in this partly reveals his name.

"Our author's much better
In every letter
Then Robin ‡ and Horace Flaccus:
He is called *Samuel*,
Who ends well and began well;
And if we are not glad, he can make us."

‡ Herrick.

inimitable

inimitable Authour, and his obscure poems. *W. P.* A. M. *W. C. Oxon.*

3. To his ingenuous Friend, the unknown author of the following poems. *S. T.* A. M. *W. C. Oxon.*

4. To the abstruse Authour, on his night-work poems. *V. M.*

5. On Mr. Somebody's poeticall Naps upon Parnassus. *G. C.* M. A. *S O A C. Oxon.*

6. *Sonetto in Lode del Autore:* or, in plain English, A Jew's letter in ink, to commend our Negro. *Alexandro Amidei Fiorentino.*

7. Drollery. Upon the most illustrious, though most obscure, dark, black, misty, cloudy poems of the Authour: or the *Aquila in nubibus. G. I.** M. A. *W. C. Oxon.*

8. *Carmen Proverbiale exclamatorium in laudem Authoris. Pars prior. T.F. nuper N.C. Oxon. Soc.*

9. The second part, in the Authour's language. Being a verse panegyrick, in praise of the Authour's transcendently delicious poeticall dainties, inclosed in the Wicker-basket of his critique poems. *T. F.* lately *F. N. C. Oxon.*

10. *A son Ami, ce l'Autheur de cette Livre sur son Obscuritie.* Upon the same. *H. L.* W. C. C.

11. Upon the gurmundizing quagmires and most adiaphanous bogs of the Author's obnubilated roundelayes. *T. C.* of Q. K. C.

12. To his ingenuous friend the Author, on his incomparable poems. *Carmen jocoserium.*

* Qu. Gilbert Ironside? M. A. of Wadham College.

13. Once again." This I extract, as it is thus referred to by Warton in his preface to Milton's Juvenile Poems: "In an old miscellany, quaintly called 'Naps on Parnassus,' and printed in 1658, there is a recital of the most excellent English poets; but there is not a syllable of the writer of L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Comus."

"*Carmen Jocoserium.*

"If I may guess at poets in our land,
Thou bear'st them all above and under hand,
Nay, under leg too; for thy feet out run 'em,
As far as is from Oxford unto Lon'on:
Nay, give them half in half, thou creepest faster
Then Scotish posts, that in the greatest haste are:
Nor in thy speed alone do lie thy glories,
But thou'rt so sweet, that done, thou tastest morish.
Who ere (I wiss) did see one, like thee, handy?
And rhymes deliciouser than sugar candy?
To thee compar'd, our English poets all stop,
And vail their bonnets, even Shakespear's Falstop. *
Chaucer, the first of all, wasn't worth a farthing,
Lidgate, and Huntingdon, with Gaffer Harding. †
Nonsense the Faëry Queen, and Michael Drayton,
Like Babel's Balm, ‡ or rhymes of Edward Fairfax. §
Waller, and Turlingham, and brave George Sandys, ‖
Beaumont and Fletcher, Donne, Jeremy Candish,
Herbert and Cleaveland, and all the train noble
Are Saints-bells unto thee, and thou great Bow-bell.
Ben Johnson 'tis true shew'd us how he could hit
Each humour now; and then be out of it;
Nor could he alwayes keep his Muse a gallop,
With curb or whip, but sometimes had but small hope.

* It should have been Falstaff, if the rhyme had permitted.
† The Chronicler. ‡ By Vicars. § Peyton wrote the Glasse of Time.
‖ See CENSURA, and Ellis's Specimens of English Poetry, III. 24.

Cowley alack's too plain; his Davideis
But fit for boyes to read, like Virgil's Eneis:
And for his Mistress and his other poems,
Anacreontique, and Pindarique theams,
They have no method in 'um, and are not worth
One pin to kindle fires and set on hot broth.
None like to thee but the writer of URANIA, *
Or Frier John, the Poet of Normannia;
With Pagan Fisher, † who erst made a speech
To shew that he could versifie and preach;
And put it in the News-books too, for all
To know, how he was jeer'd in Christ-Church Hall.
Thou bee'st a brave boy, trust me if thou ben't
The best that ever eat salt fish in Lent;
Which makes thy verses too to be so witty,
Because thou seasonest so well each ditty.

S. W. ‡ W. C. C. Oxon.

14. An Autoschediastique to the ingenuous Authour, on his poems so miscellaneous. *N. F.* C. W. F. Oxon.

15. Upon the nebuligerous, tenebricosiform'd wit of the Authour, absconded in the nigricated womb of these poems. *Adoniram Bitefig of Utopia.*

16. To his highly esteemed friend the Authour, on his inspired poems. *H. W.* W. C. C. Oxon.

17. Upon the light-footed, though dark poems of

* "Urania, or the heavenly Muse," was a poem published by S. Austin in 1629, and occurs in the King's library.

† This was Payne Fisher, poet laureat to Oliver Cromwell, who sometimes wrote himself Paganus Piscator. The speech here mentioned, is likely to have been "Oratio anniversaria in diem Inaugurationis serenis. principis Olivari prepotentiss. Protectoris." 1655: and the News-book was 'Mercurius politicus.'

‡ Samuel Woodford, says a note in Athenæ. Oxon. II. 901.

the Authour; so nimble, that they skip out of the reader's sight though he hastes never so fast to overtake them. *Don John Puntarus è Limmingès.*

18. To the unknown Author, *R. F.*

19. Upon the blackness of darkness; the Authour's poems. Timothy Tinder-box of Jamaica.

20. Upon the Author's incomparable Hogan Mogan Mysteries, lockt up in the duskie shady chest of his poems: a Jack in a Box. *W. G. C. W. C.*

21. Upon the Author's Mystery of Babylon. *J. D. W. C. C.*

22. Upon the incomparably high-fancied poems of the Author, so monstrously obscure. *T. S. W. C. F. Oxon.*"

At the close of these metrical mummeries is printed an "Epistle Dedicatory made by the authour (upon some dislike) and presented to his now adopted mother, the university of Cambridge:" with an Answer from Alma Mater to her "dearest adopted Biern." We learn from Wood that Austin went to Cambridge for a time, after having taken one degree in arts at Oxford; and hence the origin of this feigned epistolary intercourse.

Another title now presents itself, announcing—

The Author's own Verse and Prose. With marginall Illustrations on his Obscurities, by a Friend to the reader. Semul in anno ridet Apollo. Printed by the same order, i. e. from the Wits.

These pretended originals of the burlesqued author, are much in the jocose style of those preceding; but the force and point of them is now diminished, from being unacquainted

unacquainted with the specimen of the bathos, which they seem designed to expose. I extract one of the shortest.

"*A New-Year's Gift.*

"Sing this to the dismal tune of 'The Lady and Blackmore.'

"No *Venus' gloves*, or *Lady's lock*, *
I here present to thee:
I give a *damask rose* of Love,
Mine heart! keep it for me.

Hearts are best *New-year's gifts* 'mongst friends;—
In giving mine I'll please;
Return me your's, then so shall I
From you receive *heart's-ease*." †

Two characters in prose, one of a Temporizer, the other of an Antiquary, conclude this very quaint and motley publication.

T. P.

ART. II. *Dia, a poem: to which is added, Love made Lovely. By William Shipton. Published by a Friend. Hæc dedit ut pereant. London: Printed for Charles Tyus, at the signe of the three Bibles, on the middle of London Bridge,* 1659. *Sm.* 8*vo. pp.* 172.

If this volume *was* published by a friend, it must have been prepared for publication by its author, since it contains a dedication and an address to the reader

* "Viz. a switch lock."

† "A flower that seldom grew in the Author's garden."

signed by himself. Two commendatory poems follow, by Jo. Cooke, Gent. Aulæ Clar. and Richard Shipton. The latter writes

> "Thy fame in *quartoes* thou dost raise,
> Whose comments must in *folios* praise."

This appears as little intelligible as the poet's own lays, which form a compound of fiction and affectation still more repulsive to a modern reader than the pedantic love-verses of Cowley: though he had certainly studied, without any capacity to emulate, the amatory effusions of Carew. I cite the following stanzas from one of his most favourable specimens. It is designed for an epithalamium, to be sung by a train of virgins.

> "Wanton Amorists, do not seek
> After superficiall Fair;
> Rome or Carthage, in the air,
> Painted dainties of a cheek.
>
> Touch the inward joys refin'd,
> Instruments are for the play,
> Sun-beams guild a cloudy day,
> Hidden pleasures cloyes the mind.
>
> Steal no commet to discry
> Solar glories of a glance,
> Blazon'd beauties radiance
> Darted from a pearled eye
>
> But with sweetest love imbrace
> Those red-mantled beams which be
> Rayed in rich oriencie
> Of a starr-discoloured face.

Rob no more brave Phœnix nest,
Or the Indian sugred breath,
From the spicy gummes unsheath,
To perfume the Lady's breast.

But entomb your lovely arm
In those rosarie-set groves,
Like the skie renowning Jove's,
By a Cyprian-weaved charm.

Do no more those rayes admire,
Which dame Nature doth bestow
On a face by Cupid's bow,
Darting an unvanquisht fire.

Foolish lover, rather try
How you may those flames despise,
Beamed from the sunny eyes
Of the wanton's chivalry.—

For a feature will expire;
As the diamond diadem
Grafted in an oyster's stem,
Cannot glore in rich attire."

Verses even more obscure than these, extend to sixty-five pages. A prose piece of unmeaning bombast, called "Cupid made to see," &c. runs on to p. 130. Then follow Elegies on his friend Thomas Shipton, drowned: on the most heroick Lord Sheffield; on Robert Wilson, a famed musician; with additionals in prose and verse that are undeserving of enumeration. The worthlessness of the publication is the probable cause of its scarcity; for I have seen but one copy, which was procured from the collection of Dr. Farmer.

T. P.

ART.

ART. III. *The blessed Birth-Day, celebrated in some religious Meditations on the Angels' Anthems. Luke* ii. 14. *Also holy Transportations, in contemplating some of the most observable Adjuncts about our Saviour's nativitie. Extracted for the most part out of the sacred scriptures, Ancient Fathers, Christian poets, and some modern approved authors. By Charles Fitz-Geffry.* 1634. 4*to.* 1636. 1654. 12*mo.*

Charles Fitz-Geffry, says Wood,* was born of a genteel family in the county of Cornwall, became a commoner of Broadgate's hall, Oxford, in 1592, took the degrees in arts, entered upon the clerical function, and obtained the rectory of St. Dominic, in his own country, where he was esteemed a pure and learned divine, as before he was an excellent Latin poet. His productions are severally alluded to, in a copy of verses by Hen. Beesely, prefixed to an early edition of the Blessed Birth-Day.

" Your younger wit, as taking a delight
In bold atchievements, ventred to recite
The deeds of valiant Drake; † who, by your skill
And strong description, goes that voyage still
Which once he did; and, with full blasts of fame,
Yet sailes securely round the earth againe.

Thou, as experience taught you to survey
The world's conditions, your free Muse would play

* Ath. Oxon. I. 606.

† In 1596, Fitz-Geffry had published a metrical history of the Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake.

In

In various Epigrams;* where both for tongue,
Conceit, and choice of verse, you seeme to runne
With foremost Martial, and so thrive therein,
That you come nearest to the goale, next him.

But having now retraited from the foame
Of surging youth, and safe at length come home
To quiet age, diviner thoughts inspire
Your pregnant fancy, and with holier fire
Must exercise your soaring braine, to tell
The Natals of our Saviour, † which so well
You have displaid," &c.

Fitz-Geffry obtained the applauses of many cotemporaries for his religious strains, and not without deserving them, since he seems to have performed better than most others, what human intellect can never adequately accomplish. His suitable conception of the high task he had undertaken may be gathered from the following paragraph.

" Lascivious songs, vain carols, now avaunt!
And whatsoe'er prophane throats use to chaunt,
Which through the ear pours poison to the heart;—
A better subject doth this Day impart;
To sacred songs is Sion's Muse inclinde,
Some holy matter fits a holy minde.
Sing we high mysteries in an humble strain,
And lofty matters in a lowly vein;
The sacred subject which we sing affords
Strong lines, but strong in matter not in words:

* These Epigrams were written in Latin, and published in 1601, under the title of " Affinise."

† " The Blessed Birth-Day," which was printed when the author was in his sixtieth year."

For

For things so high they cannot be expreſt
By any words—the plaineſt are the beſt.
He who was born so humble, doth refuse
To have his Birth sung by a swelling Muse.
Ill doth a flaunting phrase devotion fit;
We sing to shew our zeal, and not our wit.
Let Gentiles strive to be prophanely wittie,
This Holy Day calls for an holy ditty:
Then let our dittie answer to the Day,
And, with Heav'ns quiristers, let's sing and say—
Glory to GOD on high, in earth be peace,
And let good-will towards Christians never ceaſe!"

T. P.

ART. IV. *Mar-Martin; or Marre-Martin's medling, in a manner misliked.*

Martin's vaine prose, Marre-Martin doth mislike,
Reason (forsooth) for Martin seekes debate:
Marre-Martin will not so: yet doth his patience strike:
Last verse, first prose, conclude in one selfe hate;
Both maintain strife, vnfitting England's state.
Martin, Marre-Martin, Barrow ioynd with Browne,
Shew zeale; yet strive to pull Religion downe.

Printed with Authoritie. 4to. b. l. no date. Three leaves.

A long account of the Mar-Martin tracts pro and con, may be found in Herbert; this being of the neuter cast is scarcely noticed: I have transcribed the whole. It was published about 1589, and is now reckoned scarce.

" *Marre Mar-Martin.*

" I know not why a fruitles rime, in print,
May not as well with modestie be touched
As fruitles prose; since neither hath his stint,
And either's doings cannot be avouched.
Then if both rime and prose impugne the troth,
How like you him, likes neither of them both.

Our prelates, Martin saith, want skill and reason:
Our Martinists, Mar-Martin terneth asses;
The one, another doth accuse of treason,
He passes best that by the gallowes passes.
Traitor, no traitor, here's such traitors striving,
That Romish traitors now are set a thriving.

While England falles a Martining and a marring,
Religion feares an utter overthrowe,
Whilst we at home among our selves are jarring,
Those seedes take roote which forraign seedes men sow.
If this be true, as true it is for certen,
Wo worth Martin Mar-prelate and Mar-Marten.

On Whitson-even last, at night,
I, dreaming, sawe a pretie sight;
Three monsters in a halter tide,
And one before, who seemde their guide.
The formost lookt and lookt againe,
As if he had not all his traine;
With that I askt that gaping man
His name? 'My name (said he) is Lucian.
This is a Jesuite, quoth he,
These Martin and Mar-martin be:
I seeke but now for Machyvell,
And then we would be gone to hell.'

Two bookes upon a table lay,
For which two yonkers went to play:

They

They tript a dye and thus did make,
Who threw the most, should both bookes take.
He that had Martin, flang the furst;
An asse* that was, which was the worst.
Mar-Martin's master in the hast
Hop'd then to hit a better cast:
And yet as cunning as he was,
He could not fling above an asse.*
Together by the eares they go,
Which of the asses gets the throw.

The first upon his asse would stand,
He wonne it by the elder hand.
'Tush, quoth the second, that's no matter,
Mine was an asse, though mine the latter;'
And turning backe he spake to mee,
Who all this while this sport did see:
'Is't not a wonder, say of love,
That none of us should fling above?'
'No, sir, quoth I, it were a wonder
If either of you had flung under.'

What sonnes? What fathers? Sonnes and fathers fight:
Alas, our welfare, and alas our helth!
What motes? What beames? And both displaid in writ!
Alas, the church! Alas, the common welth!
What, at this tyme? What, under such a Quene?
Alas, that still our fruite should be so greene.

What, wanton calves? What lost our former love?
Alas, our pride! Alas, our mutabilitie!
What, Christ at oddes? What serpents near a dove?
Alas, our rage; alas, our inhumilitie:
What, bitter taunts? What, lyes in stead of preaching?
Alas, our heate; alas, our neede of teaching.

* A very feeble attempt at wit, or pun, on the word *asse*.

Beare,

are, gracious Queene, Europa's matchles mirror:
Beare, noble lords, renowned counsell-givers:
are, clergie men, for you must spie the error:
Beare, common people, common light beleevers:
ar joyntly one another's weaknesse so,
hat though we wither, yet the church may grow.

If all be true that lawyers say,
The second blowe doth make the fray:
Mar-Martin's fault can be no lesse
Than Martin's was, which brake the peace.
Martin, Marre-Martin, Barrow, Browne,
All helpe to pull religion downe.

FINIS."

Conduit-street. J. H.

RT. V. *The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets. Never before in any language truely translated, with a Comment upon some of his chief places: Done according to the Greeke by George Chapman.* * *At London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter. Fol.* An engraved title-page by William Hole, with figures of Achilles and Hector, &c. †

RT. VI. *The Odysses of Homer. By the same. Printed at London. Fol.* 1614, or thereabouts.

RT. VII. *The Iliads and Odysses of Homer. Translated out of Greek into English, by Tho Hobbes of Malmsbury. With a large Preface*

* Seven Books were first printed by John Windet, 1598.

† This title is copied from Warton; the Editor's copy wanting the title-pe.

concerning

concerning the vertues of an Heroick Poem; written by the Translator. The Second Edition. London, Printed for Will. Crook, at the Green Dragon without Temple Barre. 1677. *Sm.* 8*vo.*

ART. VIII. *Homer's Odysses, by the same, &c. as before.*

For a critical account of Chapman's version of Homer, the reader is referred to Warton's History of Poetry, III. 441. I will insert a few lines of the beginning, that it may be compared with Hobbes's.

" Achilles banefull wrath resound, O Goddesse that impos'd
Infinite sorrowes on the Greekes, and many brave soules los'd
From breasts heroique: sent them farre to that invisible cave,
That no light comforts; and their lims to dogs and vultures gave.
To all which Jove's will gave effect; from whom, first strife begun
Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis' godlike sonne.
What God gave Eris their command, and on't that fighting veine?
Jove's and Latona's son, who fir'd against the king of men,
For contumely shewn his priest, infectious sicknesse sent
To plague the army, and to death by troopes the soldiers went.
Occasion'd thus, Chryses the priest came to the fleet to buy,
For presents of unvalued price, his daughter's liberty.
The golden scepter, and the crown of Phœbus in his hands
Proposing; and made suit to all, but most to the commands
Of both th' Atrides, who most rul'd. Great Atreus' sonnes (said he)
And all ye wel-greev'd Greeks, the gods, whose habitations be
In heavenly houses, grace your powers with Priam's rased towne;
And grant ye happy conduct home: to win which wisht renown
Of Jove, by honouring his sonne (far shooting Phœbus) daine
For these fit presents to dissolve the ransomable chaine
Of my lov'd daughter's servitude. The Greekes entirely gave
Glad acclamations, for signe, that their desires would have
The grave priest reverenc'd, and his gifts, of so much price embrac'd.
The generall yet bore no such minde, but viciously disgrac'd
With violent termes, the priest, and said; dotard, avoid our fleet,
Where lingring be not found by me, nor thy returning feet

Let

Let ever visite us againe, lest nor thy godhead's crowne,
Nor scepter save thee. Her thou seekst, I still will hold mine owne,
Till age deflours her. In our court at Argos (farre transfer'd
From her lov'd country) she shall ply her web, and see prepar'd
(With all fit ornaments) my bed. Incense me then no more;
But, (if thou wilt be safe) be gone."

The same, by Hobbs.

"O goddess, sing what woe the discontent
Of Thetis' son brought to the Greeks; what souls
Of heroes down to Erebus it sent,
Leaving their bodies unto dogs and fowls;
Whilst the two princes of the army strove,
King Agamemnon and Achilles stout;
That so it should be was the will of Jove.
But who was he that made them first fall out?
Apollo; who, incensed by the wrong
To his priest Chryses by Atrides done,
Sent a great pestilence the Greeks among;
Apace they di'd, and remedy was none.
For Chryses came unto the Argive fleet,
With treasure great his daughter to redeem;
And having in his hand the ensignes meet,
That did the priestly dignity beseem,
A golden scepter and a crown of bays,
Unto the princes all made his request;
But to the two Atrides chiefly prays,
Who of the Argive army were the best.
O sons of Atreus, may the gods grant you
A safe return from Troy with victory;
And you on me compassion may shew,
Receive these gifts, and set my daughter free;
And have respect to Jove's and Leto's son.
To this the princes all gave their consent,
Except King Agamemnon. He alone,
And with sharp language from the fleet him sent;

Old man, said he, let me not see you here
Now staying, or returning back again,
For fear the golden scepter which you bear,
And chaplet hanging on it, prove but vain.
Your daughter shall to Argos go far hence,
And make my bed, and labour at the loom;
And take heed you no further me incense,
Lest you return not safely to your home."

In contrast to these, I take the liberty of inserting an extract from a very modern specimen* of a translation of the Iliad, by a man of very high intellectual powers and attainments.

A modern Specimen.

"The stern resentment of Achilles, son
Of Peleus, Muse record,—dire source of woe;
Which caus'd unnumber'd ills to Greece, and sent
Many brave souls of heroes to the shades
Untimely, and their bodies gave a prey
To dogs and every ravenous bird: so will'd
The all-ruling providence of Jove, when first
In fierce dissension strove the king of men,
Atrides, and Achilles, goddess born.
What power their fury urg'd to fatal deeds?
Jove's and Latona's son.—He, by the King
Offended, a destroying pestilence sent
Among the host: the people victims fell:
And this, because Atrides dar'd insult
Chryses, his priest. To the swift ships of Greece
He came, with costly ransom to redeem
His captive daughter: in his hands he bore
The ensigns of Apollo, Archer-god,

* *Specimen of an English Homer in Blank Verse. London for T. Pay[illegible], &c. 8vo. 1807.*

His wreath and golden sceptre. Much he sued
To all the Greeks, but chief his prayer address'd
To Atreus' sons, joint leaders of the host:
'Ye sons of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks!
O may the gods, who on Olympus dwell,
Grant you the city of Priam to lay waste,
And home return triumphant. But to me
Release my much-lov'd daughter, and these gifts
Accept, in reverence of the power I serve,
Apollo, son of Jove, the Archer-god.'
The other Greeks at once, with loud acclaim,
Fully consent to reverence the priest,
And to accept the splendid gifts.—Not so
The son of Atreus, Agamemnon; much
The popular vote displeased him, and with scorn
The suppliant thus repulsing stern he spake:
'Beware, old man, lest midst our hollow ships
Now loitring, or again returning back,
I find thee, or that sceptre which thou bear'st,
And thy god's chaplet will avail thee nought.
Her I will not release: no, let old age
Find her, far distant from her native soil,
Still in my court at Argos doom'd to ply
The shuttle, or my couch submiss to tend.
Begone, then! nor provoke me more to wrath;
But, while thou may'st in safety, hie thee hence!"

As Chapman has translated the Odyssey in a more modern measure, I cannot refrain from giving a specimen of that also.

Extract from the First Book of the Odyssey by Chapman.

"The Man, O Muse, informe, that many a way,
Wound with his wisedome to his wished stay.

That wander'd wondrous farre, when he the towne
Of sacred Troy had sackt and shiver'd downe.
The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, mindes, and fashions
He saw and knew. At sea felt many woes;
Much care sustain'd, to save from overthrowes
Himselfe and friends, in their retreate for home.
But so their fates he could not overcome,
Though much he thirsted it. O men unwise,
They perisht by their own impieties,
That in their hunger's rapine would not shunne
The oxen of the loftie-going sunne:
Who therefore from their eyes the day bereft
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,
Tell us, as others, deified seed of Jove.
Now all the rest that austere death outstrove,
At Troy's long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;
Only Ulysses is deni'de accesse
To wife and home. The grace of goddesses,
The reverend nymph Calypso did detaine
Him in her caves: past all the race of men,
Enflam'd to make him her lov'd lord and spouse.
And when the gods had destin'd that his house,
Which Ithaca on her rough bosom beares,
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)
Should be his haven, Contention still extends
Her envie to him, even amongst his friends.
All gods took pitie on him: onely he
That girds earth in the cincture of the sea,
Divine Ulysses ever did envie,
And made the fix'd port of his birth to flie."

The

The same, by Hobbs.

" Tell me, O Muse, th' adventures of the man,
That having sack'd the sacred town of Troy,
Wand'red so long at sea; what course he run,
By winds and tempests driven from his way:
That saw the cities and the fashions knew
Of many men, but suffer'd grievous pain
To save his own life, and bring home his crew;
Though for his crew all he could do was vain.
They lost themselves by their own insolence,
Feeding, like fools, on the sun's sacred kine.
Which did the splendid deity incense
To their dire fate. Begin, O Muse Divine!
The Greeks from Troy were all returned home,
All that the war and winds had spar'd, except
The discontent Ulysses onely; whom
In hollow caves the nymph Calypso kept.
But when the years and days were come about,
Wherein was woven his return by fate
To Ithaca, (but neither there without
Great pain) the gods then pitied his estate,
All saving Neptune, who did never cease
To hinder him from reaching his own shore,
And persecute him still upon the seas
Till he got home. Then troubled him no more."

George Chapman died 1634, aged seventy-seven. Hobbes died Dec. 4, 1679, æt. ninety-two. It has been very justly observed that Hobbes's poetry is below criticism. *

* To these old translations I might have added, that of the indefatigable Translator-maker John Ogilby, of which the Iliad was published about 1658, and the Odyssey, 1664. Wood says, that James Shirley was one of his assistants in these translations. John Ogilby was born near Edinburgh, 1600, and died in London, Sept. 4, 1676.

Of the Sonnets at the end of Chapman's Homer, which are not so despicable as they have been represented by some critics, I will give two specimens.

"*To the most grave and honored Temperer of Law and Equity the Lord Chancellor,* * *&c.*

"That poesie is not so remov'd a thing
From grave administry of publike weales,
As these times take it, heare this poet sing,
Most judging Lord, and see how he reveales
The mysteries of rule, and rules to guide
The life of man, through all his choicest waies.
Nor be your timely paines the lesse applyed
For poesie's idle name, because her raies
Have shin'd through greatest counsellors and kings.
Heare royall Hermes sing th' Egyptian lawes
How Solon, Draco, Zorosster sings
Their lawes in verse; and let their just applause
(By all the world given) yours by us allow;
That since you grace all vertue, honour you."

"*To the Happy Starre, discovered in our Sydneian Asterisme, comfort of learning, sphere of all the vertues, the Lady Wrothe.*

"When all our other starres set in their skies,
To vertue, and all honour of her kinde,
That you, rare Lady, should so clearly rise,
Makes all the vertuous glorifie your minde.
And let true reason and religion try
If it be fancie, not judicial right,
In you t' oppose the time's apostacie,
To take the soule's parte, and her saving light,

* Lord Ellesmere.

While

While others blinde and burie both in sense,
When 'tis the only end for which all live.
And could those soules, in whom it dies, dispense
As much with their religion, they would give
That as small grace. Then shun their course, fair Star,
And still keepe your way pure and circular." *

ART. IX. *The Judgment of Whole Kingdoms and Nations, concerning the Rights, Powers, and Prerogative of Kings, and the Rights, Priviledges, and Properties of the People: shewing the nature of Government in general, both from God and Man.*

(Here follows a long, tedious recital of the principal heads.)

Recommended as proper to be kept in all families, that their children may know the birthright, liberty, and property, belonging to an Englishman. Written by a true lover of the Queen and Country, who wrote in the year 1690, against absolute passive obedience, and in vindication of the Revolution, in a Challenge to Sir R. L'Estrange, Dr. Sherlock, and eleven other Divines; to which no Answer ever was made; who now challenges Dr. Hicks, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Milbourne, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Lesley, Mr. Collier, and the great Champion, Dr. Sacheverell, to answer this book. London: Printed for, and sold by T. Harrison, at the West corner of the

* Phillips, in his Theatrum, records this lady thus: "Lady Mary Wroth, the wife of Sir Robert Wroth, an emulatress perhaps of Philip Sidney's Arcadia, by her *Urania*, a poetical history of the same nature, but much inferior in fame." She was niece to Sir Philip.

Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, 1710. Price 6d. 8vo. pp. 72, exclusive of Table of Contents.

Much fruitless pains have been taken, at different periods, to find out who was the author of this bold publication. To answer the purposes of the day, it was republished in 1771 at the expense of one of the *Wilkes and Liberty* Societies, by Williams, in Fleet-street, as the *tenth edition*, with the name of Lord Somers as the author in the title; but the style is very different from that of every political tract, known to have been written by this celebrated nobleman; a harshness of invective, and courseness of language quite beneath his cast of character being conspicuous in various parts of the book, as well as in the title.

In the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. LIII. p. 941, a writer, under the signature of "Castorius," attributes it to Charles Povey, a whig pamphleteer, of a singular turn of mind; yet he admits that there is not in the title-page the distinguishing mark (a sort of crest) that all his other publications have. In the Life of Daniel De Foe, written by George Chalmers, Esq. it is mentioned as one of the supposed productions of that well-known author, but, a comparison with his avowed writings will not, I think, tend to confirm this conjecture. A circumstance, merely accidental, induces me to believe that the discovery of the real author, which has eluded the researches of the curious during nearly a century, has, at length, fallen to the lot of a humble individual, who now submits to better judges than himself, the grounds upon which he forms his opinion. It happens, that I have, in my possession, the identical copy of this tract that formerly belonged

belonged to that "eccentric bibliopolist," John Dunton, whose autograph appears on the guard leaf, and, in the title, between the words "written by," and "a true lover," &c. a crotchet (v) is inserted, and (ranging with the printed line,) in the margin, with another crotchet preceding them, the letters "J. D." are added, evidently written by the same hand, and with the same pen and ink as the name on the guard leaf. Another circumstance, which, if it does not strengthen my opinion, certainly does not weaken it, is that, affixed to this pamphlet, there was, when I purchased it from off the counter of a vender of old books and furniture, another, bearing the following title:

The Impeachment, or Great Britain's Charge against the present M——y, Sir Roger Bold, the L—— C——ly, and Dr. S——ll. With the names of those credible persons, that are able to prove (before Her Majesty, or either of her two Houses of Parliament) the whole Impeachment, consisting of sixty articles. Dedicated to the most illustrious and ever victorious Prince John Duke of Marlborough. By the unknown author of Neck or Nothing, who being buried alive (i. e. forced to abscond) for daring to call a Spade a Spade, does here appear (as a Ghost) to do justice to himself and witnesses.

"Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"

ADDISON'S CATO.

London: Printed for T. Warner, near Ludgate, 1714. *Small 4to. pp.* 42.

This

This pamphlet was avowedly written by John Dunton, as appears by all the latter part of it, and at the conclusion, his name is subscribed in print. I believe, whoever will take the trouble of attentively perusing a few pages of each of these publications will soon be convinced that the similarity of the turn of thought, as well as of the mode of expression, affords a strong presumption at least, that they are productions of the same author. After coming into my hands, as before mentioned, they were thrown aside amongst a parcel of old books and papers, and no particular attention was paid to them until after the person I bought them of was deceased, and nobody left that could give any information how he came by these pamphlets.

ARCANUS.

ART. X. *A Journey over Land, from the Gulf of Honduras to the Great South Sea. Performed by John Cockburn, and five other Englishmen, viz. Thomas Rounce, Richard Banister, John Holland, Thomas Robinson, and John Ballmain; who were taken by a Spanish Guarda-Costa, in the John and Jane, Edward Burt, Master, and set on shore at a place called Porto-Cavalo, naked and wounded, as mentioned in several News-Papers of October* 1731. *Containing variety of extraordinary distresses and adventures, and some new and useful discoveries of the inland of those almost unknown parts of America: as also, an exact account of the Manners, Customs, and Behaviour of the several Indians, inhabiting a tract of Land of* 2,400 *miles,*

miles, particularly of their dispositions towards the Spanish and English. To which is added, a curious piece written in the reign of King James I. and never before printed, intitled, A Brief Discovery of some Things best worth noteinge in the Travels of Nicholas Withington, a Factor, in the East Indiase. London: Printed for C. Rivington, at the Bible and Crown, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1735. 8vo. *pp.* 352, *exclusive of preface.*

The reality of the ship, her voyage, and capture, as abovementioned, stand verified on public record; but many of the circumstances related in Cockburn's Narrative (which has been several times reprinted in a cheap form) have so much the air of romance, that it has been usually read in common with Falconer's Voyages, Singleton's Piracies, and similar fictitious publications. The copy in my possession furnishes the following MS. remarks, written on the guard leaf preceding the title-page.

"This Narrative appeared, on its publication, so extraordinary, that it was looked upon by many who perused it, as little better than a romance. Of this number was the late Sir William Morden Harbord, Bart. K. B. (father of the present Lord Suffield,) who, upon being informed, some years after, that Thomas Rounce, one of the persons whose adventures compose the subject of it, and who seems to have been in a station superior to that of a common seaman, was then resident in Yarmouth, (his native place,) sent for him to his seat in Norfolk, and, after spending a part of several days in closely interrogating this man respecting

specting every occurrence mentioned in the relation, he became, by means of the replies he received to his questions, fully satisfied of the truth of at least all the material circumstances that are detailed in this remarkable account. There were also several persons still living in Yarmouth at that time who perfectly remembered the departure of Captain Underwood, as mentioned in page 137, and that he had never been since heard of by any who knew him, until he was met with as is there related.

"This Thomas Rounce had an unhappy son of the same name, who was tried at the Admiralty Sessions at the Old Bailey, found guilty of high treason in voluntarily fighting against his country on board two Spanish privateers, and suffered death at Execution Dock, early in the year 1743. The concourse of spectators was so great, that many were severely hurt by the pressure of the crowd.

From authentic information, 1785."

Withington's Narrative, although worth preserving, seems to have been added here by the booksellers, merely to make up a volume; it might, with propriety, have afterwards been annexed to Terry's Voyage to East India, which was republished in 1777, the connection between these two with respect to time and circumstances being very obvious.

ARCANUS.

ART. XI. *The Accomplished Merchant. By a Merchant of London. Small 4to. pp. 24. no date.*

ART. XII. *The Merchant's Public Counting-House: or, New Mercantile Institution: wherein is shewn the*

the necessity of young merchants being bred to trade with greater advantages than they usually are. With a practicable plan for that purpose. Also some remarks on the benefit of this institution to the young nobility and gentry, and such who are intended for the study of the law. By Malachy Postlethwayt, Esq. The Plan to be carried into execution by him and Company. The Second Edition, with a Supplement. Addressed to all gentlemen, who intend to bring their sons up merchants. London: Printed for John and Paul Knapton, in Ludgate-street. 1751. *(Price three shillings.) Large 4to. pp.* 112.

The first of these tracts is a sketch printed, but not published, of a Plan of an Institution for the Education of Young Gentlemen intended for the Mercantile Profession. In the last the plan is fully developed, and, for the carrying it into execution, the sensible author (than whom no one could be better qualified for such an undertaking) informs the public that he had fixed upon a most desirable situation at the pleasant village of Waterside, near Hempsted in Hertfordshire. The mass of useful information and the many judicious observations with which this tract abounds, will amply repay the intelligent commercial man for the pains of perusal; but the plan not meeting with the encouragement expected by the proposer, it was laid aside. On the last page the author announces his "Universal Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," being then in such forwardness that it would begin to be published within a few months.

His first publication, after the completion of his celebrated

celebrated Dictionary, appears to be a small tract, bearing the following title:

"*A Short State of the Progress of the French Trade and Navigation: wherein is shewn, the great foundation that France has laid, by dint of Commerce, to increase her maritime strength to a pitch equal, if not superior, to that of Great Britain, unless somehow checked by the wisdom of his Majesty's councils. Humbly inscribed to His Royal Highness William, Duke of Cumberland. By Malachy Postlethwayt, Esq. Author of the Universal Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. London: Printed for J. Knapton, in Ludgate-street.* 1756. 8vo. *pp.* 90, *including the title and preface.*

In the preface, the author says, "A Person of Distinction, who does me the honour to peruse my Dictionary of Commerce, observing to me, that as he thought I had set in a true light the trade of France, their system of commercial policy, and the height to which they must, in consequence thereof, necessarily arrive in maritime power, if not soon effectually checked by Great Britain; so he judged it might be of public service, at this juncture, to throw out a short pamphlet, giving a summary of what I had said upon these points in the great work. I urged the insufficiency of any such short paper to answer the end proposed, but was overruled; and must refer those to the Dictionary who would be more satisfactorily informed upon this important subject. Giving a general account of the trade of France, is to little purpose; we must descend to something of a detail, it being impossible to form any idea thereof by general declamation;

tion; or to make any judgment of the great foundation that nation has really laid for the increase of her maritime force. This, I hope, will obviate any distaste against being so particular in the following papers, which are submitted, not to raise false alarms, but to put the nation on its guard, let either peace or war take place."

The succeeding product of the labours of this indefatigable advocate for the improvement of our national commerce and finances, was,

"*Great Britain's True System, &c.*" 8vo. 1757, of which an account has been given in CENSURA LITERARIA, Vol. I. p. 66.

This was quickly followed by

"*Britain's Commercial Interest explained and improved; in a series of dissertations on several important branches of her Trade and Police: containing a candid enquiry into the secret causes of the present Misfortunes of the Nation. With Proposals for their Remedy. Also the great advantages which would accrue to this Kingdom from an Union with Ireland. By Malachy Postlethwayt, Esq. Author of the Universal Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, &c. In two volumes. London: Printed for D. Browne, without Temple Bar; A. Millar in the Strand; J. Whiston and B. White, and W. Sandby, in Fleet-street,* 1757. 8vo."

In the Dedication to the Duke of Rutland, the following observations occur, which, to some readers, may appear not unworthy of notice at the present period, although half a century has elapsed since they were penned.

"It

"It is well enough known, my Lord, among mercantile world, what great gainers the Frenc present are by the neutrality of the Dutch, the H burghers, and their other carriers, while we gain by them. These neutralities serve the interes France far more than their acting with them as cipals in war could do; for these neutral carriers traders extend the commerce of France in time of more than she herself does in time of peace; and she loses in point of freight is amply compensat her savings by insurance. Our enemies thus carr on their commerce by means of neutral states, their mercantile shipping at leisure to be conv into private ships of war, and many of them ar come a part of the royal navy of France. Thus t neutralities augment the maritime force of Fra and uphold their revenues arising by trade in plight, while they tend to reduce ours, and rend less capable of annoying the commerce of the ene and the enemy more capable of annoying ours, bec we are chiefly our own carriers, run all risques selves, and our trade loaded with the heavy articl insurance, while that of France is exempt from burthen. It should seem therefore to appear, Lord Duke, that these neutralities put it out of power of our naval force to exert itself so much ag the commerce and navigation of the enemy, as enable the enemy to exert them against ours. policy in France, by increasing maritime neutrali will, it is to be feared, supply any supposed defici in their maritime force, when compared with o and, therefore, how long the enemy may, by su system, be able to carry on the war, is not easy to

nor what advantages they may reap, by having their naval strength at liberty to act offensively, while their trade is beneficially conducted by the arts and collusion of neutral states."

These volumes, which are replete with commercial and financial knowledge, appear to have closed the list of the author's publications, excepting a pamphlet, written in 1758, on occasion of the conquest of Senegal, entitled "*The Importance of the African Expedition*," &c. printed for Say, price two shillings, which I have never seen.

It is nothing short of a national reflection, that the labours of this intelligent and useful writer did not obtain the notice, during his lifetime, that they justly merited. In the present day, no attentive reader of his works can avoid perceiving how many of the plans first suggested by him have been since, at different periods, adopted by government, though, perhaps, not without improvements; of these, the raising the supplies, or a considerable part of them, within the year, and the union with Ireland, may be ranked amongst the most important. Had he lived and written thirty or forty years later, there is reason to believe he would not have had to complain so much of the neglect of ministers as he experienced too much cause for, but he wrote principally during the administrations of the Pelhams and their immediate successors; of which, the want of proper attention to men who devoted much of their time and talents to the benefit of the public, is one of the greatest blemishes; and is the more to be wondered at, as those ministers are generally allowed to have had the increase of commerce and the improvement of the national revenue

much at heart; but they had imbibed such strong prejudices against schemers, that they were too apt to slight every plan or suggestion offered to their consideration, by those who were represented to them as such; and I have been told by one who was in habits of intimacy with the sagacious writer under our notice, that he used to complain in feeling terms of the difficulties he had to encounter before he could obtain an audience of even a secretary to the Treasury, although his brother (James Postlethwayt, Esq.) was, at the time a favourite, and latterly the principal clerk of that board. I have reason to believe that he never received the smallest remuneration from government in any shape whatever, and that the profits of his various publications were far short of their merits. I retain a perfect recollection of his person, and of his manners, which were completely those of *a gentleman of the old school*. He died in 1767. His library, I believe, formed a part of Whiston and White's catalogue the following year. ARCANUS.*

ART. XIII. *A Handefull of pleasant Delites, &c.* 1584. 16*mo*.

The title of this miscellany having been given in CENSURA, Vol. I. p. 267, and the title only, I superadd the two following excerpts.

"I smile to see how you devise
New masking nets my eyes to blear;
Your self you cannot so disguise,
But as you are you must appear.

* The Editor returns his thanks to his sagacious and intelligent correspondent for these interesting communications.

Your

Your privy winks at board I see,
And how you set your roving mind;
Your self you cannot hide from me,
Although I wink I am not blind.

The secret sighs, and feigned cheer,
That oft doth pain thy carefull breast,
To me right plainly do appear;
I see in whom thy heart doth rest.

And though thou mak'st a feigned vow,
That love no more thy heart should nip,
Yet think, I know as well as thou,
The fickle helm doth steer the ship.

I see him smile that doth possess
Thy love, which once I honoured most;
If he be wise, he may well guess
Thy love soon won will soon be lost.

Therefore, leave off thy wonted play,
Since as thou art thou wilt appear,
Unless thou canst devise a way
To dark the sun that shines so clear.

And keep thy friend that thou hast won,
In truth to him thy love supply,
Lest he at length, as I have done,
Take off thy bells and let thee fly."

"*A Warning for Wooers.*

"Ye loving worms, come learn of me
The plagues to leave that linked be,
The grudge, the grief, the great annoy,
The fickle faith, the fading joy;
In time take heed;
In fruitless soil sow not thy seed;
Buy not with cost
The thing that yields but labour lost.

If Cupid's dart do chance to light
So that affection dims thy sight,
Then raise up reason by and by,
With skill thy heart to fortify:
Where is a breach,
Oft-times too late doth come the leach:
Sparks are put out,
When furnace flames do rage about.

Where Cupid's fort hath made a way,
There grave advice doth bear no sway;
Where Love doth reign and rule the roast,
There reason is exil'd the coast;
Like all, love none,
Except ye use discretion:
First try, then trust,
Be not deceiv'd with sinful lust.

Some love for wealth, and some for hue,
And none of both these loves are true;
For when the mill hath lost her sails,
Then must the miller lose his vails:
Of grass comes hay,
And flowers fair will soon decay:
Of ripe comes rotten,
In age all beauty is forgotten.

Some love too high and some too low,
And of them both great griefs do grow:
And some do love the common sort,
And common folk use common sport,
Look not too high,
Lest that a chip fall in thine eye:
But high or low,
Ye may be sure she is a shrew.

But, sirs, I use to tell no tales,
Each fish that swims doth not bear scales;

In

In every hedge I find not thorns,
Nor every beast doth carry horns:
I say not so,
That every woman causeth woe.
That were too broad!
Who loves not venom must shun the toad.

Who useth still the truth to tell,
May blamed be, though he say well;
Say crow is white, and snow is black,
Lay not the fault on woman's back:
Thousands were good,
But few scap'd drowning in Noe's flood:
Most are well bent;
I must say so, lest I be shent."

T. P.

ART. XIV. *The most ancient, and learned play, called The Philosopher's Game, invented for the honest recreation of the Studious. By W. F. Imprinted by Rowland Hall.* 1563. *b. l.* 16*mo.* 47 *leaves.*

Unfortunately there is a portrait of Lord R. Dudley on the back of the title-page of this little work, and as the pilfering Grangerites *must* be supplied, a perfect copy may shortly be reckoned unique. The above title is copied from the hand-writing of Dr. Farmer, which is more fully given in Herbert, p. 865. The work affords two new entries in the Bibliographia Poetica; that of the name of Roubothum, whose task seems to have been the dedication; and the author of the book's verdict, which may probably be assigned with justice to W. F. the translator.

By the dedication "to the Ryght Honorable, the Lord Robert Dudley, Maister of the Queene's Maiestie's Horse, Knight of the most honorable order of the Garter, and one of the Queene's Maiestie's Privie Counsell, James Roubothum heartelye wisheth longe life, with encrease of godly honour and eternall felicitie." This address is in thirty-seven quatrains, or divided Alexandrines; in which is the following account of the supposed inventor of Chess.

"Pithagoras did first invent
this play as it is thought:
And therby, after studies great,
his recreation sought.

Yea therby he would well refreshe
his studious wery braine:
And still in knowledge further wade,
and plye it to his gaine.

Accompting that a wicked play,
wherein a man leudely
Mispendes his tyme and wit also,
and no good getts thereby.

But greavously offendes the Lord:
and so in steed of rest,
With trouble and vexation great,
on every side is prest.

Most games and playes abused are,
and few do now remaine
In good and godly order, as
they ought to be certaine.

For why? all games should recreat
the hevy mynde of man;
And eke the body overlayde
with cares and troubles than.

Re-

But now in stead of pleasant mirth,
great passions do arise;
In stead of recreation now,
revengings we practise.

In stead of love and amitie,
long discords do appeare:
In stead of trueth and quietnes,
great othes and lyes we heare.

In stead of friendship, falsehode now,
mixed with cruell hate,
We finde to be in playes and games,
which dayly cause debate.

Pithagoras therfore I saye,
to make redresse herein,
Invented first this godly game,
therby to flie from sinne.

Since which time it continued hath,
in French and Latin eke,
Still exercisde with learned men,
their comfort for to seeke.

Wherby, without a further profe,
all men may be right sure,
That this game unto gramitie,
and wisdome doth allure.

Els would not that philosopher,
Pithagoras so wyse,
Have laboured with diligence,
this pastime to devyse.

Els would not so well learned men
have amplified the same,
From tyme to tyme, with travell great,
to bring it into fame."

At the end "Your Honour's most humble, James Roubothum." Then follows, "to the Reader. I dout not but some man of severe iudgement so soone as he hath ons read the title of this boke wyl immediatly sai, that I had more need to exhort men to worke, than to teach them to play; which censure if it procede not of such a froward morositie that can be content with nothing but that he doth himself, I do not only well admit, but also willingly submit myself therto. And if I could be persuaded that men at mine exhortation wold be more diligent to labour, I would not only write a treatise twise as long as this, but also thinke my whole time wel bestowed yf I did nothing els, but invent, speake, and write that which might exhort, move, and persuade them to the furtherance of the same.——If great emperours and mighty monarches of the world have not bene ashamed by wryting bookes to teache the art of dyceplaying, of all good men abhorred, and by all good lawes condemned; have I not some colour of defence, to teache the game, which so wyse men have invented, so learned men frequented, and no good man hath ever condemned?" At the end of the address the bookseller (Roubothum) announces,

"All things belonging to this game
for reason you may bye,
At the booke shop under Bochurch,
In Chepesyde redilye."

Then

Then follows a description of the philosopher's game (chess,) the parts, order, obsidion, and arithmetical movements, geometrical and musical proportion, triumphs, and incidental victories, interspersed with various wood-cuts and tables of numbers, concluding with a distich from Cato, at the end of

"*The bookes verdicte.*

"Wanting I have beene long truly,
In English language many a day;
Lo yet at last now here am I,
Your labours great for to delay,
And pleasant pastime you to showe,
Mynding your wits to move I trowe.

For though to mirth I do provoke,
Unto wisdome yet move I more:
Laying on them a pleasant yoke,
Wisdom I meane, which is the dore,
Of all good things and commendable,
Dout this I thinke no man is able:"

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XV. *Eliosto Libidinoso: described in two Bookes: wherein their imminent dangers are declared, who guiding the course of their life by the compasse of Affection, either dash their ship against most dangerous shelves, or else attaine the haven with extreame preiudice. Written by John Hynd.*

Hor. Art. Poet.

"Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ,
Aut simul & iucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ."

At London, printed by Valentine Simmes, and are to be sold by Nathaniel Butter. 1606. 8vo. *pp.* 95.

Dedicated

Dedicated "to the Right Honourable and truly innoble Lord, Philip Herbert, Earle of Mountgomery, and Baron of Shurland, &c. John Hind wisheth all happinesse that either this world affoords, or the heavens conteine"—one page;—and concludes "I desire but your favourable acceptance, and good opinion; wherewith protected, let the envious pursue me with never so virulent and austere constructions, I shal both contemne their persons, and disdeigne their iudgements. I know my owne worth, and am privie to their ignorance: where the wise and discreet sit as censors, there do I presume of favour: but where fooles give in their suppositions, there Jove's propitiation must be implored, unto whose benediction I commend you ever more. Your Honour's in all dutie, John Hind."

"Ad Lectorem," seven lines, sig. "Johannes Hind."

"Verses in praise of the booke," thirteen lines, blank verse, sig. "Alexander Burlacy, Esquire."

The following is a brief sketch of the author's tale. Amasius, king of the isle of Cyprus, had by his wife Philoclea the hero Eliosto, during whose infancy Philoclea dies, and Amasius afterwards marries Cleodora. Amasius becoming the slave of his passions, seeks in the society of various women for the enjoyment of them, while his wife, being neglected, fixes most unnaturally on her son in law Eliosto to fall in love with; who becoming equally enamoured, a guilty intercourse ensues; and being finally discovered, they are condemned and executed on a scaffold. Amasius is left to quietly enjoy his throne and erect "a stately mausoleum to bee the common bedde of those bodies, whose hearts (when they were alive) were so firmely

conioyned

conioyned together." There is a short but equally tragical episode, also depicting illicit love, at the beginning of the second book.

Six pieces of poetry are interspersed in the volume, of which four appear to be written by the author. As a specimen of the powers of his Muse, take "this passionate dittie."

"I rashly vow'd (fond wretch why did I so?)
When I was free, that Love should not inthrall me:
Ah foolish boast, the cause of all my woe,
And this misfortune that doth now befall me.
Love's God incens'd, did sweare that I should smart;
That done, he shot, and strooke me to the heart.

Sweet was the wound, but bitter was the paine,
Sweet is the bondage to so faire a creature,
If coie thoughts doe not Beautie's brightnesse staine,
Nor crueltie wrong so divine a feature.
Love, pittie me, and let it quite my cost,
By Love to finde, what I by Love have lost.

Heav'n's pride, Earth's wonder, Nature's peerlesse choice,
Fair harbour of my soule's decaying gladnesse,
Yield him some ease, whose faint and trembling voice,
Doth sue for pittie overwhelm'd with sadnesse.
In thee it rests, faire saint, to save or spill
His life, whose love is ledde by Reason's will."

Of the other two pieces, the first is inserted as "a fancie which that learned author N. B. hath dignified with respect." And the last as a "Roundelay, which seems borrowed of a worthy writer." The initials of the learned author there is little difficulty in assigning to Nicholas Breton; and I shall conclude with his performance.

"Among

"Among the groves, the woods and thickets,
The bushes, brambles, and the briers,
The shrubbes, the stubbes, the thornes, and prickets
The ditches, plashes, lakes and mires;

Where fish nor fowle, nor bird nor beast,
Nor living thing may take delight,
Nor reason's rage may looke for test,
Till heart be dead of hatefull spight;

Within the cave of care unknowne,
Where hope of comfort all decayes,
Let me with sorrow sit alone
In dolefull thoughts to end my dayes.

And when I heare the stormes arise,
That troubled ghosts doe leave the grave;
With hellish sounds of horror's cries,
Let me goe look out of my cave.

And when I feele what paines they bide,
That doe the greatest torments prove,
Then let not me the sorrow hide,
That I have suffer'd by my love.

Where losses, crosses, care and griefe,
With ruthfull, spitefull, hatefull hate,
Without all hope of hap's reliefe,
Doe tugge and teare the heart to naught;
But sigh, and say, and sing, and sweare,
It is too much for one to beare."

Conduit street. *J.* I

ART. XVI. *Amygdala Britannica, Almonds of Parrets. A Dish of Stone-fruit, partly shell and partly unshel'd; which (if crack'd, pick*

an

and well digested) may be wholsome against those Epidemick Distempers of the Brain, now predominant; and prevent some malignant diseases likely to ensue. Composed heretofore by a well-knowne moderne author; and now published, according to a Copie found written with his own Hand. Qui bene latuit, bene vixit. Matth. xiii. 13, 14, 15. [The three verses quoted.] *Annno CIↃ IↃ CXLVII. 4to. Double Col. pp.* 10.

A prophetical rhapsody, by George Wither, in 890 lines, of which he gives the following account.

" When Wisemen found plain dealing did offend,
In hieroglyphicks they their musings pen'd;
And to the meek conveighed in a cloud
The light, which was disdained by the proud;
That so the scorner bearing might not hear,
Nor seeing, see what plainly doth appear;
For just it is, that they should lose their sight,
Who would not see their safety when they might.
'Tis much observed, that this generation
Hath taken up the Parret's inclination;
Who loves on shells to exercise his beak,
And words not understood delights to speak;
We therefore (since the labour may be spar'd)
For private entertainment have prepar'd
This dish of Stone-fruits; whereof there are some,
That yield a kernell, better then the plumb;
And such that if they well digested bee,
Will clear their eyes, who have a mind to see.
Here, till affairs are wholly mis-transpos'd,
You shall perceive, in parables disclos'd,
Upon what actions, and contingencies,
The fortune of this British Empire lies;

And

And by what symptoms you may truly know,
Which way the publick fate will ebb, or flow.
Thus he conceives who seriously hath weigh'd
Those things; and in these words his thoughts away

After this introduction the poem proceeds.

" All things terestial have their dates,
Kings, kingdoms, and the greatest states;
And warnings do appear to some
Of all such changes ere they come;
Whereby, were timely means essay'd,
Plagues might be scaped or allay'd;
And, peradventure, to that use
This which ensueth may conduce.——
A time draws near in which you may,
As you shall please, the Chess-men play;
Remove, confine, undo, or take,
Dispose, depose, undo, or make,
Pawn Rook, Knight, Bishop, Queen, or King,
And act your wills in every thing:
But if that time let slip you shall,
For yesterday in vain you call.
A time draws near, in which the sun
Will give more light than he hath done;
Then also, you shall see the moon
Shine brighter than the sun at noon;
And many stars, now seeming dull,
Give shadows like the moon at full.
Yet then shall some, who think they see,
Wrapt in Egyptian darkness be.
A time draws near, when with your blood,
You shall preserve the viper's brood,
And starve your own; yet fancy than,
That you have play'd the Pelican:
And when you think the frozen snakes
Have chang'd their natures, for your sakes,

T

They in requital, will contrive
Your mischief, who did them revive.——
——— that discern you may
When these approach; and which are they;
And what to do when they are known,
Here they in easy types are shown;
Or by those tokens, which fore-hint
What you should labour to prevent.
When you see many things effected,
Which were not feared, nor suspected;
The mountains sink, the vallies clime,
Stars rise and set before their time,
Gross meteors, from the mud exhal'd,
To highest spheres and planets call'd;
And utter darknes termed light,
Then bid your happy days good night.——
When you shall see Death richly clad
With what the living should have had;
And then behold a church bespread
With rags, and reliques of the dead;
Exposing that to open scorn,
Which was in publick triumph born;
If then, with seriousnes you heed
The simple doer, and the deed,
It shall occasion shame to some,
Who thought much honour'd to become;
And let a just occasion in
To rake up what might hid have bin.
When blocks, and stones, offence shall take,
And riots in your cities make,
Beware: for if heed be not took,
A spark shall casually be strook
From some rough flint, which will devour
Your wealth, your glory, and your power;
That future times may not despise,
The wrath and spleen of ants and flies.——

Ere

Ere long the welfare of this nation
Upon a ticklish point will stand;
And, at that time, if you perceive
The body representative
Act by two factions, and admit
Their grandees to invassall it,
To their designs, and captivate
Their equalls, you, shall, after that,
Find little comfort till you see
Extracted a third party bee
From out of those, to search into
Their actions, and with courage do
As they find cause; but then you shall
Perceive a turn will joy you all.
And to draw nearer to the But,
At which all these our shafts are shot,
When those two diamonds of this land,
Which are the basis whereon stand
The public welfare, polish shall
Each other; and quite rub off all
The rotten pieces, rags, and flawes,
Which discesteem upon them draws;
And perfect make in every thing
Our ancient threefold *Gimell-ring*,
That's lately broke; then, you shall see
A change, that worth your praise will be:
And he that gives you stones to crack,
Which cause perhaps your hearts to ake,
Will, when that blessed season comes,
Give you a dish of sugr-plumbs.
But know that while this Emperie
Neglects her triple-trinitie;
To wit, three realms beneath one throne,
Within each realm three states in one;
And Godhead one in persons three,
You shall not without trouble be;

Or possibly attain to that
Which your well-willer aimeth at,
Till you shall purely God adore,
And to the common use restore
At least th' Essentials of that power,
Which makes your earthly-saving tower;
Which much the stronger might be made,
And fairer too, if you could add,
To strengthen and adorn the same,
Some parts of the Venetian frame.——"

These extracts are fully sufficient to gratify curiosity, and the author has already occupied a larger space in the CENSURA than has been assigned to works of more interest, and writers of superior merit.

The two former tracts noticed by me were given conformably to the list in Wood, but I am inclined to assign the "Opobalsamum Anglicanum" precedence of "What Peace to the Wicked." The first commences with reference to the "Vox Pacifica," then lately published; notices the victories of Fairfax, which were early in 1646; and concludes with the humble strain of a suffering supplicant: while the conclusion of the last is in the rank strain of contempt and defiance, and his "take this and consider of it till more comes," implies a threat to awaken fear for the purpose of accomplishing that by other means, which he had not succeeded in by passive submission. The doubt is scarcely worth solving.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XVII. *Carmen Expostulatorium: or a timely Expostulation with those both of the city of London, and the present Armie, who have either endeavoured to ingage these kingdoms in a second warre, or neglected the prevention thereof. Intended for averting (if it may be possible) of that generall destruction thereby threatened; and to that purpose, hastily (upon the immergent occasion) published by Geo. Wither. 2 Cor. xi. 19. Suffer fools gladly, seeing ye your selves are wise. Printed in the Yeare CIↃ IↃ C xlvii.* 4to. 14 leaves.

Rather more than 870 lines from this fluent writer, in which he inquires "have you crack'd all your Almonds?" and alludes, I conceive, to the same tract afterwards;

> "As you by *Riddles* intimation had,
> Though you of them but small accompt have made,"

This expostulation must have issued from the press about August 1647, as "the immergent occasion" was the approach of Cromwell with the army to the metropolis; and the arrival of the detachment under the command of Rainsborow and Hewson, at Southwark, appears to have suspended the labours of the poet.

> "——————— I have more,
> Yea many things materiall, yet in store;
> But, whil'st this *line* is writing, I am told,
> Our *line* is enter'd and our southerne-holds
> And therefore here I pawse,"

Conduit street. J. H.

ART.

NT. XVIII. *A Scourge for Paper-Persecutors; or*
Paper's Complaint, compil'd in ruthfull rimes,
Against the Paper-Spoilers of these times.

By J. D. With a continued just Inquisition of the same subject for this season; against Paper-Persecutors. By A. H. Printed at London for H. H. and G. G. and are to be sold at the Golden Flower Deluce in Pope's-head Alley, 1625. 4to. 18 leaves.

Wood makes a quære (in Ath. Oxon. I. 556) whether s was not written by John Donne? and Mr. War- (in Hist. E. P. IV. 85) seems disposed to con- er Wood's conjecture as well founded. But the is, that this lively pasquinade on the literature of times, was printed in the *Scourge of Folly*, (about 11) a collection of epigrams penned by John Davies Hereford, to whom the present piece must there- be assigned. Both publications have in their title- a neat cut of Wit scourging Folly, who is horsed on the back of Time.

Mr. Warton, whose consummate taste and discrimi- ive judgment may on all occasions be implicitly ted, has described this piece to be written with me humour, and has given a specimen of the ridi- bestowed on our early chroniclers for their minute tails of unimportant events. The following sarcasm ems levelled at Churchyard's *Chips and Worthiness Wales*. It must be remembered that this is PAPER's mplaint.

" One rales me with coarse rimes and *chips* them call,
Offals of wit: a fire burne them all!
And then to make the mischiefe more compleate,
He blots my brow with verse as blacke as jeat;

Wherein he shewes where *Ludlow* hath her seite,
And how her horse-high market-house is pight:
Yet not so satisfied, but on he goes,
And where one Berrie's meane house stands, he shewes."

Shakespeare's poem of Venus and Adonis is probably here stigmatised, with Davies's own amatory sonnets entitled *Witties Pilgrimage*

"Another (ah, harde happe) mee vilifies
With art of love, and how to subtilize,
Making lewd *Venus* with eternal lines,
To tie *Adonis* to her love's designes.
Fine wit is shewn therein: but finer 'twere,
If not attired in such bawdy geare.
And thou, O poet! that dost pen my plaint,
Thou art not scot-free from my just complaint:
For thou hast plaid thy part with thy rude pen,
To make us both ridiculous to men."

Stubbes, Jonson, and Decker, claim the following gibe.

"Some burden me, sith I oppresse the stage,
With all the grosse *abuses* of this age,
And presse me after, that the world may see
(As in a soiled glasse) her selfe in me:
Where *each man in* and *out of's humour* pries
Upon himselfe, and laughs untill he cries:
Untrussing humorous poets, and such stuffe
As might put plainest patience in a ruffe."

In the "Inquisition," or imitative continuation of Paper's Complaint, by A. H. the following censure may have been applied to Clapham's Briefe of the Bible's History, or Wastell's Microbiblion, and the commendation,

commendation, to Sylvester, and other translators of Du Bartas.

"Others dare venture a divincr straine,
And *rime* the BIBLE, whose foule feete profane
That holy ground, that wise men may decide,
The Bible ne're was more apochryphide
Than by their bold excursions. *Bartas*, thee
And thy translatours I absolve thee free
From this my imputation; who in lines,
Deserving to be studied by divines,
Didst maske thy sacred furie, whose rare wit
Did make the same another Holy Writ:
Who, be it spoken to thy lasting praise,
Gav'st Sunday-rayment to the *Working-dayes*."

Other satiric shafts are directed against some of the poetasters of that time, and against the folly which gave encouragement to fraudulence, whence the author declares,

"*England* is all turn'd *Yorkshire*, and the age
Extremely sottish, or too nicely sage."

T. P.

ART. XIX. *The Letting of Humour's blood in the head-vaine: with a new Morisco, daunced by seaven Satyres upon the bottome of Diogenes' tubbe. At London printed by W. White for W. F.* 1600. Sm. 8vo.

This was reprinted in 1611 with the same title, and about the same time with the following.

Humor's Ordinarie. Where a man may be verie merrie, and exceeding well used for his sixe-pence.

At London, printed for William Firebrand, and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's-head Pallace, right over against the Taverne doore, 4to.

To the later edition of these epigrams and satires, some verses to the reader are signed Samuell Rowlands; of whom this seems to be the only remaining memorial, that he was "one of the minor poets who lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. and perhaps later." * From Ritson's Bibliographia, p. 317, it will be perceived that he was the presumed author of fifteen publications in verse and prose, differing very widely from each other in their subject and design. The satiric medley now before me is particularly noticed by Mr. Warton in his poetic history, Vol. IV. where several extracts from it may be seen. The following is here added, on account of its relation to that celebrated English *buffo* Richard Tarleton, who, as Bastard said in his Epigrams, "was extol'd for that which all despise." He died in 1588, as appears from the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch. †

EPIG. XXX.

"When Tarlton ‡ clown'd it in a pleasant vaine,
And with conceits did good opinion gaine
Upon the stage, his merry humor's shop,
Clownes knew the Clowne by his great clownish clop;

* Percy's Reliques, III. 117.

† See Mr. Henry Ellis's very curious History of Shoreditch, p. 311.

‡ In Vitzgeffry's Affinia and Peacham's Thalia's Banquet, epigrams occur on Tarleton, and a Latin epitaph "Richardo Tarltono Comœdorum principi," will be found in Stradling's Epigrams, 1607.

But

But now they're gull'd, for present fashion sayes—
Dicke Tarleton's part gentlemen's breeches playes:
In every streete where any gallant goes,
The swagg'ring slop is Tarlton's clownish hose."

The Satires are six in number. In the fourth occurs the following catalogue of country sports, which may serve to elucidate some of the engravings in Mr. Strutt's amusing volume entitled *Glig-Gamena Angel-Deod*.

"Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
To jumpe or leape over a ditch or hedge,
To wrastle, play at stpole-ball, or to runne,
To pitch the barre, or to shoote off a gunne,
To play at loggets, nine-holes, or ten-pinnes,
To try it out at foote-ball by the shinnes;
At tick tacke, Irish noddy, maw and ruffe,
At hot-cockles, leap-frog, or blindman-buffe;
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole can,
To play at base, or pen and ink-horne, Sir Jhan:
To dance the morris, play at barly-breake,
At all exploits a man can thinke or speake,
At shove-groat, venter point, or crosse and pile,
At beshrew him that's last at yonder stile;
At leaping ore a Midsommer bone-fier,
Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer. *
At any of these, or all these presently,
Wag but your finger, I am for you, I:
I scorne (that am a youngster of our towne)
To let a Bow-bell cockney put me downe."

T. P.

* This unknown pastime seems to have been used as a proverbial phrase, and occurs in Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet.

"Tut! Dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire."

ART. XX. *Meditations and Praiers, gathered out of the sacred letters and vertuous writers: disposed in fourme of the Alphabet of the Queene, her most excellent Maiestie's Name. Whereunto are added comfortable consolations (drawen out of the Latin) to afflicted mindes.*

"Multæ tribulationes Justorum, et de omnibus liberabit eos Dominus." PSAL. xxxiv.

"The head of vertue is the feare of God, which goeth with the chosen woman, and is knowen of the righteous and faithfull: She filleth the whole house with her riche gifts, and the garners with her treasure." ECCLUS. i.

Imprinted at London, in Fleetestreet, by Henry Wykes, No date. b. l. 8vo. extending to K. folding in fours.

At the back of the title is the following acrostic.

E. "Electe by will of mightie Iove
in royall roumth to sitte,
L. Livinge in chaste Diana's lawe,
with sacred Salvas witte,
I. Iuno dispaide with stately rule,
hath yeelded heavenly mace;
Z. Zenobia serves, wise Pallas sues,
faire Venus seekes her grace,
A. Apollo with his heavenly dome
wantes wisedome to define:
B. Bound if shee be to Nature's lawe
or if shee be divine,
E. Empiringe us unworthy wightes,
whose gratitude inie gaine,
T. That our renowmed Elizabeth
H. Here Nestor's yeeres mais rayne."

The dedication and this rhyme address to Elizabeth are in character with an "old courtier of the Queen's."

The

The writers of that period emulated to pour forth adulatory incense, overstrained compliments, and the most ridiculous panegyrics imagination could devise. With our author, Sir John Conway, Knight, the fashion of the times appears only a secondary motive, for the bombastic strain of flattery, carried through the dedication, is interwoven, in every sentence, with proclaiming his own loyalty and asserting his innocence of the charge for which he was then suffering imprisonment; a circumstance unnoticed in the brief memoirs of the author in my possession. The crime should seem of no small magnitude by the severity of his confinement, during which this work was "gathered without pen or paper," being, as he rather obscurely states, written on his trencher "with leathy pensell of leade."

From the dedication the extracts are rather long, as being the most curious part of the volume; it is "To the highe, puissant, renoumed princesse of al vertue, our moste redoubted Soveraigne Lady Elizabeth, of England, Fraunce, and Irelande, Queene, Defendour of the Christian Faithe; your Maiestie's trew and loyall servant, John Conwaye, prayeth all thinges beseeminge the height of your royall desent, imperiall crowne, and dreadfull dignitie."

"Prayer,"* says the author, "deckinge man's brickle body, in glory," &c. "with able force to encounter the wicked serpent, against whose malignities, as the heavenly giftes of prudente skill, and learninge are shrined in royal seat of your unspotted life, associate with moste lowely nature the true victors of regall renowne, exercisinge eche vertue in proper

* This passage the Editor pretends not to understand. *Editor.*

kinde

kinde, that iustly maie procure you everlastinge rewarde of undefiled battaile: so, under bulwarke of those angelical beauties, pearsinge higheste poincte of starry firmamente, and mounte Isaie of heavenly humilities, universally resoundinge all Europe, and making Englande specially blessed: am emboldened to laye before your Highnes these woordes of Salomon, &c. Great is the force of prayer to a Prince that loveth it, greater to him that useth it, greatest to him that needeth it: the comforte whereof (most puissant Prince) holdeth backe my over-feebled spirite, from her last steppe to that uglye hell of desperation, deminge there was never earst infelicitie in any degree, equall to mine, whose foes, by sinister suggestions, have not onely usurped the rewarde of my single intent and true service, but Zoylus hath stirred the ministers of your heavy wrathe against mee, to the abandoninge of my desired libertie, suppression, with utter ruine, of my poore sequell, and buried my halfe livinge carkas in the grave of deepe forgetfulnesse, where my voice is hoarsed with cryinges, and my tongue fainted with uttering the griefe of my sorrowfull minde: no doubte, a iuste scourge to the hidden faultes of my past life: but to the very case of my committinge, wherein I am wounded, maimed, wronged and loste, it needeth a true confession, and not a false defense, in any thinge by mee thought or donne, to the preiudice of your royall person, crowne, state, or dignitie, I professe before the Almighty as innocent as the childe unseperate his mother's intrayles. Teste seipso, whose wrath I crave in judgement to my thoughts, of any harme to your Highnesse, wherein amidst my sorrowes, yet I ioye, sithence my miserable matter concerns your

Excellencie,

Excellencie, and my punishment, at your noble pleasure continued or released, which, in weary state, I attende, powringe my pittiful plaintes before the Maiestie of the highest, to dissolve your woorthy harte to unaccustomed lenitie, and to fortifie aboade of those sweete woordes in your royall breaste, rendred to a sely suiter, that your Highnesse would ioye with any inferior of my friendes, in the triall of my trathe. What more woorthely beautifieth the Maiestie of kingly rule, advaunceth wisedome to her highest steppe of glory, or can so sweetely make the chiefe harmonie of all good government, as against the wofull afflicted, to deliver clemencie; to eache offender, mercie; to the vertuous rewarde; and in causes doubtful to suspende iudgemente. Truely, these are they which not onely satisfie the heavens and earth with a right aspecte of divine Iustice, but are chiefe moouers, that the longe abandoned virgin Astrea hath resigned sacred seate, to become your handmayde to highe glory, through all Provinces, and strengthneth my feeble partes amid these conflicting daies, encreasing chiefe delight, to nourishe healthe against infection of place, ubi

Unda locusque nocent, & causa valentior istis,
Anxietas animi, quæ mihi semper adest ——

Havinge gathered without penne, or paper, this handfull of pietifull praiers, that geve my pining ghoste her best solace; which effect I laie before your feete; to whiche boldnesse (most triumphant Prince) if you adde desired pardon, allowinge the ripe grayne of my good will in the rudenesse of this roughe acte, I shall deeme my selfe thrise happy, and imboldened to presente your Excellency with the larger partes of my

imployed

employed travel, which, I truste, shall better agree your Highnesse farther bidinge, and would have made it my rather oblation, in steede of this small peece, but that I wante apte instrumentes to publishe the same, and contagion of place, that ofte annoyeth, and depriveth my sences their duetifull office, but shall never enforce mee from the bounden duetie of true allegiance— Your Maiestie's in triple bondes of homage, J. GOWAY."

In the address "to the reader," speaking of the work, he says, "chiefely have I wrought the same, privileaged through the zealous love my gratious governesse hathe in al vertue, to approche her stately presence, as the image of my dewtifull memorye, boaste of my true loyaltie, and viewe of my deepe mysery. Consequently beinge tormented with infinite troubles, broken with the ankor of many cares, estrayned of libertie, spurned of fortune, forsaken of healthe, foregotten of friends, couched in cave of deepe foregetfulnesse, my faithfull service misconstrued, sinister practices allowed, my true loyaltye thereby suspected, and with my renowmed Soveraigne sinisterly defaced; emonge these rigorous rages of rankours raigne, emong these fretting furies of fickle, blind, and frowarde fortune, emong these cruel chaunces of worldely choking calamities, emong these sturdie strivinge streames of stubborne stormye state, sith I finde nothinge that geeveth my consuming care has comfort, but only praier, &c. &c. yet knowe from mee, howe hardly I have beene distressed in gatheringe the same to thy behoofe, bothe annoyed with anxietie of minde, by condition of place, and ofte takinge my diet without use of any trencher (beinge

(beinge estranged all other meanes) thereon with leathy pensell of leade, to bringe to thy gratefull hand this small quantitie of spirituall foode, wherein I have not fedde thee with sugred sapo distillinge from Parnasso. I hold it an unpleasaunte discorde in heavenly harmony: not because Mercurie bathed him in Argos bloudde, doo I refuse his ayde, but bicause I am taught by the apostle, that faithe is not grounded in the bewtie of oratour's eloquence, ne yet in pride of painted woordes, but onely in divine grace, and guiftes. This posye of flowred praiers beareth no pleasure for Pallas knightes: neither will I looke that any Amphion, whiche will build a newe Thebes, with the concorde of his muse wil lend it likinge: to please such truely passeth my sclender skill."

Then follow scripture sentences, &c. and the prayers disposed by the Queen's name, in a manner not worth describing, with the "Sententiæ Divinæ." There are two engraved pages, duplicates, at the beginning and end of the volume, with a variety of Latin sentences disposed on a circle and on fancifully twisted garters.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XXI. MEMOIR OF ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

St. Peter's Complaint newly augmented, with other poems; with Mary Magdalen's funerall Teares, the Triumphs over Death, and Short Rules of Good Life.

Life. London, Printed for W. Barret. 1620. 16mo.* [title imperfect.]

ROBERT SOUTHWELL was of a good family, and born at St. Faith's, in Norfolk. He was sent over young to the University at Douay, where he became alumnus of the English college. At the age of sixteen he was received into the Society of Jesus at Rome, and during his novicesship, having gone through a course of philosophy and divinity with considerable credit, was afterwards made prefect of the studies in the English college there. During that period he applied himself closely to the study of his native language, and "proved no small proficient, as the elegant pieces, both in prose and verse, which he has published, abundantly demonstrate."

* "Saint Peter's Complaint with other poems." Imp. by J. Wolfe, Lond. 1595. Idem. Imp. by James Roberts for Gab. Cawood, Lond. 1595. Idem (says Dodd in Church Hist. of England) Lond. and St. Omer's, 1597. † Idem. Imp. by J. R. for G. C. Lond. 1597. Idem. "Newly augmented with other poems. London, printed by H. L. for William Leake, and are to be sold at his shop in Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the Holy Ghost." 4to. no date. pp. 77. Idem, newly augmented &c. Pr. by W. Stansby for W. Barret. Idem, "with Saint Mary Magdalen's funerall teares, and sundri other devoted and devout poemes by the R. Father Robert Southwell, priest of the society of Jesus. Permittit Superiorum. St. Omer's or Douay, 1620." Idem "with the triumphs over Death, ‡ and short rules of good life. Printed for W. Barret, and J. Haviland. Lond. 1620. [With an engraved title as "printed by J. Haviland, sould by Robert Allott 1630, 1634."

† Wood's Athenæ Oxon. V. I. 514, has the edition Lond. 1597. "Saint Peter's Complaint, with other poems. Edinburgh, printed by Robert Walde-grave, printer to the King's Majestie. Cum Privilegio Regali." 4to. no date. pp. 63.

‡ "Triumphs over Death"—separate. Printed by V. S. for J. Busbie, 1595, 4to.

In

In 1584 he came as a missionary into England, and appears to have been well received by those of the Catholic persuasion; particularly Anne Countess of Arundel, with whom he chiefly resided, till "he was betrayed" in July 1592, and apprehended at Uxenden in Middlesex, about seven miles from London. He was "committed to a dungeon in the Tower so noisome and filthy, that when he was brought out at the end of the month, to be examined, his cloaths were quite covered with vermin."

From this rigorous treatment his father petitioned Elizabeth, praying that "as he was a gentleman, he should be treated as a gentleman;" which application being attended to, a better lodging was assigned him, and leave to be supplied with necessaries and books. Of the last he only required the Bible and works of St. Bernard.

After remaining in prison near three years, and racked ten several times, it is stated "a resolution was taken on a sudden in the council to have him executed." He was accordingly removed from the Tower to Newgate, and tried at the bar of the King's Bench, Westminster, the 20th of February, 1595; when, being condemned, he suffered "on account of his priesthood," the following day at Tyburn. From the unskilfulness of the hangman, in not applying the noose properly, he is supposed to have hung some time before he was strangled.

This account of the author is principally derived from the Memoirs of Missionary Priests and other Catholics that have suffered death in England, by Bishop Challoner. Unfortunately, it is drawn up with such a strong religious bias, that it appears to have been dictated by other views than those of giving a plain

plain unvarnished biographical relation. It is succeeded by a further statement of his trial, from a Latin manuscript kept in the archives of the English College at St. Omers. Southwell forced that proceeding on, by sending an epistle to the Lord Treasurer Cecil, entreating he "might either be brought upon his trial to answer for himself, or, at least, that his friends might have leave to come and see him." The Treasurer answered, "that if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire."

At the time of the trial Southwell was interrogated by the judge as to his age, when he replied "that he was about the same age as our Saviour, viz. thirty-three," which places his birth in 1562; but Mr. PARK, (who published a succinct memoir of the author in the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1798,) appears to have met with sufficient authority for fixing his birth in 1560, and also of his being prefect of the English college in 1585, a year after his arrival (as above stated) in England. If such an indecorous answer as the above was given by Southwell, though it betrayed an inordinate priestly vanity, it must be deemed conclusive of his age.

Mr. PARK added to his account an accurate list of the various editions of the author's works, which has been inserted in the notes on the present article.

Southwell, as a writer, was first rescued from unmerited oblivion by Mr. Waldron,* who reprinted several

* See appendix to the Sad Shepherd, 1783. To the same Editor the public is indebted for a volume called the "Literary Museum," published in 1792; a laudable attempt to reprint scarce and valuable tracts: the [illegible] want of sufficient encouragement the design ended with a few numbers, which

several specimens of his poems, some of which have since appeared in the selections of the late Mr. Headley, and of Mr. Ellis.*

The volume, from which this article is taken, has five several title-pages; and forms the most extensive collection of Southwell's pieces.

It is dedicated "To the Right Honorable, Richard Earl of Dorset, &c." by the printer, "as the author thereof had long since dedicated some peeces of the whole to sundrie particular branches of that noble stocke, and familie (whereof your Lordship is, and long may you be a strong and flourishing arme!) so now my selfe having first collected these dismembred peeces into one body, and published them in an entire edition;"—concluding "at your Lordship's service, W. Baret." Then follows the usual introduction to Saint Peter's Complaint of "The Author to his Loving Cousin;" wherein he says "I have here layd a few coarse threeds together, to invite some skilfuller wits to go forward in the same, or to begin some finer peece, wherein it may be seene how well verse and vertue sute together;" and ends, "I send you these few ditties: adde you the tunes, and let the meane, I pray you, be still a part in all your musicke."

The Author to the Reader.

Mirror eye, that doest peruse my Muse's style,
Till in easie censure deeme of my delight;
Give sobrest count'nance leave sometime to smile,
And gravest wits to take a breathing flight;

* whilst they afterwards sold collectively. The want of the modern aid of wood-cuts, and the embellishments of the graver, gave little hope of a sale sufficient to satisfy the immediate demand of the printer.

* The length of this article has precluded some specimens that were selected for insertion.

Of mirth to make a trade may be a crime,
But tyred spirits for mirth must have a time.

The loftie eagle soars not still above,
High flights will force her from the wing to stoope,
And studious thoughts at times men must remove,
Lest by excesse before their time they droope;
In coarser studies 'tis a sweet repose,
With poet's pleasing vaine to temper prose.

Profane conceits and faining fits I flie,
Such lawlesse stuffe doth lawlesse speches fit,
With David verse to vertue I apply,
Whose measure best with measured words doth fit:
It is the sweetest note that man can sing,
When grace in Vertue's key tunes Nature's string."

Then follows "Rursus ad eundem," in four six-line stanzas. This appears to have been the author's favourite measure, and is used in the following enumerated pieces, except otherwise noticed. "Saint Peter's Complaint," 132 stanzas, mentioned by Mr. Waldron, from some error of his printer, as containing 136 stanzas. "Marie Magdalen's blush," six stanzas. "Marie Magdalen's Complaint at Christ's Death," seven stanzas. "Times go by turnes," four stanzas. "Looke Home," four stanzas. "Fortune's Falshood," ten quatrains. "Scorne not the least," four stanzas. "The Nativitie of Christ," four stanzas. "Christ's Childhood," three stanzas. "A Child my Choice," four four-line stanzas, of which the follow-is the first.

"Let folly praise that fancie loves;
I praise and love that child,
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,
Whose hand no deed defil'd.

I praise

I praise him most, I love him best
All praise and love is his:
While him I love, in him I live,
And cannot live amisse."

"Content and rich," seventeen quatrains. "Love servile lot," nineteen quatrains. "Life is but Losse," seven stanzas. "I dye alive," four four-line stanzas. "What ioy to live," five stanzas. "Life's Death Love's Life," eight quatrains. "At home in Heaven," seven stanzas. "Lewd Love is losse," seven stanzas. Love's Garden Griefe," in five six-line stanzas beginning,

"Vaine loves avaunt, infamous is your pleasure,
Your joy deceit;
Your jewels, jests, and worthlesse trash your treasure.
Fool's common bait.
Your pallace is a prison that allureth
To sweet mishap, and rest that paine procureth."

"From Fortune's reach," four stanzas. "A Fancy turned to a sinner's complaint," thirty-eight quatrains. "David's Peccavi," five stanzas. "Sinne's heavie load," seven stanzas. "Joseph's amazement," fourteen stanzas. "New Prince, new pompe," twenty-eight lines. "The Burning Babe," thirty-two lines. "New Heaven, new Warre," eight stanzas.

1. *Maconie; or certain excellent poems and spiritual Hymnes, composed by R. S. London, Printed for W. Barrett.* *

This

* "Maconie; or certaine excellent Poems and Spirituall Hymnes, omitted in the last impression of Peter's Complaint; being needefull thereunto to be annexed, as being both divine and wittie. All composed by R. S.

This part contains—"The Virgine Marie's Conception," three stanzas. "Her Nativitie," three stanzas. "Her Spousals," three stanzas. "The Virgin's Salutation," three stanzas. "The Visitation," three stanzas. "His Circumcision," three stanzas. "The Epiphanie," four stanzas. "The Presentation," three stanzas. "The Flight into Egypt," three stanzas. "Christ's bloudy Sweat," two stanzas. "Christ's sleeping friends," seven stanzas. "The Virgin Mary to Christ on the Crosse," twenty-eight quatrains. "An holy Hymne," eight stanzas. "S. Peter's afflicted mind," six quatrains. "S. Peter's remorse," fifteen quatrains. "Man to the wound in Christ's side," seven quatrains. "Upon the image of death," nine stanzas. "A vale of teares," seventy-six lines in alternate rhime. "The prodigall child's roule-wracke," sixty lines, in quatrain rhyme. "Man's civill warre," thirty-two quatrains. "Seek flowers of heaven," twenty-four lines.

*3. Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares. Jeremie, chap. vi. verse 26. Luctum unigeniti fac tibi planctum amarum. London. Printed for W. Barret.**

London, printed by V. Simmes for John Busbie, 1595," 4to. 98. 32. "Poems on the Mystery of Christ's Life." (Dodd's Church History.) Lond. 1595. [Probably the same as Macolm.] Idem (Harleian, 1288) Lond. 1596. Idem Lond. by A. L. for W. Leake," 4to, no date.

* Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares, Jeremie, &c. At London, printed for William Leake, dwelling in Paule's Church-yard, at the sign of the Holy Ghost, 1609, 4to. 46 leaves. Idem (Dodd Ch. Hist.) Dewey [no date.] Idem. With some alterations to make it read easy, by the Rev. W. Tasker. (Some of Dr. Watts's short poems are annexed.) Lond. 1772.

"A dedication

A dedication "to the Worshipfull and vertuous Gentlewoman, Mistresse D. A." concluding "your loving friend, R. S." and an address "to the reader," wherein the author states "sith the copies flew so fast, and so false abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print, it seemed a lesse evill to let it fly to common view in the native plume, and with the owne wings, than disguised in a coat of a bastard feather; or case off from the fist of such a corrector, as might hapily have perished the sound, and imped in some sicke and sory feathers of his own fansies;" and concludes "let the worke defend itselfe, and every one passe his censure as he seeth cause. Many carps are expected when curious eyes come a-fishing. But the care is already taken, and patience wayteth at the table, ready to take away, when that dish is served in, and to make roome for others to set on the desired fruit. R. S."

This work is in prose, and extends to 152 pages.

*The triumphs over Death; or a consolatorie Epistle, for afflicted minds, in the effects of dying friends. First written for the consolation of one; but now published for the generall good of all: by R. S. London, Printed for W. Barret.**

This work has the following dedication:

"To the Worshipfull M. Richard Sackvile, Edward

* The Triumphs over Death, or a consolatorie Epistle, for afflicted minds, in the affects of dying friends. First written for the consolation of one, but now published for the generall good of all, by R. S. the authour of Peter's Complaint, and Masonie his other Hymnes. London, printed by Valentine Simmes for John Busbie, and are to be solde at Nicholas Ling's shop, at the West end of Paule's Church, 1596, 4to. nineteen leaves. First ed. by same printer in 1595 (Herbert, 1289.)

Sackvile, Cicilie Sackvile,* the hopeful issues of the honorable Gentleman, Maister Robert Sackvile Esquire.

" Most lines do not the best conceit containe,
Few words, well-coucht, may comprehend much matter
Then, as to use the first is counted vaine,
So is't praise-worthy to conceit the latter.
The gravest wits that most grave works expect,
The qualitie, not quantitie respect.

The smallest sparke will cast a burning heate:
Base cottages may harbour things of worth:
Then though this volume is nor gay, nor great,
Which under your protection I set forth,
Do not, with coy disdainefull oversight,
Deny to read this well-meant orphan's mite.

And since his father in his infancie
Provided patrons to protect his heire;
But now by death's none-sparing cruelitie,
Is turn'd an orphan to the open ayre;
I, his unworthy foster-sire, have dar'de
To make you patronizer of this warde.

You, glorying issues of that glorious dame,
Whose life is made the subject of death's will;
To you succeeding hopes of mother's fame,
I dedicate this fruit of Southwell's quill:
He, for your unkle's comfort first it writ,
I, for your consolation, print and send you it.

* " And Ann Sackvile," ed. 1596. These were the issue of Robt Sackvil (who succeeded to the Earldom of Dorset in 1608) by Margaret daughter of Thomas Duke of Norfolk and Margaret his second wife was daughter of Thomas Lord Audley of Walden.

The

Then daine in kindnesse to accept the worke,
Which he in kindnesse writ, I send to you;
The which till now clouded, obscure did lurke:
But now opposed to ech reader's view,
May yeeld commodious fruite to everie wight,
That feeles his conscience prickt by Parcæ's spight.

But if in ought I have presumptuous bene,
My pardon-craving pen implores your favour;
If any fault in print be past unseene,
To let it passe, the printer is the craver;
So shall he thanke you; and I, by duty bound,
Pray, that in you may all good gifts abound.

S. W."

A prose address of "the Authour to the Reader," with initials "R. S." then "The Triumphs over Death: or a consolotarie epistle for troubled minds, in the affects of dyiug friends," also in prose: concluding with four six-line stanzas,* having eight Latin lines as a motto; neither title nor signature.

5. *Short Rules of Good Life by R. S. London, printed for W. Barrel.*†

This

* The information contained in the first stanza will apologise for transcribing.

"Of *Howard's* stemme a glorious branch is dead,
Sweet lights eclipsed were at her decease:
In *Buckhurst* line she gracious issue spread,
She bare, with two, with four did earth increase:
Fame, honor, grace, gave ayre unto her breath,
Rest, glory, joyes, were sequeles of her death."

† "Rules of a Good Life; with a Letter to his Father." (Dodd's Ch. Hist.) Ch. Oliver and Dodsley, [no date.] Southwell also wrote "A Consolation for Catholicks imprisoned on account of Religion." (Dodd's Ch. Hist.)

This is inscribed "to my deare affected friend, M. D. S. gentleman," from "your's in firme affection, R. S." Then "to the Christian reader," six quatrains. "A preparative to prayer," four stanzas. "The effects of Prayer," one stanza. "Ensamples of our Saviour," three stanzas. The remainder is in prose, divided under many different heads, upon religious subjects.

Of the above induction poem, subscribed with the initials S. W. little can be said in commendation. Those initials are conjectured by Mr. Waldron, with much consistent reason, to describe the author's name SOUTH-WELL; they are also affixed to the epistle dedicatory and address to the reader, (both certainly by S.) preceding "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Teares," 1609. In the present instance they have been improperly adopted, as the same lines are inserted in the first edition of the Triumphs over Death, 1595, and subscribed "your Worship's humbly devoted, John Trussell." Where they are followed by an acrostic on the author's name, and five octave stanzas to the reader with the same signature. The tenor of the lines does not admit a doubt of the mistake—but to better matter.—In what a beautiful strain of panegyric are these Triumphs! The pen of the master and the gifts of the Muse flow in unison to delineate the cha-

Printed at St. Omer's, n'd. "A Supplication to Queen Elizabeth." (Ib.) Lond. 1593. "Two epistles, to be seen in Didaci Yepes de Persec. Angl." (Dodd.) [These are translated and inserted in Bishop Challoner's Memoirs of Missionary Priests, &c. Manchester, 1803.] In fl. Cal. Univ. Ob. in Bibl. Bodl. Quæ. 1630. "ff. R. Southwell's Epistle to his Father."

racter

ster of the deceased Margaret, * and little has the mould of age affected it. "She was by birth, second to none, but unto the first of the realme; yet she mounted only greatnesse by goodnes, making nobility but the mirror of vertue, as able to shewe things worthie to be seene, as apt to draw many eies to behold it; shee suted her behaviour to her birth, and enobled her birth with her piety; leaving her house more beholding to her for having honoured it with the gifte of her vertues, than she was to it for the titles of her degree; she was high minded in nothing, but in aspiring to perfection, and in the disdaine of vice; in other things covering her greatnes with humilitie among her inferiors, and shewing it with curtesie amongst her peeres: of the carriage of her selfe, and her sober governement may be sufficient testimony, that envy her self was dumbe in her dispraise, finding in her much to repine at, but nought to reprove: the clearnes of her Honor I neede not to mention, she having alwaies armed it with such modestie as taught the most intemperate tongues to be silent in her presence; and answered their eyes with scorn and contempt, that did but seeme to make her an aime to passion; yea, and in this behalfe, as almost in all others, shee hath the most honourable and knowen fames of the land, as common and knowen wit-

* Margaret. I suppose to have been the Lady Margaret Sackvill, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. Note empr. but the passage referred to does not give the date of her death. Southwell uses the term "your sister," which implied a Catholic phrase. It is declared to be written "for the entertainment of one," who, perhaps, his "*affected* friend M[aster] B. S. Gent." to whom he addressed his Rules of Good Life, but I do not trace a Sackvill whose Christian name has the initial D.

nesses,

nesses, that those that least loved her religion, were in love with her demeanour, delivering their opinions in open praises."—The character is too long to conclude; and sufficient has been given to prove those who "least love the religion," still must admire and praise the author, and regret that neither his simple strains in prose, nor his "polished metre," have yet obtained a collected edition of his works for general readers.*

Conduit street. 1811.

ART. XXII. *Cursory Remarks on some Articles in Censura Literaria.*

VOLUME III.

Page 251. *Welwood's Memoirs.*

This has passed through various editions in 8vo. and 12mo. that which I am possessed of is the sixth,

* This neglect must rather be attributed to religious prepossession than to poetical disregard, since Bolton had said in his Hypercritica, written about 1616, though not printed till 1722: "Never must be forgotten St. Peter's Complaint, and those other serious poems said to be father SOUTHWELL'S, the English whereof as it is most proper, so the sharpness and light of wit is very rare in them." This recommendation of an old English critic, who had been pronounced judicious and sensible by Mr. Warton, was presented to popular notice in the third volume of his Poetic History, 1781. Mr. Waldron followed up this notice with a reprint of three of Southwell's pieces in 1783. These again appeared in 1787, among the select Beauties of our ancient poetry, so ably edited by Mr. Headley, who proposed to collect and republish the better part of Southwell's poesies on account of that "moral charm, which must prejudice most readers of feeling in favour of their author." And lastly, two of those pieces selected by Mr. Waldron, and two others from Mæonia, have been printed in the last edition of Mr. Ellis's Specimens. T. P.

1718, 12mo. "with a short Introduction, giving an Account how these Memoirs came at first to be writ," not in the former editions. The author says they were drawn up at the particular request of Queen Mary, for her private information, but after her decease the manuscript was returned to him by King William, with liberty to publish it.

Page 371. *Cardinal Woolsey's Negotiations, &c.*

Bound together with my copy of this edition in small 4to. London, Printed for Wm. Sheares, 1641, I trace the following; "Leycester's Commonwealth: Conceived, spoken, and published, with most earnest protestation of all dutifull good will and affection towards this realm, for whose good onely, it is made common to many. Job the xx. verse the 27. The heavens shall reveale his iniquity, and the earth shall rise up against him." Printed 1641.

The type of this is evidently the same as "Woolsey's Negotiations," &c. and, on the back of the title-page, is the following MS. remark; "The celebrated libel called 'Leycester's Commonwealth,' has been ascribed to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh; it was pretended that he at least furnished the hints for that composition to Parsons the jesuit. This assertion was never *proved:* it ought to *be* before it deserves any credit. Leicester was a bad man; but would that justify Cecil in employing one of his mistress's bitterest enemies to write against one of her ministers? *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, by Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.*"

Page

Page 404. Histoire de la Conqueste de Mexique, &c. Traduite de l'Espagnol de Don Antoine De Solis, en Francois par Citri de la Guetta. Paris, 1691. 4to.

The copy of this work that I have is "Traduite de l'Espagnol de Don Antoine De Solis, par l'Auteur du Triumvirat. A La Haye, Chez Adrian Moetjens Marchand Libraire, pres la Cour, a la Librairie Francoise. M.DC.XCII." 2 tomes, 12mo. very closely printed.

VOLUME IV.

Page 1. Select Letters to the Prince of Orange, &c.

This is deemed a *surreptitious* publication. The *genuine* volume* bears the following title:

"Letters to the King, the Prince of Orange, the Chief Ministers of State, and other Persons. By Sir W. Temple, Bart. Being the third and last volume. Published by Jonathan Swift, D. D. London. Printed for Tim. Goodwin, at the Queen's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church, and Benj. Tooke, at the Middle Temple Gate, in Fleet Street, 1703, 8vo."

In the preface, the publisher (Dr. Swift) says that these were the last papers of any kind, about which Sir William Temple gave him his particular commands; that they were corrected by himself, and fairly transcribed in his lifetime. He adds that he had omitted inserting several letters addressed to persons with whom Sir William corresponded without

* Included in the Collection of Sir Wm. Temple's Works, 2 vols. folio, and four vols 8vo.

any

any particular confidence, further than upon account of their posts; because great numbers of such letters procured out of the office, or by other means (how justifiable he should not examine) had been already printed, but running upon long, dry subjects of business, had met no other reputation than merely what the reputation of the writer would give them; that if he could have foreseen an end of this trade, he should upon some considerations have longer forborne sending these into the world; but hearing daily that new discoveries of Original letters were hasting to the press, to stop the current of these he was forced to an earlier publication than he had designed.

The Original, of which the undermentioned is a Translation into the Low Dutch language, is probably one of the publications alluded to by Swift in this preface.

"Brieven Vande Heer William Temple, Ridder, &c. Geschreven gedurende sijne Ambassade in 'y Gravenhage, Aanden Grave van Arlington, en den Ridder Jean Trevor, Gekeim skhrijvers van Staat, Onder de Regeering van Karel de Tweede, Waar in verscheide Geheimen die tot nogtoe niet bekent waren, worden ontdekt. In 'h Licht gigeven na de Originelen, geschreven met de eijgen Hand van den Auteur. Door Mr. D. Jones. Uijt het Engelsch overgeset. In 't Gravenhage, By Meindert Uitwerf, En Engelbert Boucquet. Boekrverkoopers, 1700, 12mo."

That is, in English,

"Letters, from Sir William Temple, Bart. written during his embassy at the Hague, to the Earl of Arlington and Sir John Trevor, Secretaries of State in the reign

reign of Charles the Second. Which various curious papers that have hitherto remained in concealment are brought to light. Published from the originals in the hand writing of the Author, by Mr. P. Jenks. Translated from the English." Magic, &c. 1692."

"The dedication to Sir Thomas Littleton, Bart. Speaker of the House of Commons, is subscribed "P. Jenks," but has no date. On a leaf pasted into the copy that I am possessed of, the following written observations appear: "None of the Letters which this publication consists of, being fifty in number, are inserted in the collection of Sir William Temple's Letters, published by Swift, in three vols. 8vo. except a part of the first, addressed to the Earl of Arlington, which appears in Vol. II. p. 91: and they seem to have been unknown to A. Boyer, the author of 'Memoirs of the Life and Negotiations of Sir Wm. Temple, Bart.' published in 1714, as he has not mentioned any of them, although he has made copious extracts from the collection above-mentioned."

Page 8. "In the list of publications of State Papers and Letters, mentioned in the note as illustrative of the secret transactions during the reign of Charles the Second, the following may be added: "Copies and Extracts of some Letters written to and from the Earl of Danby (now Duke of Leeds) in the Years 1677, 1678, and 1678. With particular Remarks upon some of them. Published by his Grace's Directions. London: Printed for John Nutt, near the Queen's Arms in Little Britain, 1710. 8vo.

"The Duke, in the Introduction written by himself,

* I do not recollect having ever seen the first or original

preface:

professes this publication to be intended by him as his exculpation from the charges laid against him in parliament in 1678 whereon he was impeached, and imprisoned in the Tower; and gives his reasons for not having justified himself in this way at an earlier period; which, he says, were a consciousness of his innocence, and a full persuasion that many of the principal instigators of, and actors in the measures that had been pursued against him, had since seen, and acknowledged their mistake. But, after suffering upwards of thirty years to elapse—his bringing these papers forward *immediately* after the death of the only person, who besides himself, was in the secret of what was made the basis of the heaviest charge against him, (Ralph, Duke of Montagu,) did not tend much to exculpate him in the judgment of the public; although it is generally admitted by the most impartial historians of those times, that, with respect to some of the circumstances of his impeachment, he had hard measure.

"The Memoirs of the Honourable Sir John Reresby, Bart. last Governor of York. Containing several private and remarkable transactions, from the Restoration to the Revolution inclusively. Published from his Original Manuscript. London: Printed for Samuel Harding, Bookseller, on the Pavement in St. Martin's Lane. 1734. 8vo."

The following is an extract of the preface.

"The reader, we believe, will be convinced that Sir John (Reresby) was a person very equal to the task he undertook; and having such opportunities of prying, as it were, into the hearts of the greatest ministers and princes of his time, it had been unpardonable in him to have refrained from communicating the many important matters he so assuredly knew. The

reader

reader, will, we hope, find in him an impartiality rarely met with in writers, who have been like him, of a party; for, being a man of the strictest honour, and nicest conscience, he, it seems, thought it as unjust not to applaud an enemy for any good he had done, as weak not to accuse a friend when, through human frailty, he happened to deserve it. This, with what goes before, might be sufficient to bespeak the reader in his favour, even though he had related no fact but such as had been an hundred times represented before this appearance of his book; but, as he abounds with things new, or, what is the same, with matters known to very few living, and which will much assist us in forming a right idea of the times he lived in, he must claim a greater share of attention, and we flatter ourselves with the approbation of the public for our thus retrieving him from the recesses of privacy."

It appears by these Memoirs that Sir John Bernby was a staunch loyalist, and likewise a great quotist; they are, however, written in a lively, pleasant style, but abound more in court anecdote than in political history, although some remarkable occurrences of the latter description are here placed in a clearer point of view than in any preceding publication.

Page 21. *The History of Philip de Comines, &c.*

I have "Memoirs of Philip de Comines," the second edition of Uvedale's Translation, a folio, 1712, printed for J. Brotherton, and F. [illegible] at Cornhill; A. Bettesworth, in Paternoster-row, and Pemberton, in Fleet-street.

Page 146. *Sandys's Travels.*

I have the second edition, 1621, and the ninth edition, 1670, both folio, (small.)

Page

Page 963, Gage's Survey of the West Indies:

See also Volume V. Pages 225, and 227.

I have "the third edition, enlarged by the author, with a new and accurate map. London, printed by [illegible] Clark, and to be sold by John Martyn, Robert [illegible], and Walter Kettilby, 1677, 8vo. very closely printed, pp. 478, exclusive of Preface and Table of Contents."

SOME CORRECTIONS.*

Vol. IV. p. 307. Capt. Edward Thompson.

The account of his going to the East Indies in 1754, with Sir Peter Denis in the Dorsetshire man of war, is erroneous. Sir Peter had not the command of that ship until 1758, and the action off Quiberon Bay, in which he bore a distinguished part, under Sir Edward Hawke against Conflans, was in 1759. I was personally acquainted with the gallant Admiral, and am well assured he never was in the East Indies except on his return from the South Seas, when a Lieutenant of the Centurion, under Commodore (afterwards Lord) Anson, in 1744. See an account of Sir Peter Denis in Gent. Mag. Vol. XLVIII. pp. 267, 372.

Vol. V. p. 103. List of Literary Deaths.

Benjamin Bartlett was F.A.S. but not "F.R.S." although so designated by mistake, in the Obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1787, and other published publications.

* A wish that the CENSURA LITERARIA may be as correct a literary mirror as the nature of such a compilation will admit, induces me to [illegible] these inaccuracies.

Vol. V. p. 111. *Literary Obituary.*

The mention of Bishop Douglas's detecting the imposition of *Psalmanazar*, and, consequently, of its being subsequent to his exposure of the forgeries of Lauder in 1750, must have arisen from mistake. Psalmanazar, being principally concerned in the compilation of the "Compleat System of Geography, two vols. folio," published in 1747, embraced that opportunity of *publicly* acknowledging his imposture, (Article Formosa,) although he had made no secret of it before, amongst the few with whom he held an intercourse during his long continued retired mode of life, and penitent demeanour. See an accou[illegible] of this very extraordinary (but now almost forgotten) man, in Gent. Mag. Vol. XXXIV. pp. 503, 573, 623; and Vol. XXXV. pp. 9, 79. It is one of the best compiled biographical extracts * that has, at any time, appeared in that valuable miscellany.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 12, Note, last line but one, for *Wyndham* read *Windham*.

18, line 2, for *beavel* read *beave*.

* The publication from which this extract was formed, is entitled "Memoirs of ****, commonly known by the name of George Psalmanazar; a reputed native of Formosa. Written by himself, in order to be published after his Death: Containing an Account of his Education, Travels, Adventures, Connections, Literary Productions, and pretended Conversion from Heathenism to Christianity; which has proved the occasion of [illegible] being brought over into this Kingdom, and passing for a Person of Note and Member of the Church of England. London: Printed for R. Davis, in Piccadilly; J. Newbery, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; L. Davis and C. Reymers, in Holborn, 1764." 8vo. (second edition, 1765.)

Page 68, line [illegible] for [illegible] read [illegible].

147, Note, line 3, before *in* insert *is*.

211, line 11, after *bestow* insert *God*.

[illegible] for *Griffith* read *Griffin*.

[illegible] for *of* read *or*.

In the Digested Table of Contents, page iv, Art. 69, Chronicon Rusticum, &c. to the figures 270 should be added 404, as a reference to the continuation.

VOL. II.

142, line 20, for *state* read *scale*.

[illegible] for *Tubingen* read *Tubingen*.

[illegible] for *theis* read *these*.

[illegible] for *44th* read *41st*.

VOL. IV.

[illegible] line 14, for *Gunston* read *Gunton in Norfolk*.

[illegible] Note, line 3, for *Thomson* read *Thompson*.

VOL. V.

78, line 14, for *io* read *to*.

[illegible] for *XII* read *X*.

91, — 11, for *Milford's* read *Wilford's*.

98, — 13, for *Congbeare* read *Conybeare*.

ARCANUS.

ART. XXIII. *Remarks on the Pronunciation and Name of Jericho.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

There is a practice to which modern periodical critics are too much addicted of expressing their criticisms in such a loose, imperfect, and often erroneous manner, that while they are noticing one mistake or fault in their author, they themselves, in the course of their remarks, mislead their readers into many more errors, of more consequence than those few which they

correct: thus they multiply and circulate their own mistakes so much, as requires the pains of other critics to set things in their true light to readers in general. I will notice one example of this, which has just now occurred to me. A late writer, in some remarks on M. Chateaubriand's Journey to Jerusalem, has these words: "Either the author himself, or his printer, has committed an error in calling Jericho *Richa*; it is called by the Arabs *Riha*, or *Eriha*, with a strong aspirate on the *h*: this is, in fact, its ancient Hebrew name; for to call Jericho it is a barbarism, of which custom proscription is perfectly innocent." Now the correction of *Richa* into *Riha* is perfectly just; but this has given rise to other errors of his own, or, at least, to such hints, as do not entitle him to pronounce, *that custom proscription is perfectly innocent*. Did he by *barbarism* mean to say, that it is in the above French author himself, or in modern nations in general towards the west, while those in the east have preserved the right pronunciation down to this day? Now to whom he here imputes this pretended barbarism is at least doubtful; but it certainly did not originate with the modern nations, but was derived by them from the Greeks and Romans, if it be a barbarism; however, there is reason to believe, that it was not imputable even to them, but was rather founded upon the original pronunciation current in those ages, and that it has been rather the modern Arabs, who have corrupted the pronunciation of former times, and who therefore are not *perfectly innocent*. Not only Strabo, and other profane authors write the word Ἰεριχώ, and the Romans *Hiericho*; but we find the same always in the New Testament, though writ by Christians in Syria, who

were

...well acquainted with the pronunciation of the country in general, and of the Jews in particular, to which the town belonged. It is spelt the same also by the Jewish translators of the Old Testament, long before, in their Septuagint, as well as by Josephus afterwards. Is it not rash then to affirm, that all these were totally ignorant of the right pronunciation of the name of a town, in their neighbourhood, during the age in which they lived? It was certainly thus pronounced by all Syrians who spoke Greek, and that also was quite different from the common pronunciation by the natives, who spoke Syriac, Hebrew, and Chaldee, in a question which no discreet man will venture to mistake. Nay, on the contrary, there is good foundation to believe that the Hebrew name itself, to which the writer refers, was itself the means of introducing the Greek name, by the attempts of the Greeks to imitate its pronunciation, as it was current in those days. Iuv in Hebrew, according to what seems to have been the original power of the Hebrew letters which then prevailed, although greatly changed afterwards, the name is *iriha*, or *irichu*, and this not only among the ancient Jews, who better understood Hebrew, but even in later times, among the Jewish Rabbins in their writings. Now, in regard to the first syllable, we find that both Greeks and Romans always aspirated the first vowel *i* into *Hiericho* and *Hiericho*; which testifies that it was then aspirated, although not possibly now so by the present Arabs in their ...*Eriha*; nay, even the first vowel seems to be altogether lost by them in *Riha*, if this be true; so that the present is only the skeleton of the original name, and a strong testimony that corruption may

have equally happened to the last syllable as to the first. Therefore, the only corruption of western nations has been in pronouncing the first vowel *i* like *ge*, i. e. as they generally pronounce their consonant *j* at the beginning of words, both in French and English; which has, however, still something of an aspiration in it, therefore does not essentially differ from the former aspiration by the Greeks and Romans, but certainly comes nearer to it than the present Arabic pronunciation by *Eriha*, without any aspirate. The Hebrew vowel, which ends the word, was originally and properly an *u*, which, however, was afterwards sounded by the Jews very differently, sometimes like *o* and sometimes like *i*. Some Greeks seem to have thought it was then sounded like *o* and their *w* long; yet others, both in Greek and Latin, conceived it still to resemble most to an *u*, for in Greek it is sometimes found to be spelt *ουν*, and in Latin *Hierichun*, so that they appear to have been in doubt between *u* and *o*. This proves nothing more than the ambiguous sound of it to foreign ears, not any actual corruption of the original name. As to the *h* in the last syllable of the Hebrew *hu*, this aspirate is often, in Latin, expressed by an *h* likewise, and often by *ch*, by which was generally denoted the Greek χ. What the precise sound of this letter was has never been determined; but it apparently must have included some degree of the sound of the Greek κ, and like our *k*, because we often find oriental words with the oriental aspirate *h* to be sometimes rendered by χ and sometimes by *k* in Greek. This has happened also to this very word in question; for, in the geography of Ptolemy, Jericho is writ *Erico*

in the printed editions, both in Greek and Latin, [illegible,] but in the Basil edition of 1533, (which, whether the first or not, I have not examined) it is spelt ιερεμους: here then we again find such remains of the final Hebrew vowel *u*, as well as in *Hierichus* abovementioned, as prove these variations to have only arisen from the ambiguity of the Hebrew sounds to Greek ears; but, at the very same time, they prove, that the sound of that Hebrew vowel, then current, approached rather in Greek to an ω or υ than to the present orthography of the Arabs by α as in *Eriha*; and, moreover, that the oriental aspirate before it had a similar sound with the Greek χ, the Latin *ch*, and hence, with our English method, of sometimes sounding *ch* by a *k*. Consequently, there is no sufficient proof of Jericho, as pronounced by the French and ourselves, to be a corrupted sound of the original Hebrew, but rather the present Arab words *Riha* and *Eriha*, in case the Arabian sounds be perfectly expressed by those Roman letters; which seems, however, rather doubtful, and neither is it perfectly known at present what were originally the true Hebrew sounds of their letters, and they are better determined by these attempts of the cotemporary Greeks to imitate them, than by any traditions transmitted to us by the Jews themselves, who, by their intercourse with so many other nations, have entirely lost the ancient pronunciation both of their vowels and consonants, neither is there sufficient reason to presume that the Arabs have better preserved them after such a length of time.

S.

Art. XXIV. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral and entertaining Essays.*

N°. XIX.

On the conduct of the Censura Literaria.

TO THE RUMINATOR.

Sir,

As I have never yet corresponded with you, I ought perhaps still to have waited till I had something more important to communicate. But as there is no end to procrastination, I embraced the first pulse of the moment to send you a paper of scraps and miscellaneous remarks. When a man wanders about in the circles of literature without design, or particular occupation, he hears such jarring opinions, and such contradictory dogmas, as to produce nothing but confusion in a mind that is not well-poised. I have for instance heard such opposite judgments regarding the line of conduct which your work ought to pursue, that, if I had not habituated myself to a slow admission of the most plausible sentiments, I should have changed my ideas almost every day. I shall not give way to the observations I could make either on those who would admit nothing but black-letter, and the rarest books; or on those who will endure nothing but modern matter. It would be easy to indulge some just remarks on both; but I forbear. The truth is, sir, that wisdom and genius depend not on ancient or modern phraseology. The narrow mind, which confines them to either, deserves a name, which I will not give it.

All

All the fashionable artifices of writing which the moderns employ to distinguish from real merit, are but meteors of a day. Genius shines with a steady light through the mists and disguises of time. Conversant as your pursuits must make you, not only with those productions which have survived the wreck of ages, but with those works, which, though now forgotten, possessed a temporary reputation, you would do well to exert those critical powers, which I fear you are too apt to neglect, in analysing the qualities, which have failed to insure a permanent favour. Do not put yourself on a par with collectors, who waste their time and money in running after what is merely rare! You well know, that, in nine cases out of ten, its rarity arises from its want of merit!

With regard to your Essays, I hear it remarked, that they are not sufficiently confined to subjects of literature; or of a nature sufficiently consonant with the primary purpose of your work. And I must admit that there is some justice in the remark. Yet I endeavour to plead for you, that these censurers are a little too severe. I ask if any thing, which attempts to develope the effects of the poetical character can be deemed foreign to the views of such a publication. I ask them to point out to me more than two papers in all your Numbers, which do not involve some literary topic. And when I press them hard, I find that their main objections are founded on a misconception of your original plan.

I have no hesitation to say, that whenever you have departed from that plan it has been for the worse. You began with criticism, and composition, and a general picture of English literature, both ancient

and modern. You ought never to have descended to rival mere collectors, and makers of catalogues! The contempt between you will be mutual. You may rely on it, that, if you cannot trace the history of some black-letter penny pamphlet as well as they can till it ends in some lucky possessor at the price of ten guineas, they will feel a sovereign scorn both for your knowledge and your genius! They will every where express their wonder at the impudence of a man, who has not been seen bidding madly for rare articles at every book-sale for the last five years, presuming to write on subjects of our ancient literature.

And do you suppose that, if you plead your love of the Muse, it will avail you at all? What signifies it to them, if you lose the long day in woodland solitudes, dreaming of the splendour of past ages, realising in your fancy all the glories of the times of chivalry, and marshalling the Fairy Knights of Spenser in golden visions? These occupations will not enable you to tell the peculiar marks, or minute variations of a *liber raris*, or help you in the wonderful discovery of an unknown *Caxton!* Do not give heed to the exploded doctrine that to criticise a poet requires something of congenial feeling. A collector, it seems, can do it well; but, no doubt, a maker of catalogues can do it best of all!!

But still, Sir, you must not be dismayed. They, who are not within the reach of this sale-mania, have other rules of judging; they expect occasional remarks on the intrinsic merits of the pieces registered, which you perhaps may be a little better qualified for, than some of these title-page-dealers! but which I am sorry to say that you yourself, either from indolence, or some other

other cause, which you ought not to indulge, too much neglect. You appear to have given way to many things contrary to your better taste; and to have suffered yourself to be led out of the path, of which you had the command, into others, where you have many superiors, and still more rivals.

Consider no original remarks on any part of literature foreign to your purpose; exercise those arts of composition, for which your nature and habits have qualified you, and do not lower yourself to a level with transcribers, and mere bibliographers. Though a few London book-worms may not like your work so well, be assured the public will like it much better.

While I thus indulge in unsought advice to you, I cannot refrain from touching on another point. Among all the periodical publications, which have any concern with criticism, there is one which characterizes yours, and which I warn you to preserve. You stand independent; you are known to be actuated only by a pure and disinterested love of your subject; and you stand free therefore from all suspicion of sophistry, and corrupt praise or blame. If you take a single step, or enter into a single connection, which will destroy that confidence, your work is lost. Whoever differs from you now, knows at least that the opinions you convey to the public are honest.

Since the days of Ritson, there has been a fashion of admitting claims to a high reputation on the mere grounds of industry, without a particle of taste, or feeling; and still less of genius!—Were the materials of Ritson transferred to another work, every thing would be transferred: transfer all the materials of Warton, and the best part of him still remains! Do

not

but exert your own faculties; and the care for whether the book you write upon, is thirty or three hundred years old! But you are idle, very idle! You seem never to write, except when your feelings are touched:

"Facit indignatio versum!"

It has been often observed, that there are many little functions in literature level to any common capacities, and acquirements, but of which the public will not easily wonder the performance by any but those who are qualified to do better things. It will not easily suffer persons to enter the domains of Parnassus, and adorn themselves with faded flowers, which have been reared, and cropped, and thrown away by their superiors! It generally turns with neglect from such pretenders!

Let me entreat you, then, to rely upon yourself; move "right onward" unfatigued and undismayed; throw your mind upon your page; give us more such articles as those on the Douglas Cause, and do not be persuaded that it is a mere question relative to a single family, of which all the interest has long since faded away. As long as it is curious to balance moral probabilities, and develope the hidden movements of human conduct; as long as it is instructive to study the display of all the powers of many strong and cultivated minds on those principles of evidence which have been among the primary objects of their professional labours, such discussions must abound both with amusement and information!

SENEX.

Oct. 31, 1807.

P. S. As

P.S. As this is a miscellaneous paper, permit me to enclose the following lines, by a young friend, for insertion in your pages.

Written at Barnard Castle, Co. Durham, in December 1803.

"The rising sun for me in vain,
Arrays in gold the mountain's crest;
And gleaming o'er the humid plain
With crimson tinges Ocean's breast:
His spreading beams, though rob'd in light,
Nor more their wonted joys bestow;
They cannot chase the eternal night
That clouds my soul with endless woe.

The promise of my youth is fled;
The life-blood curdles round my heart;
The op'ning buds of Hope are shed,
And death alone can ease impart.

Oh! why did Heav'n impress my mind,
With feelings still to rapture true;
Yet leave unpitying Fate to bind
Affection's germs with funeral yew.

The starry eve, the new-born day,
Alike have lost their power to charm;
Nor can e'en Beauty's proud display
Again this frozen bosom warm:
Cold is my heart to all but Her,
Who first awoke its slumb'ring fires;
Whose image all my thoughts prefer,
And will, till life itself expires."

To this the Editor takes the opportunity of adding the following Sonnet by a friend, written immediately after reading "*The Wild Irish Girl.*"

"Oh! had my soul, when first, with wild hope fill'd
And Love's delusions, danc'd my awaken'd heart,
As Beauty's witchery did its spells impart;
Oh! had my soul, when every feeling thrill'd
With new-born joys that fate too quickly kill'd,
Met thee, Glorvina, and with thee been blest!
My days had flown caressing and caress'd,
And every anxious throb been sweetly still'd.

Thy airy harp had sooth'd my bosom's woe;
And as thy wild notes swell'd the trembling strings,
Rapture's full chord had taught my heart to glow
With grateful incense to the KING OF KINGS!
But Heav'n forbade! and soon must sorrow's gloom,
Enshroud its victim in the silent tomb."

October 30, 1807.

ART. XXV. *Literary Intelligence.*

MR. DONOVAN, who is well known, from his many valuable publications, has lately formed his extensive collection of Animals, Vegetables, Minerals, &c. the native productions of the British Isles, into an elegant Museum, which he has opened for public inspection, under the appellation of "The London Museum of Natural History." The collection which is here exhibited is unquestionably the most complete in its kind that exists any where, and contains a greater number, and much more valuable assortment of particular specimens, than the richest cabinets of Europe would

gentlemen collectively afford; in the number of these specimens we would mention, as peculiarly deserving of notice, those of the organic remains of the antediluvian world, which must be allowed by scientific men to be the finest collection ever brought together. The Museum contains about thirty thousand different articles, including quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, shells, corals, plants, minerals, and fossils, all British; and the whole are arranged in scientific order, and with an elegance of taste, which while it facilitates the inquiries of the student, charms the eye with an assemblage of the most splendid and delightful pictures. We sincerely hope that this institution, which may truly be regarded as a national one, will experience that public patronage to which it is justly entitled, and that the public spirit of its worthy proprietor will meet its due reward in the gratitude and encouragement of all who have the advancement of science at heart.

We are happy to hear that Sir Joseph Banks continues industriously to pursue the investigation of Blights in Corn, assisted by an eminent microscopic draughtsman. The habits and modes of propagation of the destructive fungi and insects which occasionally affect corn, under different appearances and names, seem to require a very long and patient research for their complete explanation, and we are pleased to see the subject in such able hands. Lately the worthy President has been experimenting on corn and straw which had ripened and was housed without appearance of blight, to ascertain whether the seeds of the blight had been imbibed by this straw, and what circumstances were most conducive to its visible growth on the same.

The

The author of the Revolutionary Plutarch has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, The Military Annals of Revolutionary France, from the beginning of the last war to the end of the present year. The work, it is estimated, will make four large volumes in quarto. It will contain maps of the countries which have been the theatres of war, plans of encampments, sieges, and battles, and portraits of all the commanders in chief, and generals, who distinguished themselves during the above period.

Dr. H. Robertson has intimated his intention of publishing by subscription, in two volumes, 8vo. A View of the Natural History of the Atmosphere, and of its influence in the sciences of Medicine and Agriculture; including an Essay on Contagion.

The Rev. Wm. Shepherd, author of the Life of Poggio Bracciolino, has in the press Dialogus An ducenda sit uxor ducenda, which was written by Poggio about the year 1435, and deposited in the Royal Library at Paris, where it was transcribed by Mr. Shepherd, during the interval of peace in 1804.

A new edition of Langhorne's Plutarch, with many corrections of the text, the four deficient Parallels supplied, considerable additions to the notes, new tables of times, coins, &c. by the Rev. F. Wrangham, M.A. F.R.S. is nearly ready for publication.

A new work, under the title of a Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Dictionary, is now in preparation. It will comprise, 1. A list of all the names of places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments, in their original characters, and true orthography, in European letters, with their proper pronunciation and meanings,

[illegible], &c. 2. The names of persons, patriarchs, [illegible], &c. &c. printed in the same manner, with [illegible]graphical and chronological notices. 3. An account of the arts, &c. in the ancient world, to which reference or allusion is made in the scriptures. 4. An account of the doctrines, &c. of the sacred writings. 5. An account of ecclesiastical matters appertaining to the state of the primitive church. 6. A concise explanation of all ecclesiastical matters which belong to the present state of Christianity, including an account of sects, &c. It is supposed the work will make four large volumes in 8vo.

Works announced.

Among the various works to which the literary enterprize of modern times has given birth, a complete and authentic body of BRITISH BIOGRAPHY is still wanting. The last edition of the Biographia Britannica, as far as it was published, is in many respects highly valuable; but its slow progress under the direction of Dr. Kippis, and the circumstances under which it was [illegible] death, occasioned its suspension at that [illegible] and afterwards its final abandonment. Had that work, however, been brought to its regular completion, its voluminous contents and inconvenient arrangement would have precluded it from answering many important purposes which might be accomplished by a different plan.

The form of a Dictionary hitherto adopted seems to [illegible] nothing in its favour except the convenience of reference, which may be equally well attained by

means of an index; while it is liable to strong objection, as confining to reference only the use of a work so fortuitously put together. On the contrary, a British Biography, arranged in chronological order, and so classed as to bring into one point of view the several descriptions of eminent persons who have lived at the same period, might be made to comprise, in one regular and connected work, a literary and philosophical history of the country, as well as an interesting collection of individual lives.

Mr. Malkin, influenced by such considerations, has embarked in an undertaking of this nature. The work is, however, of too great an extent, and of too great variety in its subjects, to be performed by any individual. It is, nevertheless, necessary that the publication should proceed under the superintendance of some one person, not merely for the purpose of executing the mechanical duties of editorship, but of communicating an uniformity and consistency to the whole. The labour and responsibility of this task Mr. Malkin proposes to take upon himself, availing himself, in the general execution of the work, of the assistance of such literary men as may coincide with his views, and are willing to contribute towards carrying them into effect.

In pursuance of the double object aimed at by the editor, Historical and Biographical, it is designed to introduce occasional chapters in the course of the work, characterising and connecting the successive periods, as well as reviewing the state and progress of government, science, literature, and manners. In these chapters may be introduced brief notices of individuals

dividuals, who, having attained some degree of eminence, yet may not be thought sufficiently considerable to require a separate and formal article. Thus the work will be curtailed of many uninteresting lives; needless repetitions will be avoided, and the subjects treated at large will be confined, as it is desirable they should be, to those of the most important and interesting description. It is intended that these articles in general should, in point of copiousness, be far less prolix than those of the Biographia Britannica, and that notes should, if possible, be altogether avoided, excepting by way of reference to authorities, which should almost universally be given; at the same time, the lives are meant to be more full and particular than in any of the Dictionaries. In short, it is the intention of the conductor to steer a middle course between a tedious detail of minute particulars on the one hand, and a mere register of dates and facts on the other, and thus to make it a book of entertainment, as well as of authority and utility for the purpose of reference.

The Rev. Mr. Dibdin has just completed the printing of his *third* edition of "An Introduction to the Knowledge of rare and valuable Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics," which will be published in the course of next month in *two* crown 8vo. volumes. This third edition contains thirteen additional ancient classical authors, viz. M. A. Antoninus, Apollodorus, Apuleius, Aristides, Aurelius Victor, Ausonius, Herodian, Josephus, Maximus Tyrius, Oppian, Orpheus, Photius, and Theophrastus—with Biographical Notices of some of the most eminent English and foreign editors of the classics: these biographical memoranda are

thrown into the notes, and relate chiefly to our own editors. The Greek Bibles and Testaments, as well as the Lexicons and Grammars, have been considerably enlarged; and of the authors common to both editions, many errors have been corrected, and omissions supplied, as well as the more recent editions inserted.

Mr. Cromek, the artist, having lately paid a professional visit to Edinburgh, was induced by his enthusiasm for the memory of Robert Burns to make an excursion to the shire of Air, where he explored every scene connected with the life and adventures of that native son of genius. By means of assiduous inquiries, he had the good fortune to obtain, from authentic sources, a number of his unpublished writings, consisting of prose and verse, and especially of familiar letters, elucidating his character and history with more exactness than any of his remains hitherto laid before the public. They have been shown to some gentlemen of high literary reputation, who concur in thinking that they will be extremely acceptable to the admirers of Burns; and it is accordingly intended to put them to the press, as an additional volume to those published by the lamented Dr. Currie.

Mr. Walter Scott's new poem, MARMION, or FLODDEN FIELD, is printing at Edinburgh, and is in considerable forwardness.

Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers are announced as being in the press. They will form two volumes 4to. illustrated with Portraits, Autographs, and other embellishments. This curious collection contains, A

1. A republication of the Letters and Negociations of Sir Ralph Sadler with King James V. and with the Regency of Scotland, in the years 1540 and 1565. 2. A collection of curious and important Documents concerning Queen Elizabeth's private Negociations with the Scottish Reformers in the year 1559. 3. Letters and Papers respecting the grand Northern Rebellion in 1569. 4. Documents concerning the Confinement of Queen Mary in England. All these important state papers, excepting those referring to the earliest of the four periods, are now, for the first time, laid before the public. They are published from the originals, which have been preserved in the family of Thomas Clifford, Esq. of Tixall, in the county of Stafford, whose mother, the honourable Barbara Aston, represented Gertrude Sadler, Lady Aston, one of the co-heiresses of Sir Ralph Sadler. The Papers are published by Arthur Clifford, Esq. and a Memoir of the Life of Sir Ralph Sadler, with some historical notes, that have been contributed by Walter Scott, Esq.

An impartial and authentic History of the British Campaigns on the Rio de la Plata is now preparing for the press, and will shortly be published. It will comprehend the whole of the period, from the departure of General Beresford from the Cape of Good Hope, to the final evacuation of South America by the British Forces; and will include the civil and political State of the Country, the nature of its soil, trade, and produce, the manners, customs, and character, of the people, illustrated with plans, maps, &c. together with sketches of the costume of the inhabitants. The whole drawn and derived on the spot, with considerable

labour and expense, from original documents, and from various sources of information hitherto deemed inaccessible to strangers. By Philip Keating Roche, Esq. Captain in his Majesty's Seventeenth Regiment of Light Dragoons, and Major of Brigade to the Forces.

Mr. Nicholson, editor and proprietor of the "Philosophical Journal," whose works on scientific subjects and general intercourse with the manufacturing world have been known, and highly valued, for more than thirty years past, has been employed, in conjunction with other gentlemen, during the last twelve months, in collecting, arranging, and disposing the materials of a work, for which he has long been making preparations. It is an Encyclopedia in distinct and mostly original treatises, appropriated exclusively to the arts, sciences, and manufactures, and will contain a dense, accurate, ample, and at the same time popular exhibition of our whole knowledge respecting them, in six large octavo volumes, with two hundred plates, by Lowry and Scott. The work has been some time in the press, and will be published in twelve parts monthly, at half-a-guinea each; the publication to commence on the first of February, 1808. We feel much pleasure in congratulating the public on the advantages to be derived from such a work, under the inspection of a man of tried ability; and we think the exclusive appropriation of the subjects will be attended with peculiar advantages, upon which our limits do not allow us to enlarge.

ART.

Art. XXVI. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 110.]

Art. 1. *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities, concerning the most noble and renowned English nation. By the studie and travaile of R. V. Dedicated vnto the King's Most Excellent Maiestie.* [Engraved vignette of the Tower of Babell and division of mankind] *Nationum Origo. Printed at Antwerp by Robert Bruno, 1605, and to be sold at London in Paule's Church yeard, by John Norton and John Bill. 4to. pp. 338, exclusive of Introduction and Table.*

Another edition, London, printed by John Bill, printer to the King's Most Excellent Maiestie, 1628, 4to.

Again, London, printed by John Norton, for Joyce Norton, and Richard Whitaker, and are to be sold, at the King's Armes, in S. Paul's Church-yard, 1634, 4to. Again, London, printed for Samuel Mearne, John Martyn, and Henry Herringman, 1673, 8vo.

Richard Verstegan, the author, has been already noticed in the CENSURA. See Vol. II. p. 95. The Antwerp edition is deservedly reckoned the best, as well on account of containing one or more engravings afterwards omitted, as also the superiority of the plates, those of the subsequent editions being very indifferent copies. A full account of the work is given by Oldys, in the British Librarian, p. 299.

Art. 2. *The Curtaine Drawer of the World, or the Chamberlaine of that great Inne of Iniquity, where Vice in a rich imbroidered gowne of velvet, rides a horse-backe like a Judge, and Vertue, in a thred-bare cloake, full of patches goes a foote like a drudge. Where he that hath most mony may be best merry, and he that hath none at all wants a friend he shal*

daily have cause to remember to grieue for. By W. Barker, *Gentleman, and sometimes Student in Barnard's Inne.*

Trahit sua quemq; voluptas,
Attamen nocet empta dolore.

London, printed for Leonard Becket, and are to be sold at the Temple, neere to the Church, 1632. 4to. pp. 62.

This volume has an address "to the reader," of 188 lines; then head-title "to this waxing, waning world, that sometimes hath bene better. To the riotous distempered, prodigious generation of her children, that never were worse. The world to her children." The work is interspersed with several pieces of poetry, and at the end "a meditation of the vanity of all vanity, shewing they are least wise that most use it," in heroic verse, of near seven pages.

Art. 3. *The Glasse of Time in the two first Ages, Diuinely handled by Thomas Peyton of Lincolnes Inne, Gent.* *London, printed by Bernard Alsop,* 1623. 4to. *First Part, pp.* 81. *Second Part, pp.* 83, *interspersed with wood-cuts.*

To this volume are three induction poems by the author, each containing six six-lines stanzas.

"To the illustrious Prince Charles Prince of Wales," sig. "Your Highnesse, in all humblenesse, Thomas Peyton."

"To the Right Honnurable Francis, Lord Verulam, Lord Chancelor of England," sig. "Your Lordship's in all humblenesse, Thomas Peyton." "To the Reader, the title described," sig. "Thine to his power, Tho. Peyton."

Art. 4. *Pamphil's Palinodia and his progresse to the Tauerne, where after the survey of the Sellar you are presented with a pleasant pinte of Poeticall Sherry. Nulla placere diu, &c. Hor.* [Wood-cut of an old man drawing wine

wine from a tub and a bacchante raising the cup with glee, &c.] *London, Printed by T. H. for Lawrence Chapman, and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne at Chancery late,* 1624. [q. as to date, the title not being quite perfect.]

"The printer to the reader," two pages; then "Pasquil's Palinodia, or his Pynte of Poetry," consisting of 170 octave stanzas, and a Song introduced "in praise of Sack," in twelve six-line stanzas.

Art. 5. *Articles of High Treason exhibited against Cheapside Crosse with the last Will and Testament of the said Crosse. And certaine Epitaphes upon her Tombe. By R. Overton. Newly printed, and newly come forth; with his Holinesse priviledge, to prevent false Copies. London, printed for R. Overton,* 1642. 4to. *four leaves.*

This tract was published at a period when the press groaned with polemical controversy; and dialogues, &c. between cross and cross, served as a vehicle for scattering illiberal invective and rancid abuse. Overton berhymed it, though little can be said in favour of his Muse. Scarcity has attached a nominal value to his production, or it had long since been buried in that oblivion to which it had no just claim. At the back of the title is

"The Author to his Muse.

My Muse scarce hatch'd erects her spiring eye,
And through the aire sees flocks of Muses fly;
And wanting wings, shee skipt into this paper,
And after flyes, puft up with windy vaper;
But hasty Muse take this advice (I pray)
In this thy flight keep in the middle way;
Fly not too high, for feare of scorching beames;
Nor yet too low, for feare of watery streams;

Thy

Thy wings are paper, if thou dost aspire
Sol's fiery throne, he'll set thy wings on fire;
To trident Neptune if thou dost descend,
He'll wet thy wings, and bring thee to thy end:
Thus to the meane I leave thee: let none be
Offended at thy flight, nor yet at me.

R. O."

Then follows "Articles of High Treason exhibited against Cheape-side Crosse, Dialogue-wise, betwixt Master Papist, a profest Catholike, and Master Newes, a Temporiser." After forty-four lines, in dialogue, follow "the Articles," containing Seven Items as accusation, of which the last is sufficient specimen.

"Item, that this vilanous piece of superstition, this pestiferous Romish relique, under pretence of frightning the divell out of the market, hath brought the divell or some familiar spirit of knavery amongst them, to the cheating and undoing his Majestie's poore subjects, their wives and children."

A speech of thirty-four lines by Newes, and then "the last will and testament of Cheap-side crosse," composed of eight items, inducted "In the name of the Virgin Mary, and of his Holinesse, Amen. I the Crosse, in Cheapside, in London, profest Catholike; being sore sick in body, but in perfect memorie, do make my last will and testament, in manner and forme as followeth." Three of the bequests, are,

"Item, I give and bequeath all the lead that is about me, to the hostile Catholikes in Ireland, to make bullets to confound that cursed crew of heretickes."

"Item, I bequeath the iron about me to make a clapper for his Holinesse passing-bell."

"Item, the gilt that is about me, and such other sacred reliques as my executors shall think fit, to be sold next Lambeth Faire, for the discharge of my funeral."

Their

Their Graces of Canterbury and Yorke, are nominated executors; and executed by "the Crosse her mark."

"This being done the Crosse for such a grosse
Would pierc'd an heart that had beene made of stone;
Each Cardinall and picture that was there,
To heare this sigh, gave up the ghost for feare.
But the poore pilgrims crampit'd by the back,
Withstood the storme, till that the Crosse did crack:
A second sigh the Crosse began to breath,
But sighing breath'd her last, and took her leave.
At which the Papist stood as one halfe dead,
And swore by th' Masse he'd rather lost his head,
But since it was so come to passe, he would
See her with honour brought unto the mould.
Which was perform'd in such a pompous glory,
That I want art for to expresse the story;
One thing except, and that I will reherse
Some Epitaphs which were pin'd to her Hearse."

The epitaphs are two of six-lines, and one of four lines, then

"The Author to his Muse.

"Returne my Muse, perchance thou wast too blame
But if thou boast crave pardon for the same;
Pardon, thee craves for this presumptuous flight,
If she offend, she'll vanish out of sight.

Exit."

Art. 6. *Ding Dong, or Sir Pitifull Parliament on his Death-bed. His pulses felt by Doctor King, and his Water cast by Doctor Bishop. His last Will, and Testament, with his Death, Burriall, and Epitaph. By Mercurius Melancholicus.*

"Hast, hast, good Sexton, toull the bell,
Even at the point of death,
Lies our most blessed Parliament,
And scarce can draw his breath.

Goe

"Goe call the Doctors, Priddeaux,
Thou art his serving creature,
Tell Doctor King, he needs must come,
To help restore his nature.

Buane Directory, last I say,
Call Doctor Bishop hither;
Tell him our dying Parliament,
Want him, and King together.

O Nol, O Tom, O Rainsborow,
O Devill, Foole, and Knave;
Come close the eyes of your deare state,
And lay him in the grave."

Printed in the yeare 1648. *4to. four leaves.*

This tract consists of an induction poem of twenty-six lines, by Sir Pitiful Parliament on his death bed, and a dialogue between Mr. Vote, Mr. Declaration, Mr. Rebellion, Mr. Covenant, Mr. Plunder, and Pitifull Parliament, in which whose last Will and Testament, and an Epitaph of eighteen lines, it concludes.

Art. 7. *Mistris Parliament presented in her bed, after the sore travaile and hard labour which she endured last weeke in the birth of her monstrous Offspring, the Childe of Deformation. The hopefull fruit of her seven yeers wooing, and a most precious Babe of Grace. With the Midwifes Discourse Justifiers Mrs. Sedition, Mrs. Schisme, Mrs. Synod, her Dry Nurse, Mrs. Jealousie, and others her Gossips.*

"Oh sick! oh faint! alas my sight doth faile,
My members tremble and my spirits quaile;
Oh what a chilnesse doth my heart oppresse,
But what the cause of 't is, I know you'le guesse
'Tis this most hedious birth doth me amaze,
And much torment me when on it I gaze;

But

But more when as I thinke what men will conster,
To see th' exposing Babe of Jesus Christ monster."

By Mercurius Melancholicus. Printed in the yeer of the Saint's fear, 1648, &c. four sheets.

This tract is likewise in dialogue among the characters named in the title, together with King Charles, Mrs. Sa Yandseal, &c. and divided into two sets and three scenes. At the conclusion the Parliament vaunts:

"The Scrowle.

"From XLI to VIII. have I (a brood
Of vipers) England swaid: and (in an hood
Of seal close lurking and the publique weal)
Bewitch'd the simple and their hearts did steal.
But now by time unmask'd 'tis plainly seen,
For England's bloud and wealth my thirst hath been."

There is afterwards the following distich.

"Rouse up your valiant hearts brave Englishmen,
And put in Charles his hand his sword again.
God blesse and save him.
Finis."

[*To be continued.*]

Cheapside street. J. H.

MISCELLANY. *Supplement to former Lists of Literary Deaths, with brief Biographical Notices.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 110.]

1784.

Jan. 1. Mr. Tho. Deletanville, author of the *New French Dictionary*.

Jan.

Jan. 2. Charles Rogers, Esq. F. R. and A. S. S.

Feb. 8. Rev. James Smith, Vicar of Alkham, Kent.

Mar. 15. Tho. Franklin, D. D. Dramatic Writer.

Mar. 27. Ralph Bigland, Garter King.

April 15. Tho. Wilson, D. D. Prebendary of Westminster.

April 15. Edward Noble, Mathematician.

April 30. Tho. Evans, bookseller, Editor of the Collection of *Old Ballads, &c.*

May 3. Rev. Tho. White, A. M. of Lichfield, aged 74.

June 1. Tho. Dickson, M. D. F. R. S. aged 57.

June 19. Andr. Gifford, D. D. F. A. S. aged 86.

Aug. 10. Allan Ramsay, Esq. æt. 71.

Sept. 5. Geo. Alexander Stevens.

Oct. 14. John Chapman, D. D. of Mersham, Kent, æt. 80.

Nov. 5. Theodosius Forrest, Attorney.

Dec. 10. Rev. Tho. Hartley, A. M. author of a *Treatise on the Millenium, &c.* aged 78.

Dec. 31. Francis Gentleman, Dramatic Writer.

Dec. 31. Rev. John Allen, of Beachworth, Surry, aged 63.

1785.

Jan. 29. Geo. Witchell, F. R. S. of Portsmouth.

Feb. 7. Matthew Duane, F. R. and A. S. S. aged 82.

Mar. 10. Rev. Richard Walter, A. M. whose name appears as author of *Anson's Voyage.*

Mar. 10. Dr. Messiter, of Islington.

May 4. Thomas Davies, Bookseller.

May 8. Paul Wright, D. D. Editor of *Heylin's Help to History, &c.*

Aug. 14. Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley, Salop.

Nov. . Henry Vetelst, Esq. formerly Governor of Bengal.

Nov. 20. Richard Burn, LL. D. author of the *Justice of Peace, &c.*

Nov. 25. John Henderson, of Covent Garden Theatre.

Dec. 3. William Leechman, D. D. of Glasgow.

Dec. 18. Sir Charles Frederick, K. B. F. R. and A. S. S. aged 76.

ART. XXVIII. *Literary Obituary.*

Lately, at his apartments in Tottenham-Court-Road, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, Mr. John Walker, Author of the *Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language*, and of several other works, of acknowledged excellence, on grammar and elocution; as a professor of which he had, for nearly forty years, deservedly held the highest reputation, and had amassed a competent fortune by means equally honourable to himself, and beneficial to those in whose instruction he had been engaged; but which would have been more ample, had not its accumulation been retarded by his repeated and extensive charities. He had been honoured with the patronage and friendship of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, and many other of the most distinguished literary and professional characters of the age; who respected and esteemed him, not more for the critical and profound knowledge he displayed on the subjects to which he had devoted his inquiries, than for the conscientious adherence to principle, the manly avowal of opinion, and the undeviating rectitude of conduct, that marked every stage of his life.

On Friday, Oct. 23, in the eightieth year of his age, James Brook, Esq. of Rathborn Place, Oxford Road. This gentleman was well known to the chief wits of his time, and was intimate with Johnson, Garrick, Churchill, Wilkes, Lloyd, Murphy, &c. &c. as well as most of the bon vivants of his early days, though his own habits were always very temperate. He possessed considerable literary talents which were chiefly exerted in political pamphlets, prologues, epilogues, sonnets, &c. It is much to be regretted that he did not cultivate these poetical effusions, as they were characterised by spirit and humour.

This gentleman conducted the *North Briton* after it was relinquished by Wilkes, till the final termination of that

once

ence popular work. He abounded in anecdotes, which he related in a very easy, lively, and entertaining manner. A daughter of this gentleman (who died in the prime of life) was married to the late Philip Champion Crespigny, Esq. King's Proctor, and formerly Member for Sudbury and Aldborough, Suffolk. Mr. Brook retained his faculties, as well as his vivacity and humour, almost to the close of life, and died after a short illness.

Lately, Mr. Davis the Agriculturist, Steward to Lord Bath.

Lately, Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York.

NOTICE.

The late fire at Mr. Bensley's, which destroyed almost the whole remaining impression of the volumes of the CENSURA LITERARIA, *has not deterred the Editor from the resolution of continuing the work, though for a short period it had almost produced such a determination. It will, however, have the effect of materially lessening the number of copies hereafter to be printed, as scarcely any perfect sets remain in the Proprietor's hands.—The readers of this work may rely on its continuance beyond the present volume, notwithstanding any rumours to the contrary; and, the Editor hopes, with unabated effort.*

Nov. 25, 1807.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

CENSURA LITERARIA.

NUMBER XXIV.

[Being Number XII. of the New Series.]

ART. I. *An Apology for Actors. Containing three briefe Treatises. 1. Their Antiquity. 2. Their Ancient Dignity. 3. The true use of their quality. Written by Thomas Heywood—Et prodesse solent & delectare—London; Printed by Nicholas Okes. 1612. 4to. pp. 60.*

Thomas Heywood was one of the most prolific writers of his period. A full account of him is inserted in the Biographia Dramatica, where this work is noticed as displaying great erudition. The following extracts are of those parts immediately relative to the English stage. As there is not the usual brief account of the passages omitted, it may be requisite to observe, that the extracts were made several years since, for private use, in consequence of not being able to purchase a copy; and a loan of the work obtained with considerable difficulty.

Dedicated "To the Right Honourable, Edward, Earle of Worcester, Lord of Chepstoll, Ragland, and Gower, Knight of the most Noble Order, &c. &c."

Address—" To my good friends and fellowes, the Citty-Actors." Concluding "So wishing you judiciall audiences, honest poets, and true gatherers, I commit you all to the fulnesse of your best wishes. Your's ever, T. H." 2 pages.

Another "To the Iudiciall Reader," subscribed "Thine, T. Heywood."

Ten lines, Greek poetry, signature Αλ, Γρ.

"In laudem, nec Operis, nec Authoris," thirty-seven lines Latin, subscribed "Anonymous. Sive pessimus omnia Poëta."

"To them that are opposite to this worke," four eight-line stanzas, subscribed "Ar. Hopton."

"To his beloved friend Maister Thomas Heywood," twenty-two lines, subscribed "by your friend John Webster."

"To my loving friend and fellow, Thomas Heywood," thirty lines, signed "Rich. Perkins."

"To my good friend and fellow, Thomas Heywood," ten lines, signed "Christopher Beeston."

"To my good friend and fellow, Thomas Heywood," signed "Robert Pallant."

"To my approved good friend M. Thomas Heywood," thirty-six lines, subscribed "Your's ever, John Taylor."

"The Author to his booke," thirty lines, signed "Thomas Heywood."

"*An Apology for Actors, and first touching their Antiquity.*

"Mooved by the sundry exclamations of many seditious sectists in this age, who in the fatnes and rankes

ranknes of a peaceable common-wealth, grow up like unsavery tufts of grasse, which though outwardly greene and fresh to the eye, yet are they both unpleasant and unprofitable, being too sower for food, and too ranke for fodder: these men like the ancient Germans, affecting no fashion but their owne, would draw other nations to bee slovens like themselves, and undertaking to purifie and reforme the sacred bodies of the church and common-weale (in the trew use of both which they are altogether ignorant,) would but like artlesse phisitions, for experiments sake, rather minister pils to poyson the whole body then cordials to preserve any or the least part. Amongst many other thinges tollerated in this peaceable and florishing state, it hath pleased the high and mighty princes of this land to limit the use of certaine publicke theatres, which since many of these over-curious heads have lavishly and violently slandered, I hold it not a misse to lay open some few antiquities to approve the true use of them, with arguments (not of the least moment) which, according to the weaknes of my spirit, and infancy of my judgment, I will (by God's grace) commit to the eyes of all favorable and judiciall readers; as well to satisfie the requests of some of our well qualified favorers, as to stop the envious acclamations of those who chalenge to themselves a priviledge invective, and against all free estates a railing liberty. Loath am I (I protest) being the youngest and weakest of the nest wherin I was hatcht, to soare this pitch before others of the same brood more fledge, and of better winge then my selfe: but though they whom more especially this task concernes, both for their ability in writing and sufficiency in judgement (as

their workes generally witnesse to the world,) are content to over-slip so necessary a subject, and have left it as to mee the most unworthy; I thought it better to stammer out my mind, then not to speak at all; to scribble downe a marke in the stead of writing a name; and to stumble on the way, rather then to stand still and not to proceede on so necessary a journey."

"Nor do I hold it lawfull to beguile the eyes of the world in confounding the shapes of either sex, as to keepe any youth in the habit of a virgine, or any virgin in the shape of a lad, to shroud them from the eyes of their fathers, tutors, or protectors, or to any other sinister intent whatsoever. But to see our youths attired in the habit of women, who knowes not what their intents be? Who cannot distinguish them by their names, assuredly knowing, they are but to represent such a lady, at such a time appoynted?

"Do not the universities, the fountaines and well-springs of all good arts, learning, and documents, admit the like in their colledges? And they (I assure myselfe) are not ignorant of their true use. In the time of my residence in Cambridge, I have seene tragedyes, comedyes, historyes, pastorals and shewes, publickly acted, in which graduates of good place and reputation, have bene specially parted: this is held necessary for the emboldening of their junior schollers."

The first book has two pieces of poetry incorporated, the one blank verse, about fifty lines; the other, couplet rhyme, forty-four lines, from Ovid.

"Of

" Of Actors and their ancient Dignitie. The Second Booke.

" Amongst us, one of our best English chroniclers* records, that when Edward the Fourthe would shew himselfe in publicke state to the view of the people, hee repaired to his palace at St. Iohnes, where he accustomed to see the City Actors. And since then, that house by the Prince's free gift, hath belonged to the Office of the Revels; where our court playes have beene in late daies yearely rehersed, perfected, and corrected, before they come to the publike view of the Prince and the nobility."

" To omit all the doctors, zawnyes, pantaloones, harlakeenes, in which the French, but especially the Italians, have beene excellent; and, according to the occasion offered, to do some right to our English actors, as Knell, Bentley, Mils, Wilson, Crosse, Lanam, and others: these, since I never saw them, as being before my time, I cannot (as an eye-witnesse of their desert) give them that applause, which no doubt, they worthily merit; yet by the report of many juditial auditors, their performance of many parts have been so absolute, that it were a kind of sinne to drowne their worths in Lethe, and not commit their (almost forgotten) names to eternity. Heere I must needes remember Tarleton, in his time gratious with the Queene his soveraigne, and in the people's generall applause; to whom succeeded Wil. Kemp, as wel in the favour of her Maiesty, as in the opinion and good

* Stowe.

thoughts of the general audience. Gabriel, Singer, Pope, Phillips, Sly, all the right I can do them is but this, that though they be dead, their deserts yet live in the remembrance of many. Among so many dead let me not forget one yet alive, in his time the most worthy, famous, Maister Edward Allen. To omit these, as also such as, for divers imperfections, may be thought insufficient for the quality. Actors should be men pick'd out personable, according to the parts they present; they should be rather schollers, that though they cannot speake well, knowe how to speake, or else to have that volubility, that they can speake well, though they understand not what; and so both imperfections may by instruction be helped and amended: but where a good tongue and a good conceit both faile, there can never be good actor. I also could wish, that such as are condemned for their licentiousnesse, might by a generall consent bee quite excluded our society: for as we are men that stand in the broad eye of the world, so should our manners, gestures, and behaviours, savour of such government and modesty, to deserve the good thoughts and reports of all men, and to abide the sharpest censures even of those that are the greatest opposites to the quality. Many amongst us, I know to be of substance, of government, of sober lives, and temperate carriages, house-keepers, and contributary to all duties enjoyned them, equally with them that are rank't with the most bountifull: and if amongst so many of sort, there be any few degenerate from the rest in that good demeanor, which is both requisite and expected at their hands; let me entreat you not to censure hardly of all for the misdeeds of some, but rather

father to excuse us, as Ovid doth the generality of women.

'Parcite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes,
Spectetur meritis quæque; puella suis.

For some offenders (that perhaps are few)
Spare in your thoughts to censure all the crew,
Since every breast containes a sundry spirit,
Let every one be censur'd as they merit.'

"Others there are, of whom should you aske my opinion, I must refer you to this Consule Theatrum. Here I might take fit opportunity to reckon up all our English writers, and compare them with the Greeke, French, Italian, and Latine poets; not only in their pastorall, historicall, elegeicall, and heroicall poems, but in their tragicall and comical subjects; but it was my chance to happen on the like, learnedly done by an approved good scholler, in a booke called 'Wit's Comon-wealth,'* to which treatise I wholy referre you, returning to our present subject. Julius Cæsar," &c.

"*Of Actors, and the true use of their quality. The third book.*

"To proceed to the matter: First, playing is an ornament to the citty, which strangers of all nations, repairing hither, report of in their countries, beholding them here with some admiration: for what variety of entertainment can there be in any citty of Christendome, more then in London? But some will say, this dish might be very well spared out of the banquet: to him I answere, 'Diogenes, that used to feede on rootes, cannot relish a march-pane.' Secondly, our English tongue, which hath been the most harsh,

* Or rather "Wit's Treasury," by Francis Meres.

uneven, and broken language of the world, part Dutch, part Irish, Saxon, Scotch, Welsh; and indeed a gallimaffry of many, but perfect in none; is now by this secondary meanes of playing, continually refined; every writer striving in himselfe to adde a new florish unto it: so that in processe, from the most rude and unpolisht tongue, it is growne to a most perfect and composed language, and many excellent workes, and elaborate poems writ in the same, that many nations grow inamored of our tongue (before despised). Neither saphicke, ionicke, iambicke, phaleuticke, adonicke, gliconicke, hexameter, tetramiter, pentamiter, asclepediacke, choriambicke, nor any other measured verse used amongst the Greekes, Latins, Italians, French, Dutch, or Spanish writers, but may be exprest in English, be it in blanke verse or meeter, in distichon or hexastichon, or in what forme or feet, or what number you can desire. Thus you see to what excellency our refined English is brought, that in these daies we are ashamed of that euphony and eloquence which, within these sixty yeares, the best tongues in the land were proud to pronounce. Thirdly, playes have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot reade in the discovery of all our English Chronicles: and what man have you now of that weake capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay from the landing of Brute, until this day, beeing possest of their true use?"

"Our antiquity [as actors] we have brought from the Grecians in the time of Hercules: from the Macedonians

donians in the age of Alexander: from the Romans long before Julius Cæsar, and since him through the reigns of twenty-three emperours, succeeding even to Marcus Aurelius. After him they were supported by the Mantuans, Venetians, Valencians, Neopolitans, the Florentines, and others: since, by the German Princes, the Palsgrave, the Landsgrave, the Dukes of Saxony, of Brounswicke, &c. The Cardinall* at Bruxels, hath at this time in pay, a company of our English comedians. The French King allowes certaine companies in Paris, Orleans, besides other cities: so doth the King of Spaine, in Civill, Madrill, and other provinces. But in no country they are of that eminence that ours are: so our most royall, and ever renouned soveraigne, hath licensed us in London: so did his predecessor, the thrice vertuous virgin Queene Elizabeth, and before her, her sister Queene Mary, Edward the Sixth, and their father, Henry the Eighth: and before these in the tenth yeare of the reigne of Edward the Fourth, Anno 1490, John Stowe, an ancient and grave chronicler, records (amongst other varieties tending to the like effect) that a play was acted at a place called Skinners-well, fast by Clerken-well, which continued eight dayes, and was of matter from Adam and Eve, (the first creation of the world.) The spectators were no worse than the royalty of England. And amongst other commendable exercises in this place, the Company of the Skinners of London held certaine yearely solemne playes. In place wherof now in these latter daies, the wrastling, and such other pastimes have been kept, and is still

* Cardinall Alfonsus.

held

held about Bartholomew-tide. Also in the year 1390 the fourteenth yeare of the reigne of Richard the Second, the 18 of July, were the like enterludes recorded of at the same place, which continued three dayes together, the King and Queene and nobility being there present. Moreover, to this day, in divers places of England, there be townes that hold the priviledge of their faires, and other charters by yearely stage playes, as at Manningtree in * Suffolke, Kendall in the north, and others. To let these passe, as things familiarly knowne to all men. Now to speak of some abuse lately crept into the quality, as an inveighing against the state, the court, the law, the citty, and their governements, with the particularizing of private men's humors (yet alive) noble-men, and others. I know it distastes many; neither do I any way approve it, nor dare I by any meanes excuse it. The liberty which some arrogate to themselves, committing their bitternesse, and liberall invectives against all estates, to the mouthes of children, supposing their juniority to be priviledge for any rayling, be it never so violent. I could advise all such to curbe and limit this presumed liberty within the bands of discretion and government. But wise and juditial censurers, before whom such complaints shall at any time hereafter come, wil not (I hope) impute these abuses to any transgression in us, who have ever been carefull and provident to shun the like. I surcease to prosecute this any further, lest my good meaning be (by some) misconstrued: and fearing likewise, lest with tediousnesse I tire the patience of the favourable reader, heere (though abruptly) I conclude my third and last Treatise."

* Qu. Essex?

At

At the end of the volume is the following address from the author to his bookseller.

"To my approved good friend, Mr. Nicholas Okes.

"The infinite faults escaped in my booke of Britaine's Troy,* by the negligence of the printer, as the misquotations, mistaking of sillables, misplacing halfe lines, coining of strange and never heard of words: these being without number, when I would have taken a particular account of the *errata*, the printer answered me, hee would not publish his owne disworkemanship, but rather let his owne fault lye upon the necke of the author: and being fearefull that others of his quality, had beene of the same nature, and condition, and finding you on the contrary, so carefull and industrious, so serious and laborious, to doe the author all the rights of the presse; I could not choose but gratulate your honest indeavours with this short remembrance. Here likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke, by taking the two Epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume, under the name of another,† which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him; and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but as I must acknowlege my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so he author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name. These, and the like dishonesties, I know you to

* Printed in folio, 1609. † Shakspeare.

be

be cleare of; and I could wish but to bee the happy author of so worthy a worke as I could willingly commit to your care and workmanship.

Your's ever,

THOMAS HEYWOOD."

This little epistle was one of the incontrovertible proofs adduced by the late Dr. Farmer, in his admirable Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, that the immortal bard never travelled out of the pale of the English language. The two pieces of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, were translations by Heywood, and inserted in his Britaine's Troy, printed by W. Jaggard, in 1609. Jaggard had also published The Passionate Pilgrime in 1599, and a third edition in 1612, which was enlarged by the insertion of Heywood's pieces, and is the subject of the author's censure in the above Postscript. At the end of an invaluable copy of Shakspeare's poems, printed by Lintot, having notes and collations, with earlier editions, in the hand-writing of Dr. Farmer, is the following "N. B. The two pieces 'My flocks feed not,' and 'As it fell upon a day;' are subscribed *Ignoto* in England's Helicon, 1600; hence it appears that Jaggard's collection in 1599, where they are ascribed to Shakspeare, was even at that time considered to be of no authority."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. II. *The Christian Almanack for one hundred and seven years to come; being a prophetical poem upon the fall of Antichrist, and the commencement of*

of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ: with pertinent observations, both theological and chronological. Vehajah Jehovah lemelech gnal col haaretz, Zach. xiv. 9. *Kai ezesan, kai ebasileusan meta tou Christou ta chilia ete. Rev.* xx. 4. *Written in the year of the Beast's reign* 1228, *and in the year of our Lord's Nativity*, 1703. *Norwich: Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Norwich*, 1703, 4*to. pp.* 16.

Whether the author was related to the learned Lilly, wonder-searching Wing, renowned Partridge, or any other abstruse almanack-maker, in the homely phrase of Anthony Wood, "I cannot tell." Undoubtedly he displayed early germs of genius, and by his wise parents was apprenticed at the old original shop of Sternhold and Hopkins, where he soon learnt that "been and sin, pence and rents, elect and protect," by a certain twang upon the loose strings of Apollo's lyre, emitted a tonical hum: with this stock in trade he commenced manufacturer of couplets, not of "the deeds of the dead;" but rich with things to be seen "by children yet unborn." Like a modern satirist, his rhimes served for a peg to hang his notes on; and such notes, how invaluable to the seer-like collector of prophecies that seem to have foretold something of the present eventful period!

The work commences with "the Proem," in seven stanzas; then follows "The Christian Almanack," &c.

"1. The pope's a beast, for he did waste
God's vineyard, fair and green:

Re

By pushing men, that would not sin,
As is by records seen.

2. This beast arose, as I suppose,
Four hundred seventy;
To which add five; but did not thrive,
Till Boniface did cry."

Perhaps, gentle reader, you will conceive these two stanzas sufficient specimen, and that the other forty (of which the poem consists) may be omitted. Perhaps you would wish to be informed, the Boniface alluded to, was "the third pope of that name, who obtained of Phocas the wicked Emperor, for him and his successors after him, that the see of Rome, above all other churches, should have the pre-eminence; and that the Bishop of Rome should be the universal head of all churches." Perhaps the following selection from other notes will raise a smile at the arithmetical deductions, and may complete the surfeit: "Supposing Antichrist's or the Pope's dominion began An. Ch. 475, his time being 1260 years, must expire in the year of our Lord 1735, thirty-two years hence. The 1260 days or years are represented two ways. Revel. xi. 2, 3. First by forty-two months, then by 1260 days; now allowing thirty days for each month, it appears the numbers are the same; for forty-two multiplied by thirty makes 1260.—It appears by Dan. xii. 11, 12, that there is an addition made to the 1260 days or years of the beast's reigning. First, here is an addition of thirty days, which makes the number 1290 days in the 11th verse; then in the 12th verse there are forty-five more added, which together make seventy-five, and this added to 1260 make the number 1335, at the end of which

which is blessedness in the first resurrection, the resurrection of the saints; for then Daniel shall stand in his lot (in the new Jerusalem-state, or thousand year's reign) as verse the thirteenth. Now, according to this computation, this glorious kingdom of our Lord Jesus, or blessed Millenium, cannot begin till after the year of our Lord 1810. For, if you add seventy-five to 1735 (the expiration of Antichrist's reign) it makes 1810. The kingdom of our Lord Jesus being very glorious, it must have an honourable preparation, which in all likelihood will take up these seventy-five years, for the pouring out of the vials of God's wrath upon Babylon: and though Antichrist shall be yet in being, he can't be said to reign, during those seventy-five years, but will continue like an out-dated tyrant and usurper, not yet executed; but under dreadful plagues, increasing more and more upon him, till his final destruction. It is very reasonable to think that the pope shall have a lingring death, because he has been a great malefactor, which yet will be but a short time compared with the time of his reigning. But I conceive there will be no persecution of the saints after 1735. And I am in hopes that some of the intervenient time will be spent in unbuttoning the witnesses sackcloth garments, that they may then fall off at once. Then the beast will loose his kingly power, and the kings in general that had given their kingdoms to him will fight against him; and though it shall be a day of great temptation to the inhabitants of the earth, (such as never was before) yet the Philadelphian church shall be delivered from it. Rev. iii. 10, 11, 12. I also judge that Daniel's 2300 days, or years after which the sanctuary, or worship of God shall be cleansed from

from all humane pollutions) have their exit or end at 1810, 'tis thought they began with the first of Cyrus."

Perhaps it may be necessary to remind the reader this work was published above a century ago, and ends,

"If any ask, who did this task?
Say it was done by one,
Who wishes well to Israel,
And kingdom of the Stone.

Calculated for the meridian of Sion, and chiefly for that latitude, where the pole of truth is elevated three degrees above the bestian horizon; but may indifferently serve for any part of the holy land. Finis.

ADAM FLEMYNGE."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. III. *Bibliographia Poetica.*

Of the lives of the poets published in 1753 by Cibber or Shiels, a full account has been given in the late edition of the Theatrum Poetarum, p. li. but the advertisement of that work appears entitled to a more lasting register than the columns of a newspaper.

The Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland, to the present time. Compiled from ample materials, scattered in a variety of books, and especially from the MS. notes of the late ingenious Mr. Coxeter and others, collected for this design. By Mr. Cibber. Printed &c. This work is published on the following terms. 1. That it shall consist of four* neat pocket

* The work extended to five volumes,—a similar exceeding occurred in Warton's History, the advertisement of the first volume says "this work will consist of two volumes, 4to."

volumes

volumes, handsomely printed. 2. That it shall be published in numbers, &c. 3. That five numbers shall make a volume; so that the whole work will not exceed the price of ten shillings unbound.

"*To the public.*

"The professors of no art have conferred more honour on our nation than the poets. All countries have been diligent in preserving the memoirs of those who have, either by their actions or writings, drawn the attention of the world upon them. It is a tribute due to the illustrious dead, and has a tendency to awaken in the minds of the living the laudable principle of emulation. As there is no reading at once so entertaining and instructive, as that of biography, so none ought to have the preference to it. It yields the most striking pictures of life, and shews us the many vicissitudes to which we are exposed in the course of that important journey. It has happened that the lives of the literati have been less attended to, than those of men of action, whether in the field or senate; possibly because accounts of them are more difficult to be attained, as they move in a retired sphere, and may therefore be thought incapable of exciting so much curiosity, or affecting the mind with equal force; but, certain it is, that familiar life, the knowledge of which is of the highest importance, might often be strikingly exhibited, were its various scenes but sufficiently known and properly illustrated. Of this, the most affecting instances will be found in the lives of the Poets, whose indigence has so often subjected them to experience variety of fortune, and whose parts and genius have been so much concerned in furnishing en-

tertainment to the public. As the poets generally converse more at large, than other men, their lives must naturally be productive of such incidents, as cannot but please those, who deem the study of human nature, and lessons of life, the most important.

"The lives of the Poets have been less perfectly given to the world, than the figure they have made in it, and the share they have in our admiration, naturally demand. The dramatic authors indeed have had some writers who have transmitted accounts of their works to posterity. Of these Langbaine is by far the most considerable. He was a man of extensive reading, and has taken a great deal of pains to trace the sources from which our poets have derived their plots; he has given a catalogue of their plays, and, as far as his reading served him, very accurately: he has much improved upon Winstanley and Philips, and his account of the poets is certainly the best now extant.* Jacob's performance is a most contemptible one; he has given himself no trouble to gain intelligence, and has scarcely transcribed Langbaine with accuracy. Mrs. Cooper, author of 'The Muses' Library,' has been industrious in collecting the works and some memoirs of the poets who preceded Spenser, but her plan did not admit of enlarging, and she has furnished but

* Winstanley published his volume as "*a brief essay* of the works and writings of above two hundred poets," though his account only extends to one hundred and forty-five; and of those given, as a brief essay, both incomplete and incorrect: this deficiency obained the work more notice than has attended Langbaine's "Account of the English Dramatic Poets," which is still of intrinsic value, though neglected. "This author has been by many reflected on in order to acquire a reputation to themselves, yet he never had, nor perhaps ever will have a competitor for industry, diligence, and exactness, in the province he has undertaken." MS. note on L. 1760.

little

little intelligence concerning them. The general error into which Langbaine, Mrs. Cooper, and all the other biographers, have fallen, is this; they have considered the poets merely as such, without tracing their connexions in civil life, the various circumstances they have been in, their patronage, their employments, and in short, the figure they made as members of the community; which omission has rendered their accounts less interesting, and while they have shewn us the poet, they have quite neglected the man. Many of the poets, besides their excellency in that profession, were held in esteem by men in power, and filled civil employments with honour and reputation; various particulars of their lives are to be found in the annals of the age in which they lived, and which were connected with those of their patron.

"But these particulars lie scattered in a variety of books, and the collecting them together and properly arranging them, is as yet unattempted, and is no easy task to accomplish. This, however, we have endeavoured to do, and if we are able to execute our plan, their lives will prove entertaining, and many articles of intelligence, omitted by others, will be brought to light. Another advantage we imagine our plan has over those who have gone before us in the same attempt, is, that we have not confined ourselves to dramatic writers only, but have taken in all who have had any name as poets, of whatsoever class: and have besides given some account of their other writings; so that if they had any excellence independent of poetry, it will appear in full view to the reader. We have likewise considered the poets, not as they rise alpha-

betically, but chronologically, from Chaucer,* the morning star of English poetry, to the present times; and we promise in the course of this work, to make short quotations by way of specimen from every author, so that the readers will be able to discern the progress of poetry from its origin in Chaucer to its consummation in Dryden.† He will discover the gradual improvements

* Having mentioned Warton, the name of Chaucer will serve for the introduction of the following lines, published anonymously, in 1774.

"*On reading the criticism on Chaucer's Squire's Tale in Warton's History of English Poetry.*

"As erst on Cam's green margc, with seige delight,
I mark'd in Chaucer's page how Sarra's Lord,
Begirt with many a swarthy Moorish Knight,
Crown'd at his birth-day festival the board.

Much did I grieve, that o'er a page so pure
Devouring time had cast his dim disguise;
As April show'rs by gloomy fits obscure
The noon-tide radiance of the smiling skies.

Lo Warton came—from the romantic tale
To clear the rust that canker'd all around;
His skilful hand unlocks each magic vale,
And opes each flowery forest's rocky bound.

At this, long drooping in forlorn despair,
His painted wing Imagination plumes,
Pleas'd that her favourite strain, by Warton's care,
Its genuine charms and native grace assumes."

These lines must have been Warton's own, as he afterwards used many of them in his Stanzas to Upton. *See his Poems.*

† Dryden, in the Astræa Redux, a poem on the Restoration of Charles the Second, has the following couplet,

"An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear."

Which was ridiculed in these lines,

"Laureat, who was both learn'd and florid,
Was damn'd long since for silence horrid;

Nor

improvements made in versification, its rise and fall; and, in a word, the complete history of poetry will appear before him. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for instance, numbers and harmony were carried to a great perfection by the Earl of Surry, Spenser, and Fairfax; in the reign of James and Charles the First, they grew harsher; at the Restoration, when taste and politeness began again to revive, Waller restored them to the smoothness they had lost: Dryden reached the highest excellence of numbers, and completed the power of poetry.

"In the course of this work we shall be particular in quoting authorities for every fact advanced, as it is fit the reader should not be left at an uncertainty; and where we find judicious criticisms on the works of our authors, we shall take care to insert them, and shall seldom give our opinion in the decision of what degree of merit is due to them. We may venture, however, in order to enliven the narration as much as possible, sometimes to throw in a reflection, and, in facts, that are disputed, to sum up the evidence on both sides.

Nor had there been such clutter made,
But that his silence did invade;
Invade —— and so it might, that's clear;
But what did it invade? an Ear!"

Capt. Radcliff's News from Hell.

Notwithstanding this burlesque, Shakspeare has something like it, and which perhaps Dryden thought of—

"The hum of either army stilly sounds.

Henry 5th.

Errat. stilly means continually, &c. perh. but qu? [This is copied from the hand writing of the late Dr. Farmer, who, from the words abbreviated, appears to have doubted as to the strict sense of the word stilly. Mr. Malone explains it gently, lowly.]

But though the poets were often involved in parties, and engaged in the vicissitudes of state, we shall endeavour to illustrate their conduct, without any satirical remarks, or favourable colouring; never detracting from the merit of one, or raising the reputation of another, on account of political principles."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. IV. *The Mirror of Alchimy composed by the thrice famous and learned Fryer Roger Bachon, sometime Fellow of Martin Colledge, and afterwards of Brazen Nose Colledge in Oxenford. Also a most excellent and learned discourse of the admirable force and efficacie of Art and Nature, written by the same author. With certaine other worthie Treatises of the like Argument.*

"Vino vendibili non opus est hedera."

London: Printed for Richard Olive, 1597.* *Small 4to. pp.* 84.

"*Preface.*

"In times past the philosophers spake after divers and sundrie manners throughout their writings, sith that as it were in a riddle and cloudie voyce, they have left unto us a certaine most excellent and noble

* Dr. Shaw observes, in the Biographia Britannica, that "Bacon writ many Treatises, some of which are lost or locked up in private libraries: what relate to chemistry are chiefly two small pieces, wrote at Oxford, which are now in print, and the MSS. may be seen in the public library of Leyden, having been carried thither amongst Vossius's MSS. from England." Probably the work here described may be one of those to which the Dr. alludes.

science,

science, but altogether obscure, and without all hope utterly denied, and that not without good cause. Wherefore I would advise thee, that above all other bookes, thou shouldest firmly fixe thy mind upon these seven chapters, conteining in them the transmutation of mettalls, and often call to minde the beginning, middle, and end of the same, wherein thou shalt finde such subtiltie, that thy minde shal be fully contented therewith."

"Chap. 1.—Of the Definitions of Alchimy.

"In many ancient bookes there are found many definitions of this art, the intentions wherof we must consider in this chapter. For Hermes saith of this science: Alchimy is a corporal science simply composed of one and by one, naturally conjoining things more precious, by knowledge and effect, and converting them by a naturall commixtion into a better kind. A certain other saith: Alchimy is a science, teaching how to transforme any kind of mettall into another: and that by a proper medicine, as it appeareth by many philosopher's bookes. Alchimy therefore is a science teaching how to make and compound a certaine medicine, which is called elixir, the which when it is cast upon mettals, or imperfect bodies, doth fully perfect them in the verie projection.

Chap. 2.—Of the naturall principles, and procreation of Minerals.

Chap. 3.—Out of what things the matter of Elixir must be more nearly extracted.

Chap. 4.—Of the maner of working, and of moderating, and continuing the fire.

Chap. 5.—Of the qualitie of the Vessell and Furnace.

Chap. 6.—Of the accidentall and essentiall colours appearing in the worke.

Chap. 7.—How to make projection of the medicine upon any imperfect bodie.

Here endeth the Mirror of Alchimy, composed by the most learned philosopher Roger Bacon."

The remainder of this curious work is divided into three parts, viz.

1st. "A briefe Commentarie of Hortulanus the Philosopher, upon the Smaragdine Table of Hermes of Alchimy," consisting of 13 chapters.

2d. "The Booke of the Secrets of Alchimie, composed by Galid the sonne of Iazich, translated out of Hebrew into Arabick, and out of Arabick into Latine, and out of Latin into English," consisting of 16 chapters.

3d. "The excellent and learned discourse of the admirable force and efficacie of Art and Nature," which is mentioned in the title-page.

J. H. M.

ART. V. *Modern Account of Scotland; being an exact description of the Country, and a true Character of the People and their Manners. Written from thence by an English Gentleman. Printed in the year 1679. 4to. pp. 17.*

This curious work was written in so splenetic a disposition, and contains many circumstances of so singular a nature, that the author naturally confined its circulation, by not permitting it to be published, and also

also concealed his name from prudential motives. This omission, however, has been supplied in MS. in the copy from whence this description is taken, and "the English Gentleman" appears to have been Thomas Kirke, of Crookwige in Yorkshire. The work commences with the following severe introduction.

"If all our European travellers direct their course to Italy, upon the account of its antiquity, why should Scotland be neglected, whose wrinkled surface derives its original from the chaos? The first inhabitants were some straglers of the fallen angels, who rested themselves on the confines, till their captain, Lucifer, provided places for them in his own country. This is the conjecture of learned critics, who trace things to their originals; and this opinion was grounded on the devil's bratts yet resident amongst them (whose foresight in the events of good and evil exceeds the Oracles at Delphos) the supposed issue of those pristine inhabitants.

"Italy is compared to a leg, Scotland to a louse, whose legs and engrailed edges represent the promontories and buttings out into the sea, with more nooks and angles than the most conceited of my Lord Mayor's custards; nor does the comparison determine here? A louse preys upon its own fosterer and preserver, and is productive of those minute animals called nits; so Scotland, whose proboscis joyns too close to England, has suckt away the nutriment from Northumberland, as the countrey itself is too true a testimony.

"The whole countrey will make up a park, forrest, or chace, as you'll please to call it; but if you desire

an

an account of particular parks, they are innumerable, every small house having a few sodds thrown into a little bank about it, and this for the state of the business (forsooth) must be called a park though not a pole of land in it.

"Fowl are as scarce here as birds of paradise, the charity of the inhabitants denying harbour to such celestial animals, though gulls and cormorants abound, there being a greater sympathy betwixt them. There is one sort of ravenous fowl amongst them that has one web foot, one foot suited for land and another for water, but whether or no this fowl (being particular to this country) be not the lively picture of the inhabitants, I shall leave to wiser conjectures.

"Their cities are poor and populous, especially Edenborough, their metropolis, which so well suits with the inhabitants, that one character will serve them both, viz. high and dirty. The houses mount seven or eight stories high, with many families on one floor, one room being sufficient for all occasions, eating, drinking, sleeping, &c. &c. The town is like a double comb (an engine not commonly known amongst them) one great street, and each side stockt with narrow allies, which I mistook for common shores. Some of the kirks have been of antient foundations, and well and regularly built, but order and uniformity is in perfect antipathy to the humour of this nation, these goodly structures being either wholly destroyed (as at St. Andrews and Elgin, where, by the remaining ruins, you may see what it was in perfection) or very much defaced; they make use of no quires, those are either quite pulled down, or converted into another kirk, for it is common here to have three, four,

four, or five kirks under one roof, which being preserved entire, would have made one good church, but they could not then have had preaching enough in it.

"The castles of defence in this country are almost impregnable, only to be taken by treachery or long siege, their water failing them soonest; they are built upon high and almost inaccessible rocks, only one forced passage up to them, so that a few men may easily defend them. Indeed all the gentlemen's houses are strong castles, they being so treacherous one to another, that they are forced to defend themselves in strong holds; they are commonly built upon some single rock in the sea, or some high precipice near the mid-land, with many towers and strong iron grates before their windows (the lower part whereof, is only a woodden shutter, and the upper part glass) so that they look more like prisons than houses of reception; some few houses there are of late erection, that are built in a better form, with good walks and gardens about them, but their fruit rarely comes to any perfection. The houses of the commonalty are very mean, mud-wall and thatch the best; but the poorer sort live in such miserable hutts as never eye beheld; men, women, and children, pigg altogether in a poor mouse-hole of mud, heath, and such like matter. In some parts where turf is plentiful, they build up little cabbins thereof with arched roofs of turf, without a stick of timber in it; when the house is dry enough to burn, it serves them for fuel, and they remove to another. The habit of the people is very different, according to the qualities or the places they live in, as Low-land or High-land men. The Low-land gentry go well enough habited, but the poorer sort go (almost) naked, only

an

an old cloak, or a part of their bed-cloaths thrown over them. The Highlanders wear slashed doublets, commonly without breeches, only a plad tyed about their waste, &c. thrown over one shoulder, with short stockings to the gartering place, their knees and part of their thighs being naked; others have breeches and stockings all of a piece of plad ware, close to their thighs; in one side of their girdle sticks a dirk or skean, about a foot or half a yard long, very sharp, and the back of it filed into divers notches, wherein they put poyson; on the other side a brace (at least) of brass pistols; nor is this honour sufficient; if they can purchase more, they must have a long swinging sword.

"The people are proud, arrogant, vain-glorious boasters, bloody, barbarous, and inhuman butchers. Couzenage and theft is in perfection amongst them, and they are perfect English haters; they shew their pride in exalting themselves and depressing their neighbours. When the palace at Edenburgh is finished, they expect his Majesty will leave his rotten house at White-Hall, and live splendidly amongst his nown countreymen the Scots; for they say that Englishmen are very much beholden to them that we have their King amongst us. The nobility and gentry lord it over their poor tenants and use them worse than galley slaves; they are all bound to serve them, men, women, and children; the first fruits is always the landlord's due, he is the man that must first board all the young married women within his lairdship, and their sons are all his slaves, so that any mean laird will have six or ten more followers."

The

The following extract is extremely curious, as it bears a similarity to one of those extraordinary circumstances mentioned by Bruce, as occurring in the course of his travels, and which, in some degree, brought his work into disrepute.

"Their cruelty descends to their beasts; it being a custom in some places to feast upon a living cow, they tye in the middle of them, near a great fire, and then cut collops of this poor living beast, and broil them on the fire, till they have mangled her all to pieces; nay, sometimes they will only cut off as much as will satisfie their present appetites, and let her go till their greedy stomacks calls for a new supply; such horrible cruelty as can scarce be parallel'd in the whole world! Their theft is so well known that it needs no proving; they are forced to keep watch over all they have, to secure it; their cattle are watched day and night, or otherwise they would be over-grown by morning. In the Highlands they do it publicly before the face of the sun; if one man has two cows, and another wants, he shall soon supply himself from his neighbour, who can find no remedy for it. The gentry keep an armory in their own houses, furnished with several sorts of fire arms, pikes, and halberts, with which they arm their followers, to secure themselves from the rapine of their neighbourhood.

"Their drink is ale made of beer malt, and tunned up in a small vessel, called a cogue: after it has stood a few hours, they drink it out of the cogue, yest and all; the better sort brew it in larger quantities, and drink it in wooden queighs, but it is sorry stuff, yet excellent for preparing bird-lime; but wine is the great drink with

with the gentry, which they pour in like fishes, as if it were their natural element; the glasses they drink out of, are considerably large, and they always fill them to the brim, and away with it; some of them have arrived at the perfection to tope brandy at the same rate: sure these are a bowl above Bacchus, and of right ought to have a nobler throne than an hogshead.

"Musick they have, but not the harmony of the spheres, but loud terrene noises, like the bellowing of beasts; the loud bagpipe is their chief delight; stringed instruments are too soft to penetrate the organs of their ears that are only pleased with sounds of substance.

"The highways in Scotland are tolerably good, which is the greatest comfort a traveller meets with amongst them; they have not inns, but change-houses (as they call them) poor small cottages, where you must be content to take what you find, perhaps eggs with chucks in them, and some lang-cale; at the better sort of them, a dish of chop'd chickens, which they esteem a dainty dish, and will take it unkindly if you do not eat very heartily of it, though for the most part you may make a meal with the sight of the fare, and be satisfied with the steam only, like the inhabitants of the world in the moon; your horses must be sent to a stabler's (for the change-houses have no lodging for them) where they may feed voluptuously on straw only, for grass is not to be had, and hay is so much a stranger to them, that they are scarce familiar with the name of it.

"The Scotch gentry commonly travel from one friend's house to another, so seldom make use of a change-house; their way is to hire a horse and a man for two pence a mile; they ride on the horse thirty or

forty

forty miles a day, and the man, who is his guide, foots it beside him, and carries his luggage to boot. The best sort keep only a horse or two for themselves and their best friend; all the rest of the train foot it beside them. To conclude, the whole bulk and selvedge of this countrey, is all wonder too great for me to unriddle; there I shall leave it, as I found it, with its agreeable inhabitants in

"A land where one may pray with curst intent:
Oh! may they never suffer banishment!"

J. H. M.

ART. VI. *Argalus and Parthenia, newly perused, perfected, and written, by Fra. Quarles. Lusit Anacreon. 4to. pp. 153.*

Dedicated to Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, and dated from Dublin March 4, 1621, in an Address to the Reader, in which he calls it "the fruits of a few broken hours;" and says it was a scion taken out of the orchard of Sir Philip Sydney, which he has lately graffed on a crab-stock of his own. "Ladies," he adds, "(for in your silken laps I know this book will choose to lie, which being far fetched, if the stationers be wise, will be most fit for you) my suit is that you would be pleased to give the fair Parthenia your noble entertainment: she hath crossed the seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whose gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them."

I give a specimen from the commencement of the first book.

"Within the limits of the Arcadian land,
Whose grateful bounty hath enrich'd the hand

Of

Of many a shepherd swain, whose rural art
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled love) did build to fame
Eternal trophies of a pastoral name;
That sweet Arcadia, which in antique days
Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays
To all the world; and with her oaten reed
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed;
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the Daphnian tree,
As his, whose Ænead so proudly sings
Heroic conquests of victorious kings;
There (if the exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that angels may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that virgin, that Arcadian glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modelizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name Parthenia, whose renown'd descent
Can serve but as a needless compliment
To gild perfection: she shall boast alone
What bounteous art and nature makes her own.
  Her mother was a lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honour than diseases; sage,
A modest nation, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in speech, but liberal of her ear;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes;
Frequent in alms, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty spirit, constant to her beads;*
Wisely suspicious; but what need we other
Than this? She was the fair Parthenia's mother;
That rare Parthenia, in whose heavenly eye
Sits maiden mildness, mixt with majesty,
Whose secret power hath a double skill,
By frowns or smiles to make alive or kill." &c. &c.

* This sounds like a couplet of Dryden.

Here

Here follows a description of her person, which my readers will not thank me for transcribing. The works of Quarles are too common to require a further specimen.

ART. VII. *Album, seu nigrum amicorum, in obitum Horat. Palavicini. London: Printed by T. Creed for Andrew Wise. 4to.* 1600.

This is a mere collection of funereal verses. The first of them, however, is one of the scattered pieces of Bishop Hall.

" *In obitum viri amplissimi, Domini Horatii Pallavicini Equitis, Epitaphium.*

" Utra mihi patria est, utra est peregrina viator?
Itala terra tulit, terra Brytanna tegit.
Natus ibi, hic vixi, moriorque ineunte senecta;
Illa mihi cunas contulit, hæc tumulum.
Deserui Latium vivus, meque illa reliquit
Quodque ortu meruit, perdidit exilio.
Hospitio excepit, fovitque Brytannia longo;
Jure sit illa suo patria sola mihi!
Non tamen illa mihi patria est, non ulla sub astris,
Sed medio Ætherei regna suprema poli.

I. HALL. IMMAN."

H. E.

ART. VIII. *A few Anecdotes and Observations relating to Oliver Cromwell and his Family; serving to rectify several errors concerning him published by Nicolaus Commenus Papadapoli, in his Historia Gymnasii Patavini.* 4to. *London.* 1763.

Papadapoli states that the Protector, Oliver, was born in Wales: and asserts that he became a member of the university of Padua in 1618, referring for evidence not only to the list of the English students kept there, but to the arms of Oliver, as painted on one of the piazzas. He afterwards adds, that having in the younger part of life lessened his small patrimony by dissolute conduct and the length of time he passed in his travels, that he returned to England in 1625. Toward the close of Papadapoli's account, Oliver's ambition is attributed to his wife: and he is stated to have died the fourth of [illegible] ides of September, 165[illegible] upwards of sixty years of age.

Such are the errors which this little pamphlet serves to rectify. Oliver was born at Hinchinbrooke; appears never to have left his native country; died Sept. 4, 1658; and seems to have been incited to no ambition by his wife.

H. E.

ART. IX. *Drinke and Welcome: or the famous Historie of the most part of Drinks in use now in the kingdomes of Great Brittaine and Ireland: with an especiall declaration of the potency, vertue, and operation of our English Ale. With a description of all sorts of Waters, from the Ocean Sea to the teares of a Woman. As also, the causes of all sorts of Weather, faire or foule, sleet, raine, haile, frost, snow, fogges, mists, vapours, clouds, stormes, windes, thunder and lightning. Compiled first in the high Dutch tongue, by the painefull and industrious Huldricke Van Speagle; a grammaticall*

maticall brewer of Lubeck; and now most learnedly enlarged, amplified, and translated into English prose and verse: By John Taylor. London: Printed by Anne Griffin, 1637. 4to.

Dr. Farmer, in his admirable Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, has given this title-page at full length, professedly for the humour of it. Taylor, indeed, like several of his contemporaries, will sometimes be found to lavish the chief attractions of his wit and ingenuity on the title-page of his book. The present tract affords an opposite illustration of this remark, and a short extract may serve to confirm it; while, at the same time, it enumerates the various Drinks of which he had drawn up fanciful etymologies in prose. *

"I, a Water-man, in various fashions
Have wrote a hotchpotch here of strange mutations,
Of ancient liquors made by Liber Pater,
Of drinkes, of wines, of sundry sorts of water.
My Muse doth like a monkey friske and frigge,
Or like a squirrell skip from twigge to twigge;
Now sipping *Sider*, straightway supping *Perry*,
Metheglin sweet, and *Mead* that makes her merry;
With *Braggot*, that can teach a cat to speake,
And poore *Pomperkin*, impotent and weake:

* A specimen of these etymological whimsies may be entitled to marginal admission: "This graine (Barley) after it had beene watred and dryed, was first ground in a mill in the island of Malta, from whence it is supposed to gaine the name of *Malt*: but I take it more proper from the word Malleolus, which signifies a hammer, or maule; for Hannibal, that great Carthaginian captaine, in his sixteene yeares' warres againe the Romans, may called the *Maule* of Italie; for it is conjectured that he victoriously foil'd them, by reason that his army was daily refreshed with the spiritefull liquor of *Malt*."

nd lastly, as the chiefe of all the rest,
he tipples huff-cap *Ale*, to crowne the feast:
Yet now and then in *Beer* and *Balderdash*
Her lips she dips, and cleane her entrailes washe;
And ending, she declares *Sack's* mighty power,
Which doth time, coyne, wit, health, and all devoure.—
Through drinks, through wines, and waters, I have run,
And, being dry and sober, I have *done*." *

Some account of John Taylor has been printed in [illegible]
CENSURA, II. 372, from Osborne's Harleian Cata[illegible]
logue. More may be seen in Wood and Granger. —.
My present object is to supply an extended list of hi[illegible]s
productions; premising that those pieces were collecte[illegible]d
in the folio edition of his works in 1630, which be[illegible]r
no later date.

1. "Heaven's Blessing and Earth's Joy; or a tr[illegible]ue
relation of the supposed sea-fights, fire-work[illegible]s,
&c. on the marriage of Frederick Count P[illegible]la-
tine, and the Princess Elizabeth, 1613: in-
cluding Epithalamia, &c.
2. The Nipping or Snipping of Abuses, or the
Wooll-gathering of Wit. 1614. (This con-
tains the author's description of a poet and
poesie, &c.
3. The pennyles Pilgrimage, or the moneyless
perambulation of John Taylor, alias the

* Taylor gives the following reason for his use of this termination, at th
close of his "Uncertaine Journey."

"I came to London when the clock struck one;
And so my Journey and my Book is DONE.
Amongst the Muses, where the number Nine is,
The learned poets end their works with *Finis*:
But when unlearned I have volumes pen'd,
Finis is Latin, English *Done*'s an end."

King's Majestie's Water-poet, from London to Edenborough on foot, 1618, pr. and ver.

4. Superbiæ Flagellum, or the Whip of Pride. 1621.

5. Taylor's Goose: describing the Wilde Goose, Tame Goose, the Taylors', Winchester, Clack, Soland and Huniburne Goose, Goose upon Goose, &c. 1621.

6. A Memoriall of all the English monarchs from Brute to Charles the First.

6*. A briefe remembrance of English monarchs from the Norman Conquest.

7. Wit and Mirth, chargeably collected out of Taverns, Ordinaries, Innes, Bowling-Greens and Alleys, Alehouses, Tobacco-shops, High-wayes, and Water-passages. pr.

8. Master Thomas Coriat's Commendations to his friends in England: from Agra, the Capitoll of the Great Mogol. pr.

9. Laugh and be fat; or a Commentary upon the Odcombian Banket.

10. Odcomb's Complaint; or Coriat's funerall epicedium, or death song, upon his late reported drowning.

11. The World's Eighth Wonder, or Coriat's reviving from his supposed drowning.

12. A few lines, to small purpose, against the scandalous aspersions that are either maliciously or ignorantly cast upon the Poets and Poems of these times.

13. The Life and Death of the most blessed amongst all Women, the Virgin Mary. 1622.

14. John Taylor's Motto: *et habeo, et curo, et caro*; I have, I want, I care. 1622. (This was a retort metrical upon Wither's motto, *Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*, which was printed in 1618 and 1621.)
15. A Shilling, or the Travailes of 12 pence. 1622.
16. The praise and vertues of an arrant Thiefe—a Bawd—a Whore—a Jayle and Jaylers. 1622.
17. The unnaturall father: or the cruell murther committed by one John Rowse, of Ewell, Surry, upon two of his own children. pr.
18. A Farewell to the Tower-Bottles. 1622.
19. An Encomium or Enco-mi-ass-trick, to the honour of the noble Captaine O'Toole.
20. The World runnes on Wheeles, or Oddes betwixt Carts and Coaches. pr.
21. Prince Charles his welcome from Spaine in 1623.
22. A living Sadness upon the Death of King James. 1625.
23. Funeral Elegies upon Prince Henry, Earl of Nottingham, Bp. of Winchester, Duke of Richmond, John Moray, Esq. and Earl of Holdernesse.
24. Taylor's Travels to Hamburgh in Germany, and to Prague in Bohemia, in 1616. pr. and ver.
25. An Englishman's love to Bohemia. ibid.
26. The Book of Martyrs, 1st and 2d part.
27. The praise of Hempseed. 1623.*

* In this year was published "Taylor the Water-poets' tongue combat, lately happening betweene two English souldiers in the tilt-boat of Gravesend:" but the dedication is signed *Haxham*.

28. The

The Water Cormorant, his complaint against a brood of land Cormorants, in 14 satires. 1622.

Taylor's Water worke: or the Sculler's travels from Tyber to Thames, &c. (This contains the Sculler, a collection of epigrams.)

Taylor's Pastorall: or the noble Antiquitie of Shepheards; with the profitable use of Sheepe, 1624.

Jack-a-Lent, his beginning and entertainment: with the mad pranks of his gentleman usher Shrove Tuesday, that goes before him; and his footman Hunger attending pr.

Taylor's Urania. (consists of 87 octave stanzas.)

The several sieges, assaults, and sackings, &c. of Jerusalem, 1st and 2d part.

Against cursing and swearing. pr.

Taylor's revenge, or the rimer, Wm. Fennor, firkt, ferrited, and finely fetcht over the coals.

Fennor's defence against John Taylor, or I am your first man, &c.

A cast over the water by John Taylor, given gratis to Will. Fennor, the rimer, from London to the King's bench.

The fearefull Summer, or London's Calamitie. 1626. (A short address to the printer is signatured 'John Taylor of Oriell Colledge in Oxford.')

Anagrams and Sonnets (addressed to several persons of distinction.)

An Armado, or navy of Ships and other vessels, who have the art to sayle by land, as well as sea. pr. (This Navy consists of Words terminating with the syllable *ship*.)

41. The Begger, or the praise, antiquitie, and commoditie of Beggarie, Beggars and Begging.

42. The great Eater, or part of the admirable Teeth and Stomack's exploits of Nicholas Wood of Harlsen [Harrietsham] in the county of Kent, pr. and ver.

43. Sir Gregory Nonsence, his newes from no place, (partly written in mock blank verse.)

44. A very merrie wherrie-ferry Voyage, or Yorke for my money.

45. A Discovery by Sea, from London to Salisbury, pr. and ver.

46. The Scourge of Basenesse.

47. A Kicksey-Winsey, or a lerry come-twang: wherein John Taylor hath satyrically suited 750 bad debtors, that will not pay him for his return of his journey to Scotland.

48. The praise of cleane Linen, with the commendable use of the Laundress.

49. The true cause of the Waterman's suit concerning Players: and the reasons that their playing on London side is their extream hinderance, pr.

50. A Dogge of Warre: or the Travels of Drunkard, the famous Cur of the round Woolsheps in minster.

51. The Dolphin's Danger and Deliverance: a sea-fight in the gulph of Persia, famously fought by the Dolphin of London, against five of the Turks men of war under Sultan Jan. 22, 1616.

52. Homini consecrated, strangely revealed: or the worthy praise of the renowned Archibald Armstrong.

53. Verbum

53. Verbum Sempiternum.
54. Salvator Mundi.
55. The Churches' Deliverances.
56. The Suddaine Turne of Fortune's Wheele; or a Conference holden in the Castle of St. Angello, betwixt the Pope, the Emperour, and the King of Spaine. 1631. MS.
57. John Taylor's Thame and Isis. 1632.
58. Three Triumphs of London, in the reign of Cha. I. Robert Parkhurst, Mayor. 1634.
59. The olde old very old man; or the age and long life of Thomas Parr. 1635 (reprinted in 1794.)
60. John Taylor the Water-poet's Travels through London, to visit all the taverns in the city and suburbs, alphabetically disposed; with the names of all the vintners at that time. 1636.
61. Drinke and Welcome; or the famous history of the most part of Drinkes, &c. 1637.
62. The Carrier's Cosmographie, or relation of Innes, Ordinaries, Hosteries, &c. 1637.
63. Taylor's differing Worships; the Oddes between some Knights' service and God's. 1640.
64. Taylor's Swarme of Sectaries and Schismatiques. 1641.
65. Taylor's physicke has purged the Divil, or the Divell has got a squirt. 1641. (This was written as an Answer to a Swarme of Sectaries, and therefore not by Taylor.)
66. A reply as true as steele to a rusty, rayling, ridiculous, lying libell, which was lately written by an impudent, unsoder'd Ironmonger, [Henry Walker] and called by the name of 'An

'An Answer to a foolish pamphlet, entituled a Swarme of Sectaries.' 1641.

67. George the Runner, against Henry the Walker, in defence of John the Swimmer 1641.

68. The whole life and progresse of Henry Walker the Ironmonger, collected and written by J. Taylor. 1642.

69. Religion's Enemies; with a brief and ingenious relation, as by Anabaptists, Brownists, Papists, Familists, Atheists, and Foolists, saucily presuming to tosse Religion in a blanquet. 1641. pr.

70. A Pedlar and a Romish Priest, in a very hot discourse, full of mirth, truth, wit, and folly. 1641. pr. and ver.

71. Mad Fashions, Odd Fashions, all out of Fashions. 1642.

72. John Taylor, the Water poet's Manifestation. 1642.

73. Taylor's Aqua Musæ, or Cacafogo Captain George Wither wrung in the Withers: wherein the juggling rebell is finely firked and jirked for his railing pamphlet, called Campo Musæ. 1643.

74. Rebels anathematized: a satyrical salutation to the pulpit prateis. 1645

75. John Taylor's Wanderings to see the wonders of the West: how he travelled neere 600 miles to the mount in Cornwall, and home again. 1649.

76. The Number and Names of all the Kings of England and Scotland, from the beginning of their

their governments to this present. Written by John Taylor, at the signe of the Poet's Head in Phœnix Alley neer the middle of Long Aker, or Covent Garden. 1649.

77. A late weary merry Voyage and Journey: or John Taylor's month's travells by sea and land, from London to Gravesend, to Harwich, to Ipswich, to Norwich, to Linne, to Cambridge; and from thence to London. Performed and written on purpose to please his Friends and pleasure himselfe, in these unpleasant and necessitated times. 165⁻. pr. and ver. *

78. Epigrammes, written on purpose to be read: with a proviso, that they may be understood by the reader. Being ninety in number: besides two new made Satyres that attend them. 1651.

79. Of Alterations strange, of various Shapes,
Heere are compos'd a few poetick lines:
Here you may finde, when you this Book have read,
The Crowne's transform'd into the Poet's head.

Read well. Be merry and wise. Written by John Taylor, poeta aquaticus. 1651.

80. John Taylor's Ale, ale-vate into the Ale-titude: a learned Oration before Ale Drinkers 16⁻1.

81. Newes from Tenebris: or preterpluperfect noc-

* Taylor, in this tract, makes a melancholy report of his infirmities and dead mortality.

"Now Atropos is ready with her knife
To cut the uncertaine feeble twist of life:
Now is my Autumne, or my fall o' th' leafe,
Halfe dead, halfe living, halfe blinde, lame, half deafe," &c.

turnall

turnall or night worke. Written by candle-light, betwixt owle-light and moon-light, with the helpe of star-light and twy-light, and may be read by day-light. 1652. pr.

82. Taylor's Arithmetick. 1653.

83. A merry Bill of an uncertaine Journey, to bee performed by John Taylor by land, with his Aqua Musa. The certainty of the uncertaine Travels of John Taylor, performed in this yeere, 1653.*

84. The Needle's Excellency: a booke wherein are divers admirable workes wrought with the Needle, newly invented, and cut in copper for the pleasure and profit of the industrious. 1657."

* In this, which appears to have been an eleemosynary production, he utters the following plaint:

"Seven times at sea I serv'd Elizabeth,
And two Kings, forty-five years; untill Death
Of both my royal masters quite bereft me,
That nothing now but age and want is left me:
This makes me travell, and my friends to trie;
Else I might, like my fellowes, starve and die.

Many of foreign travels boast and vaunt,
When they of England are most ignorant:
But yeerly I survey my country native,
And, mongst six cases, live upon the *dative*.
I travell hard, and for my life's supply
I every yeere receive a *Subsidie*:
Or else, to come more near unto the sense,
'Tis fit to call it a *Benevolence*.
Thus travelling, a toiling trade I drive,
By reason of mine age—neer seventy-five:
It is my earthly portion and my lot,
The proverb says—'Need makes the old wife trot."

The

The date of this last tract is taken from Major Pearson's catalogue, and if correctly given, it must either have been a posthumous publication, or Wood has antedated the decease of Taylor. Some interesting extracts taken from a copy which wants the title, have been inserted in CENSURA, Vol. II. The compiler of this copious list suspects that it might still admit of enlargement.

T. P.

ART. X. *The Jewel House of Art and Nature, containing divers rare and profitable inventions, together with sundry new experiments in the Art of Husbandry. With divers chimical conclusions concerning the art of distillation, and the rare practises and uses thereof faithfully and familiarly set down according to the author's own experience. By Sir Hugh Plat of Lincoln's Inne, Knight. Whereunto is added a rare and excellent Discourse of Minerals, Stones, Gems, and Rosins; with the vertues and use thereof. By D. B. Gent.* London: Printed by Bernard Alsop, and are to be sold at his house in Grub-street, near the Upper Pump.* 1653. 4*to*.

Dedicated "to the munificent lover of all learning, the Right Honourable, Boulstroad Whitlock, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal of England, &c." signed "D. B."*

The reader is referred to Vol. II. p. 215, of this work, where he will find mention of the earlier edition of this book in 1594. I will give a single specimen.

* Qu. Dr. Beati, or Boat? See Vol. II. p. 216.

"*How*

" How to write a letter secretly, that cannot easily be discovered or suspected.

" Write your mind at large on one side of the paper with common ink, and on the other side with milk, that which you would have secret, and when you would make the same legible, hold that side which is written with ink to the fire, and the milky letters will shew blewish on the other side. Or else rule two papers of one bigness with lines of an equal distance, make the one full of glass windows, through which you must write your mind on a second paper, then fill up the spaces with some other idle words: but if all were made to hang together in good sense, it would carry the less suspition. Each friend must have one of the cut papers to read all such letters as shal be sent to him; and this way of writing will trouble a good deal sphiser to bring into perfect sense. Also you may first write a letter that may carry some good sense to your friend, but let the lines be wide asunder. Then between these lines write your secret letters with gall water only, wherin the gals have infused but a small time (for if after you have written with it there be any sensible colour left behind on the paper, you must throw away that water and make new.) This being dry and of one colour with the paper, will give no cause of suspition, and the rather because the latter perpetuals a sufficient sense already. Now for the discovery of it, you must dissolve some copperas in fair water, and with a fine camels pensil, first dipt in the copperas water, you must only moist the interlining of your letter, and thereby you shall make it sufficiently legible. This is one of the most secret ways that I know.

But the finest conceited way of all in my opinion, is the close carriage of a letter in a lawn of cambrick ruff or handkerchief which a man may wear for his necessary use, without the defacing of any one letter contained therein. And this serveth most fitly for a love letter, which may, without al suspicion of friends, be easily presented in a handkerchief to any gentlewoman that standeth well affected to her secretary. There is also a ready way without changing the alphabet, to write one's mind speedily upon paper, and yet the same not to be deciphered without the help of a roling pin of the same scantling with that whereon it was first written. But these two latter conceits (for some reasons best known to myself) I may not so boldly impart as otherwise I would."

ART XI. *Several Letters of Mr. William Hammond during his three years' Travells abroad in France, Italy, Germany, and Holland,* [*from Jan.* 2, 16[3]6 *to May* 6, 1658.] *Written by him unto his father Anthony Hammond Esquire of Wilberton near Ely, herein inserted and transcribed after the same copy's, as they were written by him.* 1695.

This is a MS. volume in the possession of William Hammond, Esq. of St. Albans Court, in the parish of Nonington, in East Kent, the descendant and heir male of the ingenious writer. Anthony Hammond, Esq. the father of the author, whose principal seat was at St. Albans Court, died at his house at Wilberton in the Isle of Ely, Sept. 24, 1661. He married Anne, daughter

daughter of the celebrated Sir Dudley Digges of Chilham Castle in Kent, and had by her also a younger son, Anthony, who was seated at Somersham in Huntingdonshire, and dying 1680, was grandfather of James Hammond the elegiac poet, who died June 7, 1742.*

The following extracts regarding CHRISTINA QUEEN OF SWEDEN, are curious, as they were written by an eye-witness.

"MOST HOND. FATHER, "Lyons, Aug. 28, 1657.

"The third of this present month I presented you my most humble thanks for your's of June 29th, wherein I also presumed to enclose one for my uncle Edward Diggs. The rarity and variety of things incident to a traveller that lyes long at the same place, makes this paper come somewhat tardy after the rest. And since you have thought fit to communicate my uncouth lettres to my uncle, I am almost ashamed to write to Wilberton, when I can add nothing that may tend to the satisfaction of his queries. I hope before I quit these southern parts to be able to give in a general and coherent account, which may in some manner expiate the small progress I seem to make in the beginning: *Chi ha tempo, ha vita*, says the Italian; and if my uncle please but to allow me time enough, I need not despair to render a rational account of a matter of fact.

"The remarkable variety that this summer has afforded us, is that 'tis now at length our turns to have a

* From authentic family papers. See also Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI p. 780; and Pedigree of the Hammond Family in "The Topographical Miscellanies, 1791," 4to.

sig[illegible]

sight of the rambling QUEEN OF SWEDE; who lyes incognito at a marchant's house, about a league from this town. There have been already sent over so many ingenuous descriptions of her, that I dare not venture upon any thing that way; yet I believe the subject wou'd be different enough: for hitherto she has been described in princely and magnificent entrys and treatments; now the relator may search out expressions of a royall poverty, treated by the unmercifull haughtyness of a marchandising towne. Really, Sir, it is a very sensible and feeling sight to us ramblers, to see the Queen of Travellers crawle neglectedly thorow the proud streets of Lyons in a thredbare coach, drawn by six consumptive horses, that seem to have been kept at the same rock with Pharaoh's lean kine. Yet this cloude makes her quitt neither her spritely carriage, manlike behaviour, nor her hermaphrodite's habit. She still retains the humour of despising her own sex, and takes notice of no visits or obeisance, that women do to her. Our curiosity carried us t'other day to the country house where she lodged. The roome we saw her in, was decently spacious; at the furthermost end of which she was merrily reading a copy of verses to a Recollecte-Monke and two marchants; the other end was filled with spectators, most of which were the chief dames of Lyons, who had stay'd there almost an hour without the least notice, or nod of the Queen's; and at length were as negligently frighted out, by her Majesty's manly collation brought, consisting chiefly of Frontinac wines and Westphalia bacon.

"Her traine was made up of all quarters of Europe, being in number about fifteen or twenty lusty fellows;

some Italians, some Spaniards, but most Swedes, and many French. She keeps but one dirty creature of her own sex, who has no office about her person, but serves only to keep keys and looke after linen. The cause of her stay here is to wait the King's answer, of whom she begs leave to spend the rest of her time at Paris. 'Tis thought she may prevaile, coming in season, now his Majesty is pleased with his victorious reducing of Montmedy."

"Paris, Jan. 16, 1658.

"The Queen of Swede has utterly lost her credit in France and Italy, since her putting to death the Duke of Parma's kinsman, her Major Domo; and it is said she is now gone to visitt Madrid."

"Florence, June 9, 1658.

"Since my last of the 24th of May, I am gott up as far as Florence, whither I arrived on the 6th of this June. The obliging civility of my uncle *Marsham's** nephew, Mr. Brown, forc't me to spend these fifteen days about the sea-coasts in seeing Lucca, Pysa, and Leghorne; where for five or six days I lodged in his house. Really, sir, the town itself is able to tempt a traveller to spend some days in considering it, which, though it be but li[illegible]e, is so neat and compacted, and does so swarm with people of all nations; and that multitude does so unanimously consent in an industrious way of raising their fortunes; that, methinks,

* Who married his aunt. The writer himself afterwards married his cousin, the daughter of Sir John *Marsham*.

my-

my time was not ill spent in staying there a little to view them. 'Tis now the shop and center of the Mediterranean trade; and by the conversation I have had with the marchants and captains of ships, I fancy myself to understand all the several parts of the Straits; and, am afraid, understand more of marchandising than ever my brother D.* will doe; *sed ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Be pleased to pardon the physician, that meddles in feeling the pulse of all sorts of affairs, as well as that of all kinds of bodys. I will promise constancy to the profession you have put me upon; for, since I have escaped that grand temptation of turning souldier, when in my journey from Lyons to Marseilles I was so caress'd and allur'd by the French nobility, 'twill argue but a very low spirit to become wavering at the baits of any other profession, since all must truckle to that of war. I have not yet been long enough in Florence to know whether I like it, or dislike it; but however I find it, I am resolved Padua shall be my summer's seat, that by fulfilling my promise I may expiate the fault, I committed, in making such huddling haste out of Paris.

" I have not yet had the opportunity of hearing of the progress of the French army in Mantua; but when I came to Padua, one of the French colonells has promised to keep correspondence with me. We hear that the poor QUEEN OF SWEDEN is secured in Rome, and therefore likelyer to end her famous royall travells in a prison, than in a monastery. The reason why is not yet publickly known: some say, 'tis in revenge of the murder of her Major Domo in Fontain-

* Qu. Dudley Hammond?

bleau; but most that she meddled in the Duke of Modena's interest against the Pope; and that at her passage from Madeira to Ferrara she endeavoured to make Ferrara revolt to its ancient master, the Duke. 'Tis also confirmed that the Venetians have lost their impregnable fort on the isle of Corfu, by an accident of gunpowder.

"These seas are now famous for none but our English exploits; and Generall Stokes is now scowring of them with some fifteen men of war; he lately took severall of the Majorcans, and executed some eight or ten English at Marseilles, whom he took in those enemy's vessells. The marchants expect him every week at Leghorne, where, 'tis thought, he will revenge himself of the town and castle, for having shot above two hundred shot at him, when he was last there; upon his siezing upon a Majorcan in their road."

"Paris, Oct. 27, 1658.

"I dare not presume to give any account of forreigne affairs, having missed the Gazettes for some weeks; but I may safely confirm the report of the famous Venetian victory over the Turks. What the proceedings of the King of Sweden are, is very doubtfully reported; some say, he carries all before him; others, that the Russian has fallen upon him, and besieged and taken Riga, which makes him leave the thoughts of Dantzick, and take care of his own kingdome. The manly QUEEN OF SWEDE about six weeks since passed thorow this town with great applause, and visiting the King at Compeigne, is now returned into Italy. We hear

hear of a loss the King of Spain had by sea in some of his West India ships; but are as yet very far from a certaine relation of it, further than that they were taken by our English vessells. But of all countrys I can hear least of England and its affairs. Our Protector's Resident lyes still in Paris; and when I am thorowly settled, I shall endeavour to informe myself from him, or his followers, being desirous to know the effects of this sifted Parliament." *

ART. XII. *Oriental Eclogues. Written originally for the entertainment of the Ladies of Tauris, and now translated.*

Ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis.

VIRG. GEOR. L. 1.

London: Printed for I. Payne, at Pope's Head, in Paternoster Row. 1757. 4*to.*

This is an edition of Collins's Eclogues which I have only once met with. It was certainly not the first, which, I think, was published in 1742. The present bears date the year after the poet's death. It has the following disguised preface.

"*Preface.*

"It is with the writings of mankind, in some measure, as with their complexions or their dress; each

* See Milton's Epigram on the Queen of Sweden, beginning "Bellipotens Virgo;" and many curious particulars of this eccentric woman, with a print of her, in Todd's Milton, VI. 266; where are anecdotes of her by another Kentish man—Dean Bargrave—copied by Mr. Todd from the Dean's MS. notes to a book in the library of Canterbury Cathedral. The print of her, here mentioned, is taken from Dean Bargrave's own sketch, which he had cut in brass. See *ib.* p. 270.

nation hath a peculiarity in all these, to distinguish it from the rest of the world.

"The gravity of the Spaniard, and the levity of the Frenchman, are as evident in all their productions, as in their persons themselves; and the style of my countrymen is as naturally strong and nervous, as that of an Arabian or Persian is rich and figurative.

"There is an elegancy and wildness of thought, which recommends all their compositions; and our geniuses are as much too cold for the entertainment of such sentiments, as our climate is for their fruits and spices. If any of these are to be found in the following Eclogues, I hope my reader will consider them as an argument of their being original; I received them at the hands of a merchant, who had made it his business to enrich himself with the learning, as well as the silks and carpets of the Persians. The little information I could gather concerning their author was, that his name was Abdallah, and that he was a native of Tauris.

"It was in that city, that he died of a distemper fatal in those parts, whilst he was engaged in celebrating the victories of his favourite monarch, the Great Abbas.* As to the Eclogues themselves, they give a very just view of the miseries and inconveniences as well as the felicities, that attend one of the finest countries in the East.

"The time of writing them was probably in the beginning of the Sultan Hosseyn's reign, the successor of Sefi or Solyman the Second.

"Whatever defects, as I doubt not there will be

* "In the Persian tongue, Abbas signified the father of people."

many

many, fall under the reader's observation, I hope his candour will incline to make the following reflection:

"That the works of Orientals contain many peculiarities, and that, through defect of language, few European translators can do them justice."

ART. XIII. *Original Letter of Samuel Danyell, the poet.*

The following very interesting Letter of Danyel the poet is transcribed from "*A Compilation of Authentic Evidences, &c. tending to illustrate the Life and Character of Lord Chancellor Egerton,*" with a copy of which the learned author* has favoured me. I trust he will not think I make an ill use of his present by this extract.

An Original Letter of Samuel Danyel, sent to Lord Keeper Egerton with a present of his "Works, newly augmented, 1601;" extant in the Bridgewater Library.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,

"Amongst all the great workes of your Worthynes, it will not be the least that you have done for me in the preferment of my brother, with whome yet now sometimes I may eat, whilst I write, and so go on with the worke I have in hand, which, God knowes,

* The Hon. and Rev. Francis Egerton, Prebendary of Durham, &c. and brother to the Earl of Bridgewater.—This Life is not yet published. It was intended for the ADDENDA of the Sixth Volume of the "Biographia Britannica."

had long since been ended, and your Honour had had that which in my haste I have prepared for you, could I have but sustayned myself, and made truce within, and peace with the world.

"But such hath been my misery, that whilst I should have written the actions of *men*, I have been constrayned to live with *children*, and contrary to myne own spirit, putt out of that scene, which nature had made my parte; for could I but live to bring this labor * of myne to the Union of Henry, I should have the end of all my ambition in this life, and the utmost of my desires; for therein, if wordes can work any thing uppon the affections of men, I will labour to give the best hand I can to the perpetual closing up of these woundes, and the very keeping them so, that our land may lothe to look over those blessed boundes, which the providence of God hath set us, into the horror and confusion of further and former claymes; and though I know the greatness of the worke require a greater spirit than myne, yet we see that in theas frames of motions, little wheels move the greater, and so by degrees turne about the whole; and God knowes what so poor a muse as myne may worke upon the affections of men.

"But, however, I shall herein shew my zeal to my country, and to do that which my soule tells me is fit; and to this end do I purpose to retyre me to my pore home, and not again to see you till I have paid your Honour my vowes; and will only pray that England, which so much needes you, may long enjoy the treasure of your counsell, and that it be not driven to com-

* The Poem on "The Civil Wars."

playne

playne with that good Roman; *Videmus quibus extinctis Jurisperitis, quam in paucis nunc spes, quam in paucioribus facultas, quam in multis audacia.*

"And for this comfort I have receeived from your goodness, I must and ever will remayne your Honour's in all, &c.

I am, &c.

SAMUEL DANYEL."

"*To the Rt. Hon Sir Thomas Egerton, Knt. Lord Keeper of the Great Seall of England.*" *

ART. XIV. *Conjecture concerning the Hero of the Nutbrown Maid. With some anecdotes of the Cliffords.*

SEE P. 113.

Dr. Whitaker, in his excellent *History of the Deanery of Craven in Yorkshire*,† has, in his account

* In "Certaine Epistles, after the manner of Heroes, written to divers Noble Personages." Fol. Lond. 1603; by this author; the first is addressed to Sir Thomas Egerton. It is reprinted in the dedication of "Memoirs of King James's Peers." 1802. 8vo.

† London, 1805, 4to. This is the most delightful of all the works on English topography, which I have met with. It is the production of a man indubitably with an enlightened and sublime morality, and a rich and picturesque imagination; of a master of language, who has the skill not only to digest and arrange his materials, but to draw notes from them, such as are exactly suited to persons fond of these pursuits; yet such as, rising silently and indistinctly in their own heads, they want the ability to grasp and communicate. Dr. Whitaker possesses the power to embody these subtle fabrics,

"Turn them to shape, and give to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name."

of

of Skipton Castle, one of the residences of the illustrious house of Clifford, conjectured with great probability that *Henry Lord Clifford*, the first Earl of Cumberland, was the hero of the beautiful Ballad of the Nutbrown Maid, a poem, which the more I read it, the more I admire.

Dr. Whitaker observes, that this young nobleman was, during his father's life, led by the extravagances of the court into pecuniary embarrassments. "The method," he adds, "which this high-spirited young man took to supply his necessities is characteristic of the times: instead of resorting to Jews and money-lenders, computing the value of his father's life, and raising great sums by anticipation, methods which are better suited to the calm unenterprizing dissipation of the present age, Henry Clifford turned *outlaw*, assembled a band of dissolute followers, harrassed the religious houses, beat their tenants, and forced the inhabitants of whole villages to take sanctuary in their churches."

The historian then gives in a note the suggestion, which is the object of the present article.

"I hope," says he, "it will be thought no extravagant conjecture, that Henry Clifford was the hero of the *Nutbrown Maid*. That beautiful poem was first printed about 1521, and from the use of the word *spleen*, which was introduced into the English language by the study of the Greek physicians, it could not have been written long before. Little perhaps can be inferred from the general qualification of an outlaw's skill in archery; '*Such an archere as men say that ye be*;' compared with the circumstance of the Earl of Cumberland's providing himself with all the apparatus of

of the bow in the following account: but when '*The Man* specifically describes *Westmarland* as his *heritage*, we must either suppose the whole story to be a fiction, or refer it to one of the wild adventures of Henry Clifford, who really led the life of an outlaw within ten years of the time. The *great lynage* of the lady may well agree with Lady Percy;* and what is more probable than that this wild young man, among his other feats, may have lurked in the forests of the Percy family, and won the lady's heart under a disguise, which he had taken care to assure her concealed a Knight? That the rank of the parties is inverted in the Ballad may be considered as nothing more than a decent veil of poetical fiction thrown over a recent and well-known fact. The Barony of Westmoreland was the inheritance of Henry Clifford alone."

Having thus touched upon a most romantic incident of this great family, I cannot refrain from adding to my article some more particulars regarding them. Their vast domains, and all the wild splendour of the feudal habits which they exhibited, fill the imagination with the sentiments and the figures of a rich romance. I see them still pursuing their manly sports over the picturesque and magnificent solitudes of Craven; I see them afterwards presiding with courteous state at the hall of hospitality; unweakened by effeminate luxuries, and unsophisticated by the rivalry or artifices of commerce and manufactures! It would be deceitful to deny, that some private and personal considerations

* He married Lady Margaret Percy, daughter of Henry fifth Earl of Northumberland.

mix

mix themselves with the interest I take in these images. Among the mingled blood that flows in my veins, no fear of ridicule shall deter me from owning my pride that I am immediately derived from this high and heroic house through a lofty and undegraded channel.* Injustice may withhold from me titles and rank; they are baubles, which are often bestowed on the most low-born, and base-minded of the people; it cannot annihilate, or alter the blood which is the gift of Nature! It must be my own fault if that shall be debased. If treachery, extortion, and oppression; if foul and incessant calumny and misrepresentation; if the pestilent poison of vipers nourished in the bosom of a family, be trials to a resolute spirit, I have known them all; and my spirit is yet unbroken! But my enemies shall have the triumph of knowing, that these conflicts too often have irritated my nerves, and suspended my intellectual industry! The waves and weathers of time have shaken to its very foundation the solitary remaining branch of an ancient and once flourishing stock. The very blows and bruises it has received have served only as provocations to new insults; and circumstances, which in other cases have operated as pleas for favour and support, have been used in this as reasons for additional wrongs!

From the summary of the Lives of the Cliffords, &c. a MS. folio, drawn up under the direction of their heiress, the celebrated Countess of Dorset and Pembroke, I shall here borrow some extracts.

"John Lord Clifford, born April 8, 1435, was the person to whose hand is ascribed the death of the Earl

* Stanley and Egerton.

of

of Rutland, K. Edw. IV.'s brother;" but the memorialist contends, that this Earl was seventeen instead of twelve years old, and was probably killed in the battle as a soldier. His death happened Dec. 31, 1460; and Lord Clifford himself was slain about the 29th of March following at Towton.

"His son, Henry Lord Clifford, born 1454, was between six and seven years of age at his father's death; for whose act the family was soon afterwards attainted. He was one of the examples of the variety of fortunes in the world; for at seven years old he was put into the habit of a shepherd's boy by the care and love of an industrious mother to conceal his birth and parentage; for had he been known to have been his father's son and heir, in all probability he would either have been put in prison, or banished, or put to death; so odious was the memory of his father for killing the young Earl of Rutland, and for being so desperate a commander in battle against the House of York which then reigned.

"So in the condition of a shepherd's boy at Lannesborough, where his mother then lived for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth till he was about fourteen years of age, about which time his mother's father, Henry Bromflet, Lord Vesey, died.

"And a little after his death it came to be murmured at court, that his daughter's two sons were alive, about which their mother was examined; but her answers were, that she had given directions to send them both beyond seas, to be bred there, and she did not know whether they were dead or alive, which equivocation of her's did the better pass, because presently after her husband's death, she sent both her sons away to the sea-

sea-side; the younger of which, called Richard Clifford, was indeed transported over the seas into the Low Countries, to be bred there, where he died not long after; so as his elder brother Henry, Lord Clifford, had after his restitution the enjoyment of that little estate, that this Richard, his younger brother, should have had, if he had lived.

"But her eldest son, Henry Lord Clifford, was secretly conveyed back to Lannesborough again, and committed to the hands of shepherds, as aforesaid, which shepherds' wives had formerly been servants in that family, as attending the nurse who gave him suck, which made him, being a child, more willing to submit to that mean condition, where they infused into him that belief, that he must either be content to live in that manner, or be utterly undone.

"And as he did grow to more years, he was still more capable of this danger, if he had been discovered; and, therefore, presently after his grandfather, the Lord Vesey, was dead, the said murmur of his being alive being more and more whispered at the court, made his said loving mother by means of her second husband Sir Lancelot Thirkeld, to send him away with the said shepherds and their wives to Cumberland, to be kept as a shepherd there, sometimes at Thrilcot, and amongst his father-in-law's kindred; and sometimes on the borders of Scotland, where they took land purposely for these shepherds who had the custody of him, where many times his father-in-law came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly.

"By this mean kind of breeding, this inconvenience befel him, that he could neither write nor read; for they

they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning, for fear, lest by it his birth should be discovered; yet after he came to his lands and honours, he learned to write his name only.

"And after this Henry, Lord Clifford, had lived twenty-four or twenty-five years in this obscure manner, and that himself was grown to be about thirty-one or thirty-two years of age, Henry VIIth then obtaining his crown, did in the first part of his reign, in 1486, restore him in blood and honour, and to all his baronies and castles.

"This Henry Lord Clifford, did, after he came to his estate exceedingly delight in astronomy, and the contemplation of the stars, which it is likely he was seasoned in, during the time of his shepherd's life. He built a great part of Barden* tower, which is now much decayed; and there he lived much, which it is thought he did rather, because in that place he furnished himself with materials and instruments for that study.

"He was a plain man, and lived, for the most part, a country life, and came seldom either to the court or to London, but when he was called thither to sit in them, as a peer of the realm, in which parliament it is reported he behaved himself wisely and nobly like a good Englishman.

* "He retired," says Whitaker, "to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence shew that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself."

"He

"He died when he was sixty-nine or seventy years old, 23d April, 1523."*

In the lately published poems of Wordsworth is a song on the restoration of this Lord Clifford, put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel of the family. The poem opens thus:†

"High in the breathless hall the Minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the song.
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long.

From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is reviv'd at last;
She lifts her head for endless Spring,
For everlasting blossoming!"

The Minstrel, after alluding to the perils which drove the youth of the hero into concealment, proceeds thus:

"Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that Summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless chear
Be turn'd to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!

* Harl. MSS. 6177. This Lord Clifford married Anne daughter of Sir John St. John of Bletsoe.

† I quote from the Edinburgh Review, the original not having reached him

Thou

Thou tree of covert and of rest,
For this young bird that is distrest,
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey."

The poem closes in this manner.

" Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom:
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;—
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance,
'Bear me to the heart of France,'
Is the longing of the shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our shepherd in his power,
Mail'd and hors'd, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restor'd,
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!"

" Alas! the fervent harper did not know
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
Who, long compell'd in humble walks to go,
Was soften'd into feeling, sooth'd, and tamed.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The shepherd Lord was honour'd more and more:
And ages after he was laid in earth,
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

After having thus cited from the poems of another on the subject of Lord Clifford, it may appear presumptuous to add any thing of my own. I hope I shall not be considered as attempting any rivalry by the insertion of the three following sonnets, which have occurred to me, in the progress of this article.

SONNET I.

I wish I could have heard thy long-tried lore,
Thou virtuous Lord of Skipton! Thou could'st well
From sage Experience, that best teacher, tell,
How far within the Shepherd's humble door
Lives the sure happiness, that on the floor
Of gay Baronial Halls disdains to dwell,
Tho' deck'd with many a feast, and many a spell
Of gorgeous rhyme, and echoing with the roar
Of Pleasure clamorous round the full-crown'd bowl!
Thou had'st, (and who had doubted thee?) exprest,
What empty baubles are the ermin'd stole,
Proud coronet, rich walls with tapestry drest,
And music lulling the sick frame to rest!
—Bliss only haunts the pure contented soul!

SONNET II.

Month after month, and year succeeding year,
When still the budding Spring, and yet again
The eddying leaf upon the dingy plain
Saw thee still happy in thy humble sphere,

But

But still as each return of foliage sere,
And still as on the warm banks of the lane,
Shelter'd with covering wood, the primrose train
Began to ope their yellow buds, a tear
Would start unbidden from thy placid cheek,
And a deep pang would swell thy honest heart,
At hopes so long deferr'd;—yet could'st thou speak,
Would'st thou not thus the precious truth impart?
"Dearer those scenes, tho' mix'd with many a sigh,
Than all the joys that Grandeur can supply!"

SONNET III.

Stretch'd on some mountain's side, commanding wood,
Vale, mead, and spreading lake, with distant hills
High tow'ring from its feet, thy bosom fills
Its large desires with a sublimer food:
Thine eye is upward bent on every cloud,
And ever as thy shaping fancy wills,
Thy raptur'd sight with air-drawn visions thrills,
And thy soul flies on heavenly forms to brood—
Ah! how are then forgot the groveling joys
Of earth's ambition vile, the din of war,
The tinsel pomp that human cares employs,
The trumpet thro' each tower resounding far!
Hopes, terrors, virtues, crimes, and flattering state,
All fade before the shepherd's simple fate!

This Peer's son, Henry 1st Earl of Cumberland, was bred up, for the most part, in his childhood and uth with Henry VIII. Living so much about the urt drew him so much to love London, and the sou- ern parts, as that there he became a great waster of s estate, which caused him after to sell much fair

lands and possessions, and more than his ancestors had consumed in many years before.

"It also, as is thought, made him more stout and less submitting to his old father, Henry, Lord Clifford, than otherwise he would have been; for there were great dissensions betwixt him and his father, especially after his father was married to his second wife.

"After many royal favours, the greatest, wherein the said King did express the most of his affection and respect unto this Earl, was his willingness to have his niece the Lady Eleanor Brandon, his youngest sister's youngest daughter, married to this Earl's eldest son, Henry Lord Clifford, which marriage was accomplished and solemnized at Midsummer, the 27th year of his reign, in 1537, in the house of her father Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, which was then a goodly palace in Southwark, near London, and hard by St. Mary Overy's there, where the King himself was present in person at the marriage, which marriage was solemnized that time four years, after the death of the said Lady Eleanor's mother, who was Mary the French Queen.

"For the more magnificent entertainment of the young lady, the great gallery and tower at Skipton were built, which gallery and tower so suddenly built were afterwards the chief residence, when in Craven, to the Countess of Pembroke and Dorset; the round tower there being the said Countess's lodging chamber—the said castle being totally demolished in Dec. 1649, having been made a garrison on both sides.

"This Earl of Cumberland was one of the most eminent lords of his time for nobleness, gallantry, and courtship. He died April 22, 1542, aged 49.

"Henry

" Henry, 2d Earl of Cumberland, was born 1517; married, when about twenty years old, to the Lady Eleanor Brandon, her Grace, the youngest daughter, and at length coheir to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, the French Queen, which Queen died about four years before her daughter Eleanor was married.

" Which daughter of hers lived wife to this Henry, Earl of Cumberland, about ten years and five months, half of the time thereof when he was Lord Clifford, and the other half when her husband was Earl of Cumberland; for she died in Brougham Castle in Westmorland, about the latter end of November, in 1547, and was buried in the vault in Skipton church in Craven, leaving but one child after her at her death, which was the Lady Clifford, afterwards Countess of Derby.

" The Lady Margaret Clifford, when she was about fifteen years old, was married in much glory in the chapel at Whitehall, King Philip and Queen Mary being both present at the said marriage, to Henry Stanley, Lord Strange, on Feb. 7, 1555.

" Which said Lord Strange, by the decease of his father, became Earl of Derby on Oct. 4, 1572.

" He died 1593, and the said Margaret overlived him three years and more; for she died Sept. 29, 1596, in her house, then newly built, in Clerkenwell, without the close, at London, when she was about fifty-six years old, and was buried in the abbey at Westminster.

" She had two sons by him, who were successively, one after another, Earls of Derby.

" Her eldest son, Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, died

before her, leaving no children, but daughters,* behind him, the 16th of April, 1594.

"Her 2d son, William, Earl of Derby, died a little before Michaelmas, in 1641, leaving his son James, Earl of Derby, to succeed him, who was beheaded at Bolton, in Lancaster, in Oct. 1651.

"This Henry, 2d Earl, was, in his youth, before he betook himself to a retired country life, a great waster of his estate, and sold much land, &c.

"But after, towards his latter end, when the said Earl lived a country life, he grew so rich, as that he did purchase lands, and leases and tythes, to a great value, both of old Sir Thomas Chaloner, the widow Lady Drury, and others.

"He was much addicted to the study and practice of alchymy and chemistry, and a great distiller of waters, and making of other chemical extractions for medicines, and very studious in all manner of learning, so as he had an excellent library both of written hand books and printed books: to which he was exceedingly addicted, especially towards his latter end, when he had given over living at court and at London, to which places he came seldom after the death of his wife, and, as we have heard, but three times." †

The Editor trusts he has few readers who will not be entertained with these interesting anecdotes. They

* These coheirs of Earl Ferdinando were Lady Anne, married to Grey Brydges, Lord Chandos; Lady Frances, wife of John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater; and Lady Elizabeth, wife of Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon.

† Harl. MSS. 6177.

will

will now peruse the beautiful Ballad of the Nutbrown Maid with increased delight, when they believe it to be founded on the real incidents of a romantic and illustrious House. Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven will furnish a multitude of other curious and amusing particulars.

ART. XV. *On the too hasty assumption of a modern Critic that Cadytis was Jerusalem.*

TO THE EDITOR OF CENSURA LITERARIA.

SIR,

There are two conspicuous defects in those who professedly sit in critical judgment upon the writings of other authors, which one would wish to see amended, if they desire to gain a superiority over their rivals. Sometimes they advance new and peculiar opinions of their own, or such, at least, as are scarcely known to the learned world, and, depending upon the presumed certainty of such opinions, censure other authors for not having adopted the same, although they never had any opportunity to hear of them before; and, although, even now those critics have made public either none of the reasons by which such opinions may be supported, or at least, only such a superficial and confused sketch of them, as can convince nobody of their good foundation.

I gave an example of this defect, in my last letter, respecting Jericho; and, certainly, this is not a method to arrive at superiority in criticism, or to give satisfaction to such readers as wish to know what are the

most rational opinions held by the learned public upon any subject which occurs.

But there is likewise another common defect, of which I shall give an example in my present paper, and which is of a directly opposite kind; this, instead of starting new and untenable opinions of a critic's own formation, consists in retailing old and disputed opinions as certain, which have, indeed, been long before the public, but have been opposed by later writers; and, if not quite refuted, yet, at least, the credit of them has been so far shaken that rational inquirers are at a loss how to determine between the two; and, without any impeachment to a man's understanding, some persons may embrace one opinion and some the other.

In this case a public critic seems as if he was only conversant with those who lived in a former century, if he thus takes not the least notice of the contrary opinions of those who have writ in the present century, and thus only adopts the notions of our great grandfathers. Readers will wish to know the latest opinions on every subject, as well as the earliest, and then form a judgment for themselves between them.

The critic, abovementioned, on M. Chateaubriand's Journey to Jerusalem, will supply us likewise with an example of this defect in modern criticism: for he says to this purport, "When Herodotus mentions the capture by Pharaoh Necho of a great city, in Syria, called Cadytis, he meant Jerusalem; for the current name of it is still called *Kuds* by the natives, which means the *holy* city; and so it was anciently terme likewise, namely, Kedesh in Hebrew, from whic Herodotus formed his name *Cadytis*."

No

Now, the earliest of modern authors conceived Herodotus to mean *Cadesh-barnea*: but as this was too far inland for Necho to take in his road from Egypt, Lightfort presumed that Jerusalem was rather meant, as this was known by the name of Kedesh likewise; in this he was too hastily followed by Hyde in his notes to Peritsol (p. 19;) by Prideaux, and others, none of whom, however, seem to have accurately compared the account of Herodotus concerning the situation of Cadytis with the situation of Jerusalem. Nay, they even mistook the sense of one of his words, which is not ουρεων, *mountains*, but ουρων, *borders*.

This mistake of the Latin translator, Valla, confirmed to them that Jerusalem was meant, it being in a mountainous district. Hyde produces this very circumstance as a proof in favour of Jerusalem, and neither Perizonius nor Reland afterwards corrected the error, but confirmed it, for he even writes the word ουρεα instead of ουρα. [*Palest. illustr. p.* 669]. This shews that our grandfathers are not entitled to implicit credit; and the critic in question ought to have hesitated before he adopted their opinion, unless he had, at the same time, been able to remove the objections which have been since made to it.

It does not appear, by his extract, that the French author took either side of the question, therefore the critic has been altogether a volunteer with respect to the subject; and this rendered it the more incumbent on him to have guided his readers into a right path, and shewn them how very doubtful, at least, the opinion of those earlier authors was, instead of decidedly embracing it; and this without the least notice

notice of its having been since opposed by that great orientalist Reland, and such objections made by him as cannot be easily removed. In this he had been also anticipated, in some degree, by Leclerc, (2 *K.* 23) and by Perizonius [*Ægyp. orig. p.* 417]. Jackson also appears to have been convinced by Reland "Those learned men who supposed Kadytis to be Jerusalem seem to be mistaken." *Vol. I.* 344, *in nota.*

Thus far, however, it is only a war between authorities, yet this ought not to have been concealed from readers under a peremptory assertion of a contrary opinion, if the critic chose to introduce this subject, though irrelevant to the contents of his French author, as hereby uninformed readers must be led into error, and those better informed be dissatisfied with such assertions, as represent what is very uncertain, to be an article certainly agreed to by all learned men.

The objections of Reland are these—"Minime convenit hæc opinio [de Hierosolyma] cum ipso Herodoto; versatur enim in describenda ora *maritima*, in quâ non erat Jerusalem: dicit quod, *a Cadyti usque ad montem Casium regio erat ditionis Arabicæ.* An hoc dici potest de *regione* quæ est ad *austrum* Hierosolymæ? Non puto: Adde quod videatur urbs Cadytis conspecta ab ipso Herodoto; si ea Jerusalem fuisset, num neglexisset mentionem Templi et tot stupendorum operum, quibus illa urbs præ aliis eminuit, quum ipse rerum, quas vidit in urbibus minus nobilibus mentionem faciat accuratam?"

In fact, between Jerusalem, and the *Arabian desert*, intervened the whole tribe of Judah; and on the coast between Joppe, the nearest port to Jerusalem, and the same desert, were the two whole tribes of Dan and Simeon.

Strabo. How then could he say, with the least truth, that "ab *illâ* (sc. Cadyti) quæ urbs est (ubi mihi videtur) non multo minor Sardibus, *emporia maritima* usque ad (Casium montem) sunt ditionis Arabicæ." When, in truth, between Joppe, and the Arabian desert, were the sea-ports, Jamnia, Ascalon, Accaron, Asotus, and Gaza, all belonging to the Jews, whom he expressly calls *Syrians*, when he mentions the victory of Nechao over them; and, moreover, from the commencement of the Arabian desert, near Gaza, there is not a single port, or harbour, all the way until one comes to Pelusium and Egypt.

It is evident then that this account of the situation of Cadytis is quite inconsistent with the situation of Jerusalem in the inland *mountainous* country, and he seems even to make it a sea-port; for he says *from that city, Cadytis, the sea-ports all belong to the Arabians*; what is this but to call Cadytis also a sea-port? There are, indeed, a few small towns upon the sea coasts of the Arabian desert, if it was these that he calls *Emporia*; but still he makes the Arabian desert a dominion, at least, to *begin* at Cadytis, in which case he could only mean Gaza by Cadytis; and he might, perhaps, as well have formed that name from *Gaza* as from *Kedesh*, if we consider how Gaza was pronounced by the Syrians; for the *G* is not written by them; their name being only *Aza*, which they pronounced, however, with such a guttural aspirate before it, as the Greeks expressed by a *G* in writing, though it was rather *Gh* or *Ch*, and the *z* rather *ts* or *ls*, so that it would sound *Chatsa* or *Chadsa*, and many such words thus beginning with *G* the Greeks sometimes changed to *K*.

It

It has not occurred to me that Herodotus any where mentions *Gaza* in his history; if he has, he then could not mean Gaza by Cady-tis; but as to *tis* that may be merely an adjunct termination, which the Greeks frequently added to oriental names; and we have certainly other Greek changes of oriental names nearly similar. Thus *Cedar*, in 1 Chr. iv, 39, is by Eusebius writ *Kelwr*; and *Chatsur* in 2 K. 15, 29, in English *Huzor*, is in the Sept. Asw\, and with the aspirate added might easily become in Greek *Kasw*, or *Kasyr*; why then from *Gaza*, i. e. *Chadsa*, might not Herodotus form *Kada*, or *Kady*, just as easily as from *Kadesh*? Gaza he certainly must have actually seen himself in his passage to Egypt, and his own words prove him to have seen the city Cadytis in question.

But it is, however, more easy to say what city it was not, if his description be accurate, than what it was; and if we cannot depend upon his description of the situation of the city, much less can we depend upon our own derivation of the name of it, either from *Kadesh* or *Chadsa*, or any other oriental name.

Upon the whole then no critic ought, with any confidence, to pronounce it to be Jerusalem, unless he can, at the same time, produce some further and better proofs of it than have been adduced hitherto, and which do not depend upon mere conjectures concerning its oriental derivation, as is the case at present, excepting this single fact, that Nechao did take Jerusalem *after* his victory and not before it.

But then Herodotus certainly mistook *Magiddo*, where the Jews agree that the battle was fought in the kingdom of Israel, and on the north of Jerusalem,

for

for *Magdolus*, which Antoninus places on the confines of Egypt, near Pelusium; consequently, he might have reasonably thought the capture of Gaza also to have happened after that victory, if this was the city meant by him. So that nothing else is certain except that either these modern critics must be mistaken, who suppose Cadytis to be Jerusalem; or if not, then Herodotus must be strangely mistaken in describing Cadytis as situated *contiguous* to the Arabian dominion and desert, and, at the same time, *near* the coast, if not actually a sea-port town.

Whatever is doubtful in ancient history ought to be represented as doubtful, and the unlearned not imposed on by pretended learning, which amounts to nothing more than uncertain, and those often fanciful conjectures, concerning the derivations of names, from oriental sources.

Mr. Beloe has altogether omitted to translate the word ουρων, but in his note on Magdolum he has also retained the *erroneous* sense of it, in calling Cadytis a *mountainous city*, and thus inclining others to agree to his opinion of its being Jerusalem in the mountains. But if this was actually the city meant by Herodotus, and now called *Kuds*, we have here another excellent specimen how well the Arabians have preserved the right pronunciation of the ancient oriental name *Kedesh*, or *Kedeschah*, or *Kedetha*, as our critic contended in my last.

S.

ART.

ART. XVI. *The Ruminator. Containing a series of moral, sentimental, and critical Essays.*

N°. XX.

On the Sonnets of Milton, with a translation of one of his Italian Sonnets.

There are few persons, I presume, among those who are in the habit of exercising their mental faculties, exempt from occasionally suffering an unconquerable lassitude and imbecility, the effect perhaps of over-exertion, and often of great anxiety and fatigue. On such occasions the assistance of eminent friends, which is at all times highly acceptable, becomes doubly gratifying. It is therefore with more than common satisfaction, that at a moment when my spirits are low, and my humble talents more than commonly weak, I am enabled to communicate a very excellent translation of an Italian Sonnet of Milton by the learned and poetic editor of that poet's *Paradise Regained.*

Milton's Fourth Sonnet, "Diodati, io te'l diro," &c. Translated from the Italian.

"Yes, Diodati, wonderful to tell,
Ev'n I—the stubborn wretch, who erst despis'd
The God of Love, and laugh'd his chains to scorn,
Am fall'n, where oft the brave have captur'd been.
Nor golden tresses, nor the vermeil cheek,
Are my resistless victors. A new form

Of

Of foreign beauty fascinates my soul:
That nobly graceful portance; those smooth brows
Arch'd with the lustrous gloss of loveliest black;
That converse sweet, with various tongues adorn'd;
That song, whose charming potency might well
Draw down the labouring moon from her high path,
But 'gainst whose magic strains to close the ear,
Avails not,—while those radiant eyes beam fire."*

C. D.

There seems to my ear a kind of stately Miltonic movement in these verses, which makes the want of rhyme unperceived.

In my humble judgment, the Sonnets of Milton, however condemned by the malignant sarcasms of Johnson, though I will not say they are among the best of his compositions, partake almost every where of the majestic plainness of his lofty genius. For seven and twenty years they have been the objects of my admiration; and I do not like them the less because they are deficient in all the finical prettinesses of modern poetry. When I hear of their harsh and bald deformities, I only smile with scorn at the tasteless inability to discern in them the spirit of an exalted mind above the artifices of a tinsel dress.

I have already given my opinion in the memoir of Dr. Darwin, and elsewhere, of those narrow notions of poetry, which too many indulge. They seem to think it confined to sparkling images, to pointed expressions, and harmonious rhymes. Even the best of

* This was written near two years ago, under an idea that in translating a sonnet from the Italian, if you keep pretty close to the original thoughts and expressions, it may be made more readable in blank verse than by cramping it into the correspondent rhymes of the legal sonnet. C. D.

these

these ingredients is of very inferior importance to that sublimity or tenderness of soul, which has the power of communicating its own strong impressions to the reader. He who busies himself with the tricks of language, is never hurried away by the fire of natural thoughts.

A manly mind hates all the minor machinery of poetical composition, though it be the only part which a feeble or vitiated critic comprehends or relishes. But yet how contemptible is he, who in the boundless varieties of the human intellect, and the boundless space over which it may travel, would confine our judgments to one or two models of excellence! If Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton were poets, so were Cowley and Dryden; yet how unlike! Where then is to be found the definition of poetry large enough to comprehend its powers?

Of all the Sonnets of Milton, I am almost inclined to prefer the XIXth, *On his Blindness.* It has, to my weak taste, such various excellences, as I am unequal to praise sufficiently. It breathes doctrines at once so sublime and consolatory, as to gild the gloomy paths of our existence here with a new and singular light.

Of Milton's harshness, may it not be observed, that originality often appears like harshness? Commonplace phrases seem smooth, because we are habituated to them, while a new combination of words sounds rough to our ears. How far from harsh are those fine lines in the XIVth Sonnet to the memory of Mrs. Thomson, where he says,

"Thy works and alms ——— ——
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
—Love

"—Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best,
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings ——————"

And then closes by saying that "the Judge"

"—— thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams?"

How majestic is the flow of those vigorous lines in his Address to Cromwell, when he speaks of him as "the chief of men, who

"To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his works pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath."——

The study of these Sonnets would suggest a chaster and more classical style to our modern poetasters and critics. But perhaps without his strength of thought such plainness would not be endured.

Dec. 20, 1809.

N° XXI.

On Dreams.

THE operations of the mind in sleep have never yet been explained in any manner the least satisfactory. Numerous have been the disquisitions* on the subject; but none seem to approach to a clear elucidation of it. Our dreams are sometimes made up of materials, which have employed our waking thoughts; but they are frequently compounded of ideas and images which have no apparent connection with the previous occu-

* Baxton's Theory is very interesting and at least plausible. Beattie's Essay on the subject has, I think, been more commended than it deserves.

pation of the brain. But the degree of vividness with which objects impress themselves on the intellect, during slumber, seems so far beyond the powers of memory or fancy, as to be almost of a different kind. No voluntary effort of the imagination in its most brilliant moments can bring before its view forms and scenes so distinct and forcible as a dream constantly produces.

No part of this astonishing power of the human faculties is more extraordinary than the alternate character which the same mind can thus take on those occasions; when it can carry on a dialogue or argument between contending parties, and assume successively the strength of each, with no more power of anticipating the other's reply than would happen in reality. How this rapid shifting of character, so much more full of life, than any waking talent can effect, is caused, must be left for our dim knowledge to wonder at in vain!

What scenes of stupendous splendour have I seen in my dreams! What more than mortal music has thrilled on my senses! My sluggish fancy cannot even catch a glimpse of these visions by day; and I try in vain to recall the tones of the heavenly harmony that I have thus heard.

Perhaps it is owing to this acute employment of the intellect in sleep, that its sensibility seems more tender at first waking, than when the body, worn out with fatigue, was consigned to rest. Subjects of regret and sorrow, which had been quieted, before we closed our eyes at night, return, as the morning rouses us, with a double sting. When I go to sleep with an aching heart, the moment of my grief that I most dread, is

when

when I first wake. Then it is that the painful object of thy suffering or my fears shews itself to my tremulous nerves in all its horrors.

It was thus that I suddenly waked in the depth of night, not long ago, with the impression of poignant regret at having neglected to make proper returns to the flattering attention of a friend. How my conscience had thus worked, while my body was reposing, I know not; but I endeavoured to soothe myself to quiet again by recording the occurrence in the following Sonnet.

Sonnet to a Friend. Written at midnight, Dec. 13, 1807.

Methought I heard thy voice, when sunk in sleep,
High-sounding thro' still Midnight's silence drear;
Why mute, thou son of song? Why meets my ear
No effort of that tongue, which wont to keep
Its airy course, o'er every bar and steep
Thro' intellectual realms? No more I hear
Thy plaintive notes, to feeling bosoms dear,
Nor Indignation pour his tones more deep!"
Thereat I trembling woke; and still the sound
Quiver'd upon my nerves; I seiz'd the lyre,
And strove to make its untun'd strings rebound
With strains congenial to its former fire!
But thus I prove by these insipid lays,
The object worthless of thy generous praise!

It must not be admitted then that the hours spent in sleep are all lost; it is at those times that the mind is often employed with the most activity; and I do not doubt that many important hints and bright inventions have first arisen, when the body was in that state of quiescence.

Art. XVI. *Brief Biographical Sketches.*

[continued from p. 224.]

Rev. Mr. WILSON of Halton Gill.

"Among the singular characters of Craven," says Dr. Whitaker, "it will now give pain to no one, if I notice Mr. Wilson, formerly curate of Halton-Gill in Arncliffe, and father of the late Rev. Edward Wilson, canon of Windsor. He wrote a tract entitled 'The Man in the Moon;' which was seriously meant to convey the knowledge of common astronomy in the following strange vehicle: A cobler, Israel Jobson by name, is supposed to ascend first to the top of Penigent; and thence, as a second stage, equally practicable, to the moon; after which he makes a tour of the whole solar system. From this excursion, however, the traveller brings back little information which might not have been had upon earth, excepting that the inhabitants of one of the planets, I forget which, were made of pot-metal. The work contains some other extravagances; but the writer, after all, was a man of talents, and has abundantly shewn, that, had he been blessed with a sound mind and a superior education, he would have been capable of much better things. If I had the book* before me, I could quote single sentences here and there, which, in point of composition, rise to no mean degree of excellence.

"Mr. Wilson had also good mechanical hands,

* "It is rarely to be met with, having, as I am told, been industriously bought up by his family. I have only seen one copy, and my recollection of what I read is not very particular."

and

and carved well in wood; a talent which he applied to several whimsical purposes. But his chef d'œuvre was an oracular head like that of Friar Bacon and the disciple of the famous Escotillo,* with which he diverted himself, and amazed his neighbours, till a certain Reverend wiseacre seriously threatened to complain of the poor man to his metropolitan as an enchanter. After this the oracle was mute." †

DR. DAVID DOIG.

From Lord Woodhouselie's Memoirs of Lord Kames,

" Dr. David Doig was the son of a small farmer in the county of Angus. His father died when he was an infant, and it was his good fortune that his mother entered into a second marriage with a worthy man, who, though in very moderate circumstances, and soon burdened with a young family of his own, discharged to him the duty of an affectionate parent. From a constitutional defect of eye sight, he was twelve years of age before he had learned to read: but as his intellects were uncommonly quick, he had no sooner overcome that difficulty, than he made so rapid a progress, that after three years instruction of a parish schoolmaster, in Latin, writing, and arithmetic, he presented himself a candidate for a Bursary, or endowment for poor scholars in the University of St. Andrew's, and obtained it on a comparative trial of his abilities with the competitors. Having finished with great approbation the usual course of philosophy and classical learning, he took the degree of A. B, and

* " See Don Quixote, b. iv. c. 10."

† Whitaker's History of Craven, p. 433.

interest in the study of divinity. Certain conscientious scruples, however, concerning some articles of the Westminster Confession of Faith, which is framed according to the principles of the most rigid Calvinism, prevented the prosecution of his views of entering into the church. He taught for several years the parish schools of Monifeith in Angus, and Kennoway and Falkland in Fife; when on a vacancy of the rectorship of the grammar school of Stirling, his reputation as a teacher procured him an appointment from the magistrates of the town to that office; which he discharged for forty years with the greatest ability, and with the respect and esteem of all who knew him. It is a fact somewhat remarkable, that he received on the same day a diploma of A.M. from his *Alma Mater* of St. Andrew's, and an honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of Glasgow. In addition to the most profound knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, which he wrote with a classical purity, Dr. Doig had successfully studied the Hebrew, Arabic, and other kindred dialects, and was deeply versed in oriental literature. He has given an abundant proof of his proficiency in those studies, in the dissertations on the subjects of the *Mythology*, *Mysteries*, and *Philology*, which were composed by him for the *Encyclopædia*, at the request of his intimate friend and the companion of his social hours, the Rev. Dr. George Gleig, the able and ingenious editor of the latter volumes of that great work, and the author of many of its most valuable articles. That part of the work which contains the articles on Philology, was published in London in the same week with a *Dissertation on the Greek Verb*, by Dr. Vincent, now Dean of Westminster,

minster, who was so struck with the coincidence of Dr. Doig's opinions on many points with his own, that he began an epistolary correspondence with the author; and these two eminent scholars went hand in hand in their researches, and in a free communication of their opinions, with a liberality of sentiment which did honour to both. Such likewise was the conduct of the learned Mr. Bryant, who had entered into a correspondence with Dr. Doig on the subject of Ancient Mythology.* Dr. Doig died in March 1820 at the age of eighty-one. Besides his great erudition, the elegance of his taste was shewn in his favourite amusements, the composition of many small poetical pieces, both in English and Latin. Those of an epigrammatic turn are peculiarly excellent. The following elegiac stanzas, written by him, on the subject of his own life and studies, and which were engraven on a marble monument, erected to his memory at the expense of the community of Stirling, would have done honour to the pen of a Markham, a Vincent Bourne, or even a Buchanan.

Edidici quædam, periegi plura, notavi
Pauca, cum domino mox peritura suo.
Lubrica Pieriæ tentarem præmia palmæ,
Credulus, ingenio heu nimis alta meo.
Extincto famam ruituro crescere saxo
Posse putem, vivo quæ mihi nulla fuit." †

* "Among the proofs of the profound learning of Dr. Doig, is his "Dissertation on the Ancient Hellens," printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Vol. III."

† Life of Lord Kames, II. 141.

DR. JOHN WALKER.

From the same.

"Dr. John Walker, minister of Moffat, afterwards Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, 'was a man most eminently qualified for the office of surveying the Western Islands of Scotland, to which he was appointed through the interest of Lord Kames, 'as joining to every endowment of scientific knowledge requisite for the undertaking, an ardent mind and a great portion of natural sagacity and penetration.'

"It was his custom for a great part of his life to indulge himself in nocturnal study; seldom feeling the resolution to quit his books and papers till four or five o'clock in the morning; and of course passing the better part of the day in bed: a practice which destroyed a good constitution, and in the end was attended with a total loss of eye-sight, for the last six or seven years of his life. Yet though thus deprived of the principal source of his enjoyment, and deeply suffering from domestic misfortune, the blessings of a well-regulated mind, an equal temper, a happy flow of original spirits, and a memory rich in knowledge, and stored with amusing anecdotes, not only rendered his conversation delightful to his friends, but supplied the means and power of still occupying his time with his favourite literary and scientific pursuits." *

LORD GARDENSTONE.

From the same.

"The Honourable Francis Garden of Gardenstone, was a Judge of the Court of Session and Justiciary.

* Life of Lord Kames II. 12—105.

He

He was an acute and able lawyer; of great natural eloquence; and with much wit and humour, had a considerable acquaintance with classical and elegant literature. He was appointed King's Solicitor in 1763, and raised to the bench in 1764. On the death of his elder brother, Alexander Garden, of Troup, M. P. he succeeded in 1785 to a very ample fortune. His tenants and dependents found him an indulgent and liberal master; and the village of Lawrence-Kirk in Kincardineshire, raised by him from a few mean cottages to a large populous and thriving baronial borough, distinguished by its industry in various branches of manufacture, is an honourable monument of his public spirit and active benevolence. Let these his merits be remembered, while his failings are humanely consigned to oblivion."*

JOSEPH RICHARDSON, ESQ.

A native of Northumberland, became a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1774, where he distinguished himself by his poetical talents. Thence he removed to the Middle Temple, 1779, and was called the bar, 1784. But he had previously been drawn into the vortex of party politics; became a writer in the newspapers, and was concerned with Dr. Lawrence in the *Rolliad*, and *Probationary Odes*, to which Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, Fox, and other wits of the party, are said to have contributed. He afterwards wrote *The Fugitive*, a comedy, which was praised and supported with all the zeal of party, but it did not answer the expectations which had been raised of it. Party ob-

* Life of Lord Kames II. 99.

tained

tained him the patronage of the Duke of Northumberland, who brought him into parliament for Newport in Cornwall; and assisted him in purchasing a share of Drury-Lane Theatre, of which, in conjunction with his friend Sheridan, he had for some time the management. I knew him a little in London; for he had left Cambridge before I came to it; he seemed an easy, good humoured man, without much vigour; but his talents were wasted in the degrading service of a party. He died June 9, 1803, at the age of forty-six. His poetry was of the familiar, or satiric kind.

Art. XVII. *Literary Epitaphs.*

Jeremiah Markland, A. M.

The following elegant Epitaph upon this excellent and learned man * was written by Mr. Edward Clarke, author of "Letters concerning the Spanish Nation." It was, however, supplanted by an English one from the pen of Dr. Heberden, which was engraven on his tomb in the parish church of Dorking, Surry.

"Memoriæ Sacrum
Jeremiæ Markland, A. M.
Qui, quamquam splendidiores eum
Et literæ, et virtutes ornaverant,

* His father the Rev. Ralph Markland, A. M. Vicar of Childwell in the county of Lancaster, was the author of a curious poem entitled "Pteryplegia, or the Art of Shooting Flying," 8vo. which was written by him at Oxford previous to his taking orders.

Of the poetical works of his relative Abraham Markland, D. D. Master of Saint Cross in the city of Winchester, &c. &c. some account is preserved in Wood's Athenæ Oxon. Vol. II. p. 1212.

Semper

Sanctiss. modestissimè se gessit
Omnes benignè,
Doctos urbanè,
Et, quod mirere magis,
Etiam indoctos sine supercilio excepit.
In restituendis, et explicandis,
Græcis, et Latinis Poetis,
Statio, Euripide, Horatio, Juvenale,
Et præcipuè Novi Fœderis libris,
Cautus, acutus, felix,
Et, si quando audacior, tamen non inconsultus:
In edendis Maximo Tyrio, et Demosthene,
Cum Davisio et Taylorо conjunctus,
Utrisque et auxilio, et ornamento fuit.
Sequantur alii famam,
Aucupentur Divitias,
Hic illa oculis viretortis contemplatus
Post terga constanter rejecit.
A Cœtu tandem et communione omnium
Per hostriginta annos proximè elapsos
In solitudinem se recepit,
Studiis excolendis, et pauperibus sublevandis
Utricè intentus.
Memoriæ viri sibi amicissimi,
Et preceptoris et parentis loco,
Viri candore, humanitate, modestiâ, doctrinâ
Religione demum ornatissimi,
Dat, Dicat, Dedicat,
Olim Discipulus.
Obiit prope Dorking
In Comitatu Surriæ
Julii 7, 1776.
Annum agens octogissimum tertium."

Epitaph

Epitaph at Woodstock, Oxfordshire.

"To the memory of James King, Captain in the Royal Navy, LL.D. and F.R.S. the friend and colleague of Captain Cook in his last Voyage round the World, the history of which, from the time of the death of that celebrated navigator, he wrote at Woodstock, during the intervals of his retirement from the public services of his country, in which his laborious, and almost uninterrupted exertions, brought on a premature and deeply lamented death. He died Oct. 1784 in the thirty-second year of his age, at Nice, where he is interred."*

In Tunbridge Church, Kent, on Cawthorne, the Poet.

"H. S. E.
Jacobus Cawthorne,
Scholæ Tunbridgiensis Magister,
Qui juventuti tam literis quam moribus instituendæ
Operam magno non sine honore dedit.
Integer, comis, et omnibus carus vixit;
Valde desideratus heu citius obiit
Apr. 15, 1761, æt. suæ 40.
Opibus quas multis larga manu distribuit
Fruitur, et in æternum fruetur.
Soror mœsta ex grato animo hoc posuit."

Arms. Arg. on a saltier Gu. 4 cross crosslets Or.

In the church of Skipton, Yorkshire. On the late John Baynes,† Esq. of Gray's Inn. By Dr. Parr.

"Joanni Baynes, A. M.
Collegii S. Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienses socio,
Juveni diserto, et sine maledictis faceto,

* He was the son of Dr. James King, Dean of Raphoe, who died in 1795; and brother to Dr. Thomas King, Prebendary of Canterbury, who died in 1801, and also to Dr. Walker King, now Prebendary of Canterbury.

† Supposed author of the "Archæological Epistle to Dean Milles."

Ut ingenii ad excolendum deum,
Et firma ad memoriam mirifice prædito,
Græcis et Latinis literis penitus imbuto,
Legum Anglicorum interiori
Et recondita disciplina erudito,
Libertatis conservandæ perstudioso,
Patriæ bonorumque civium amantissimo,
Simplici, justo, et propositi
Animose et fortiter tenaci;
Qui vixit ann. xxviii. mens. iii. dieb. xxviii.
Decessit Londini pridie non. August
Anno sacro
MDCCLXXXVII.
Gulielmus Baynes
Contra votum superstes
Filio bene merenti.
H. M. P."

Art. XVIII. *Bibliographical Catalogue.*

[CONTINUED FROM P. 333.]

Art. 1. *A Hue and Crie after Cromwell or the Citie's Lamentation for the Losse of their Coyne and Conscience. Ordered by the Supreme Authority that this hue and crie be speedily directed to all the People's Officers, whether Mayors, Sheriffs, Constables, &c. to be proclaimed in all Cities, Counties, Townes, Boroughs, in England and Wales. Henry Scobet, Cler. de Com.—Nol nod. Printed in the yeare of no liberty,* 1642. *4to. four leaves.*

This placard against the Usurper describes him as "a beast, like a town bull, with a triangular jesuiticall head, a toting red nose, a long meagre face, red fiery eyes, iron-streaked on the sides, a broad back, long runnagate legs, bloody

bloody paws, a burnt bob-tayle, an hollow hypocriticall heart, &c."—"lately strayed from his fellowes out of their fat pastures at Westminster, though he had free choice either to stay there and be hanged, go to Scotland and be killed, or to Ireland and be drowned;" and concluding directs "that all Butcher's boyes doe set their Mastiffs to his Nose"—"and, in case they can tame him, to convey his loathed Carkasse in a Wheel-barrow to the Bear-garden in London, that all the Butchers in Middlesex and Surrey may play a match at the Town-bull of Ely." The gallant-minded soldiers are called on to stick close to King Charles the Second, with a loyal ditty "To the tune of Faire Fidelia."

Art. 2. *Itur Satyricum in Loyall Stanzas, by John Collop, M.D. London: Printed by T. M. for William Sheares, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Bible in Bedford-street, neer Covent Garden.* 1660. *4to. pp.* 11-20 *octave stanzas.*

Time and practice seem to have had little influence on the Doctor. The present performance has the same puerile character with the specimen given in the last volume, p. 142. One stanza will suffice.

"How do the branches of the royall oak
Now flourish, and ne're fear the axe's stroke!
Under presbytery will these gay things trucklo?
From Lords the mighty dwindle to the muckle?
Sneak to the Commons, and there serve to show
For their deserts no House can be to low.
The Lords are grains to ballance th' royal scale:
If they prove light the rabble must prevaile."

Art. 3. *St. Crispin's Triumph over Pope Innocent, or the Monks and Fryers routed, a tragi-comedy, as it was lately*

lately acted with great noise at Dantzick in Poland by the reforming Shoemakers, and other relainers to St. Hugh. Wherein it is infallibly demonstrated, that they who wore, had the best on't; and that since people will not be so wise to pluck out their eyes, and turn papists, the most effectual and speedy way to convert soul and body together, is by strangling, murther, fire, and gunpowder. Licensed Nov. 2d 1678. Printed at Primrose Hill for the special Edification of those New miracle-mongers, who would perswade us, that after a man has been strangled and murthered, he can yet walk a mile, and run himself through with his own Sword. Octob. 17, 1678. 4to. pp. 18.

This tract consists of two poems. "St. Crispin's Triumph, &c." has fifteen six-line stanzas; then "The humble supplication of the Monks and Fryers to St. Dominick their patron, upon their Routing by the Shoemakers at Dantzick," 120 lines. At the end are the initials "R. W." Q. if intended for "Dr. Wild, who was a fat, jolly, and boon presbyterian, died at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, about the beginning of winter, An. 1679." Wood, Vol. II. f. 21.

Conduit street. J. H.

Art. XIX. *Literary Obituary.*

May . . . Æt. 87, Mr. Geo. Paton, of the Custom-house, Edinburgh, well skilled in Scotish Topography.

Sept. 12. At Doncaster, aged seventy-six, Edward Miller, Mus. D. Organist of that place, of which he published *The History and Antiquities*, 1805, 4to. and author of several pamphlets, &c.

Sept. 14. At Bristol, of a consumption, Miss Newton, niece and only surviving relative of the celebrated Chatterton, for whose benefit an edition of his works was published by

by subscription, under the direction of Mr. Southey and Mr. Cottle.

Aug. 7. At St. Petersburgh, Matthew Guthrie, M. D. F.R.S.S. London and Edinb.

Oct. 11. Henry Alured Shove, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, Recorder of Queenborough, and a Commissioner of Bankrupts, who distinguished himself by a political pamphlet, when in his first noviciate at Oxford, about 1777; but afterwards wasted good natural talents by giving them up to a party. He was aged about forty-eight.

Nov. 17. Rev. Samuel Hensball, A.M. Rector of St. Mary, Stratford Bow, Essex, and Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

Nov. 24. At Glasgow, Miss Marion Crawford, youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Crawford, Historiographer for Scotland, and author of the Peerage of Scotland, and History of Renfrewshire.

Dec. 3. At Ipswich, at an advanced age, Mrs. Clara Reeve. She was eldest daughter of the Rev. John Reeve, A.M. many years minister of St. Nicholas, in that town, and sister to the late Vice-Admiral Reeve. In 1777 she published *The Old English Baron*, a romance of considerable repute; and several other works since that time.

Lately. Suddenly, Mr. John Needham, of Hinkley, aged fifty-five, who for more than thirty years was an occasional writer in the *Gentleman's Diary*; and a contributor to other publications of the same nature.

Dec. 22. At his house, in Coleman-street Buildings, aged eighty-two, the Rev. John Newton, the friend and correspondent of Cowper, Rector of the United Parishes of St. Mary Woolhoth, and St. Mary Mount Church Taw, of which parishes he had been Rector twenty-eight years. His unblemished life, his amiable character, both as a man and a minister, and his able writings, are too well known to need any comment.

GENERAL

GENERAL INDEX.

A.

Achilles, 182, 184
Acton, an apology for, 337
Affanias, epigrams, by Fitz-Geffry, 235
Album, verſes on H. Palavicini, 369
Alchimy, Mirror of, by Roger Bacon, 358; its contents, 359
Allen, Rev. J. ob. 334
Almanac, Chriſtian, by Fleming, 349
Amidei, Alex. 226
Amygdala Britannica, a poem, by G. Wither, 268; ſpecimens, 269—273
Andrewe, Tho. his Unmaſking of a feminine Machiavell, account of, 49
Anky, Chriſtopher, memoir of, 221
Argalus and Parthenia, by Quarles, ſpecimen of, 367
Ariſtocracy, birth the legitimate ſource of, 188
Arlington, Earl of, 301
Arnold's Chronicle, editions of, 113
Aſh, Fra. 28
Aſton, Tho. ob. 108
Aſtrew, Anne, examination of, 15; account of her, *ib.*; and extracts from the book, 2
Aſtley family, 191
Auſtin, Sam. account of, 226
Autumn, ſonnet on, 99

B.

Bacon, Roger, 358
Bagots, 194
Ballowe, Mr. ob. 110
Banks, Sir Joſ. on Corn, 319
Barden Tower, 399
Barkſtale, Clem. his Cotſwould Muſe, 173; account of him, 18
Barnard Caſtle, lines on, 317
Barnes's Divine Centurie of Spiritual Sonnets, account of, 119; its rarity, 123; character, *ib.*; extracts from, 124; colophon, 126; account of the author, 120
Barry, Sir Edw. ob. 109
Bartlet, Benj. 305
Baynes, John, his epitaph, 428.
Beale, Jo. 24
Beaumont and Fletcher, 228
Beeſley, Hen. verſes by, 234
Beeſton, Chriſt. 338
Beloe, Mr. 413
Bentham, Edw. ob. 109
Bentley, actor, 341
Berkeley family, 190
Berkeley of Stoke-Gifford, 191
Bernard, Sir Fra. ob. 109
Biblical Dictionary, 320
Bibliographers, 315
Bigland, Ra. ob. 334
Biography, Britiſh, by Malkin, 321
Birth day, bleſſed, a poem by Charles Fitz-Geffry, 234; ſpecimen, 235
Bladen, Col. Martin, 91
Blew-Cap, ballad of, 165
Blount family, 191
Bodine, 121
Bolton, Lord, ob. 111
Booker, John, idol of the vulgar, 15
Book-worms, 315
Boſworth, Rt. 22, 23
Boote, Rd. ob. 109
Bower, Edm. 27
Bowman's Glory, by Wood, 10
Bradford, John, 29
Brandon, Lady Eleanor, 404
Breton, Nich. a roundelay by, 268
Bridgewater, John Earl of, 406
Bridges family, 195
Bridges, Mr. Tho. 24
Brook, James, ob. 335
Brown, Dr. 24
Bruce family, 194

Bryant, Jacob, [illegible]
Brydges, Rev. E. T. ob. 224
Buckhurſt, Lord, ſonnet by, 106
Bundy, Miſs, [illegible]
Burdet, Sir Fr[illegible]56
Burgh family, 192
Burleigh, Lord, 299
Burn, Dr. Rd. ob. 334
Burns, new letters of, 324
Burrell, Lady, 223
Burrow, Sir Ja. ob. 110
Burton, Wm. 24
Butler, Sam. 41
Buttes, Hen. his Dyets Dry Dinner, account of, and extracts from, 146, 147—150
Byron family, 191
Byſhop's Bloſſoms contains the ſtory on which Walpole's Myſterious Mother is founded, 13

C.

Cadytis, on the too haſty aſſumption that this was Jeruſalem, 407
Cambridge, R. O. memoir of, 217
Camoens, 91
Candiſh, Jeremy, 228
Capel, Lord, 180
Carew, Edw. 24
——— Tho. 22, 232
Carlyle, Rev. J. D. memoir of, 220
Carmen Expoſtulatorium, by G. Wither, 274
Carter, Mrs. Eliz. 212
Cary, Eliz. Lady, notice of, 171
——, Sir Geo. 172; Sir Hen. *ib.*
Caſtilio, Count B——, the courtier of, 105.
Caſtle, Geo. 226
Caucaſus, mount, 59
Cauthorne, James, his epitaph, 428
Caxton, 314
Cenſura Lit. remarks on the conduct of, 312
Chandos cauſe, alluſion to, 67, 75, 85, 112
———, Lord, 27
———, Grey, Lord, 406
———, Lady, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24
Chapman's Homer, ſpecimens of, 239-245; George, 245
Chapman, Dr. John, ob. 334
Charlton, Dr. 23, 27
———, Mrs. Suſ. 24
Chateaubrand's Journey, 308
——— ——, Monſ. 408
Chaworth family, 191
Cheapſide Croſs, articles of treaſon againſt, 329
Chettle, Hen. 29
China, ſtrange news from, 326; ſuppoſed to be written by T. Nicholas, *ib.*
Cibber's Lives of Poets, advertiſement to, 352
Clark, Joh. ob. 110
Clavering family, 191
Cleaveland, J. 228
Clifford family, anecdotes of, 394-406
Clifford of Chudleigh, 191
Clinton family, 190
Clyfton, Gervis, 30
Cockburn, John, his journey over land to the South Sea, 250
Cokain, Sir Aſton, his Small Poems, 154; ſpecimens, 155, &c.
Collectors, 314
Collier, Rev. Wm. memoir of, 223
Collier, M. 25
Collins, Wm. memoir of, 90
Collins's Oriental Eclogues, preface to, 389
Commelia, Jane, 23
———, James, 22
Commines, Philip de, 304
Conway, Sir John, his Meditations and Prayers, account of, and extracts from, 280-285
Cooper, Mrs. 354
Corbet family, 191
Cornwallis, Sir Wm. his eſſays, 168
Cotſwould Muſe, 17
Courtnay family, 191
Coverdale, Miles, 30
Cragus, Mount, 202
Craghaw, R. 28
Crawford, Marion, ob. 432
Critics cenſured, 407
Croft, Dr. 23, 25
——, Sir Wm. *ib.* 26
Croſts, Tho. ob. 109
Cromek, Mr. 324
Cromwell, Ol. anecdotes of, 369
Croſſe, actor, 341
Cowley, A. 232
Cowper's Homer, 186
Cunningham, Wm. memoir of, 219

D.

D. J. verſes by, 31
D. T. verſes by, 32
Dalyell, Mr. 35
Danyell, Sam. original letter from, 391
D'Arcy family, 191
Darwin, Dr. 215
Darwin, Cha. ob. 109

, Dr. memoir of, 203; friends, ſecond marriage, 205; cha- of his poetry, 207; ſpecimens, 209; dies, 210; remarks on nius, 211
it, Sir Wm. 225
, Peter, 136
John, his Scourge for Paper tutors, 275
Tho. ob. 334
John, of Hereford, poetical ac- of himſelf, 173
Mr. of Wiltſhire, ob. 336
o. epi aph on, 102
y family, 191
ille, Tho. ob. 333
Counteſs of, 172
Ferdinando, Earl of, 404
ire, 155
ſoh. ob. 109
y, Tho. memoir of, 214
x, 195
Cha.ter, a tragedy, by Barnes,

oem, by Wm. Shipton, account 1; ſpecimen, 232; its ſcarcity,

Rev. Mr. his Introduction to laſſics, 323
, Tho. ob. 334
ng, or, Sir Pit ful Parliment,

e, eſſay on, 169
n of a difficult paſſage in Ho- 181
for a Chriſtian Man, 103
r. David, 421
's Muſeum, 318
Rt. ob. 109
, Bp. 300
Cauſe, 65, 316
, Gawin, 35
, Mich. 228
urt, Mont. 57
and Welcome, by John Taylor, Water Poet, 370; ſpecimens, 372
Mat. ob. 334
Dorothea, ob. 108
, his remark on our old fami- 90
, J. Solicitor Gen. 77
John, 249, 250
Tho. epitaph on, 103

E.

, Bryan, memoir of, 222
family, 195
, Sir Tho. 246, 391
ord, 112

Elioſto Libidinoſo, a tale, by John Hynd, 265; account of, 266; ſpecimen of, 267
Ellis, Joh ob. 109
Elphinſtone's Correſpondence, 74
Epitaphs, 426
Eſſays by Sir W. Cornwallis, account of, and extracts from, 168
Eſſex, Earl of, his character by John Ford, 6; elegy on, by Bp. King, 16
Evans's Ballads, 165
Evans, Tho. ob. 334
Evelyn, John, inſcription on, 101

F.

Falkland, Lord, 172
Families Baronial, on the ancient Engliſh, now remaining, 187
Fanatic Indulgence, by Paterſon, 141
Farmer, Dr. 233
Farnham, Tho. 169
Fawcett, Joſ. notice of, 224
Featly, Dr. 24
Ferrers family, 190
Ferguſſon, Sir A. 81
Fiction, ancient, Fountain of, 135
Finch family, 194
Fiſher, Payne, 229
Fitz-Geffry, Cha. his Bleſſed Birthday, 234
Fitzgerald family, 192
Fitzherberts, 194
Flatman, T. 226
Fletcher, Rev. J. ob. 334
Fleetwood, player, 103
Ford, John, his Line of Life, an excellent Manual, 5; ſpecimen of, *ib.*
Forteſt, Theod. ob. 334
Foſter, Ingham, ob. 110
Foſter, Wm. 33
Fowler, Abr. 33
Franck, Rd. his Northern Memoirs, 11; a Cantab and diſſatisfied Cavalier, *ib.*
Franklin, Thos. ob. 334
Frederick, Sir Cha. ob. 334
Freeman, Mr. 25
Fuller, Dr. 26

G.

G. A. 33
Gadbury, John, account of, 13
Gage's, W. Indies, 305
Gardinſtone, Lord, 424
Garnet, Dr. Joh. ob. 110
Gent, Tho. ob. 109
Gentleman, Fra. ob. 334
Gifford, Andr. ob. 334
Godwin, M. 24

Goegus, Sir Arthur, 156
Grenville, Sir Bevil, 180
Graves, Rev. Rd. memoir of, 228
Gregory, John, ob. 108
Green, Mrs. P. 24
Greenwood, Dr. 21
Greſley family, 191
Greviles, 195
Grey family, 190
Grey of Pergo, 191
Grotius, Hugo, 22
Guthrie, Dr. Mat. ob. 432
Guthrie, Wm. epitaph on, 101

H.

H. T. 83
Hacket, Tho. 26
Huddesford, Wm. ob. 108
Hammond, Dr. 25
Hammond, Wm. his Letters from France, &c. in 1656, 383
Hampton, Rev. Ja. 93
Handeful of Pleaſant Delites, ſpecimens of, 258—261
Harbord, Sir W. M. 251
Harmer's Obſervations, 181, 184
Hartley, Rev. Tho. ob. 334
Harvey, Gab. 120
Haſtings family, 190
Haſtings, Henry, Lord, 105
Hatcher, 121
Hawkins, Judith, 49
Hector, 182, 184
Hedworth, L. 25
Henderſon, Joh. ob. 334
Herbert, G. 28
Herbe:ts, 194
Herbert, Geo. 228
Herons, 194.
Heywood's Apology for Actors, 337
———, his Paris to Helen, 348
Higford, Sir Wm. 22; Squire, 24
Hills, Mrs. R. 28
Hobart, Sir Rd. 17
Hobbs's Homer, 239—245
Hole, Rev. Rd. memoir of, 215
Holland, H. Rich, Earl of, 367
Hoole, John, memoir of, 217
Homer, attempt to explain a paſſage in, 181
Homer, 239; ſpecimen of an Engliſh tranſlation in blank verſe, 242
Hopton, Arth. 338
Howards, 195
Howel, Ja. 22
Hows, J. and R. 24
Hue and Cry after Cromwell, 439
Hubbard, Rev. J. C. memoir of, 222
Huntingdon, Hen. Earl of, 408
Huntingdon, 228
Hurdis, Dr. Ja. memoir of, 222
Hynd, John, his Elioſto Libidinoſo, 265

I.

Impeachment, a political tract, 249; by John Dunton, 250
Ironſide, Gilb. 227
Iter Satyricum, 430
Ives, Joh. ob. 109

J.

Jackſon, Joh. ob. 111
Jaggard, bookſeller, 347
Jame, Tho. 24
Jephſon, Rt. memoir of, 217
Jericho, remarks on its pronunciation, 307
Jeruſalem. See *Cadytis*.
Johnſon, Dr. 91
Jones, D. 302
Journey over land to the Great South Sea, by Cockburn, 250
Jovial Crew; or the Devil turned Ranter: account of, 36; extract from, 38

K.

Kemp, Wm. 341
Kerry, Dr. 23, 25, 26
Kimber, J. ob. 108; E. ob. *ib.*
King, Bp. Henry, his Poems, 15; his Elegy on Lord Eſſex, 16
King, Capt. James, his epitaph, 418
Kippis, Dr. 321
Kirke, Tho. 361
Knel, actor, 341

L.

Lanam, actor, 341
Langbaine, 354
Lawes, W. 25
———, Hen. *ib.*
Leechman, Dr. Wm. ob. 334
Leeds, Duke of, 302
Lefroy, Mrs. memoir of, 81; her early talents, 82; her poetical powers, 83; marries, 84; dies, 86; poems, 87, 88; character of, 89
Leiceſter's Commonwealth, 299
Lemnie, Dr. 53
Letters, how to write ſecretly, 382
——— to the Prince of Orange, 500
Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head Vein, 277; a book of epigrams, 278; extracts, 279
Le Strange, Sir Roger, 180
Lewen, 121

Lidgate,

Lidgate, 228
Lilly, Wm. idol of the vulgar, 15
Linche's Fountaine of ancient Fiction, account of, 135; extracts from, 137, 138, 139
Lind, Joh. ob. 109
Lindſay, Sir D. 135
Line of Life, a Manual by John Ford, 5
Little Minds, a mark of, 66
Littleton, Sir Tho. 302
Loſs in Delays, a poem by Southwell, 7
Love and Eloquence, myſteries of, 165
Loyalty confined, 180
Luther, 24
Luttrel family, 192

M.

M'Cormick, Cha. ob. 111
Macpharlane, Dr. Ja. ob. 111
Mafan, Mrs. ob. 109
Mæoniæ, by Southwell, 291
Malkin, B. H. his Britiſh Biography, 321
Manners, 195
Markham, Dr. Archbiſhop of York, ob. 336
Markland, Jeremiah, his epitaph, 426
Mar-Martin; or, Mar-Martin's Medling, a ſcarce poem, 236; here given entire, 236—239
Marmion, by Walter Scott, 324
Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears, by Southwell, 292
Mallet family, 194
Mennis, Sir John, 167
Mertin, Col. 91
Meſſiter, Dr. ob. 334
Mexico, 127
Miller, Edw. ob. 431
Milton, remarks on his Sonnets, 414; one of his Italian, tranſlated, *ib.*
Mills, actor, 341
Mohun family, 191
Montaigne, 171
Montagu family, 193
Montagu, Ralph, Duke of, 303
Moore, Rev. Hen. memoir of, 213
Murdoch, Patr. ob. 108

N.

Naps upon Parnaſſus, a collection of ſatirical poems on Sam. Auſten, account of, 225; contents, 226-231
Naworth, George, 15. See *Wharton.*
Naſh, T. 120
Needham, John, ob. 432
Nevile, Thy. ob. 109
Nevile family, 190
Newton, Mrs. ob. 431
Newton, Tho. his Touchſtone of Complexions, 52
Nicholas, Tho. his Strange Newes from China, 126
Nicholſon's Encyclopedia, 326
Nobility expoſed to ruin, 189
Noble, Edw. ob. 334
Northern Memoirs, by Franck, extract from, 12
Nut-brown Maid, ballad of, 113; originally publiſhed in Arnold's Chronicle, *ib.*; carefully collated and reprinted, 114
Nut-brown Maid, conjecture concerning the hero of the, 393
Nympha Lybethris; or, the Cotſwould Muſe, by Barkſdale, 17; a moſt rare little volume, 18; account of the author, *ib.*; ſpecimen of the prefatory verſes, 19; contents, 21-28

O.

Occaſion's Offspring, poems by M. Stevenſon, 8
Ogilby, John, 245
O'Hallaran, S. ob. 110
O'Hara, Keene, ob. 110
Okes, Nicholas, 347
Opobalſamum Anglicanum, by G Wither, account of, 423; extracts from, 43
Ovid's Metamorphoſis, by G. Sandys, 132; different editions, 133
Orde family, 112

P.

Palavicini, Hor. funeral verſes on, 369
Palmer, M. 25
Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, by Heywood, 348
Parliament, Mrs. preſented in her Bed, 332
Parkes's Curtain-Drawer of the World, 327
Parker, Martin. 39
Parry, Dr. Charles, 21
Pasquil's Palenodia, 328
Paſſionate Pilgrim, 348
Paterſon, Ninian, his Fanatic Indulgence, account of, 141; extracts from, 142
Paton, Geo. ob. 431
Pemberton, H. ob. 108
Pembroke, Counteſs, 144
Pelham adminiſtration, 257
Perceval, 194
Percy family, 190
Percyes and Catesby's Prosopopeia, 107
Perkins, Rd. 338

Peyton,

Peyton, Edw. 228
Peyton's Glaſs of Time, 328
Philoſopher's Game, an ancient and learned play, account and ſpecimens of, 261-265
Phillips, Jo. 25
Phillips, Ste. 24
Platt's Jewel Houſe of Art and Nature, 381
Plutarch, Langborne's, 320
Poets, their lives worthy of preſervation, 353
Pole, Mr. of Redbourne, his ſtrange change of name, 205
Pope's Homer, 183
Poſt, a new, by Sir J. D. account of, 151
Poſtlethwayte, Malachy, ſome of his publications, 253; account of him, 258
Powell, Fra. 24, 26
Powlett family, 195
Prerogative of Kings, Judgment of whole Kingdoms on, 247; ſuppoſed author John Dunton, 249
Pſalmanazar, 306
Puritan, the Zealous, 177
Pym's Juncto, 177

Q.

Quarles, his Argalus and Parthenia, 367

R.

Radcliffe, Capt. 357
Ragdale, Mr. J. 94
Ramſay, A. ob. 334
Ranter's Declaration, 40
Ranters, deſcription of, 39
Reading, T. 23
Reaſon's Academy, 153
Recorde, Dr. R. 31
Reeve, Clara, ob. 432
Reflections on the Seaſon of the Year, 98
Rerſby, Sir J. his Memoirs, 303
Revolutionary France, Military Annals of, 320
Richardſon, Wm. ob. 108
——, Joſeph, 425
Rio de la Plata, Britiſh Campaigns on, 325
Riou, Steph. ob. 109
Ritſon, Joſ. 315
Ritſon's Bibl. Poet. additions to, 29
Robertſon, Dr. H. 320
Robins, John, declaration of, 41
Robinſon, Mrs. memoir of, 223
Robinſon, R. his Solace of Sion, 106
Rocks in Greece and Italy, the ſcenes of love, 187
Rogers, Cha. ob. 334
Rogers, Dr. 23, 25
Roper, Sam. 155
Roubotham, Ja. a verſifier, 261
Rounce, Tho. 252
Round-head's Race, 179
Ruminator. See *Contents*.
Rump; a Collection of choice Poems at the Reſtoration, 176
Ruſſel, Mrs. M. 24

S.

Sackvilles, 195
Sackville family, 293, 297
Sackville, Ri. 25
Sadler, Sir Ralph, his Papers, 324
Salgado, Ja. notices of, 56
Samaſius, R. 24
Sandys, Geo. 228
Sandys, G. his Ovid's Metamorphoſis, 132; his portrait in Naſh's Worceſterſhire, 135
Sandys's Travels, 304
Savage, Mr. 24, 27
Scotland, modern account of, 360; a ſplenetic book, *ib.*
Scots Magazine, 165
Scott, Walter, his Marmion, 324
Scourge for Paper-Perſecutors, by J. Davies, 275; extracts, 276, 277
Scrope family, 191
Scudamore, Ro. 25
Second Letter to, 94
Seriphos, 59
Sheffield, Lord, 233
Shepherd, Rev. Wm. 320
Sheppard, S. his epigrams, 8
Shipton, Wm. author of Dia, a poem, 231
Shirley, Ja. 25
Short Rules of Good Life, by Southwell, 295
Shove, Hen. A. ob. 432
Sidney, 121
Silkworms, and their Flies, account of, by T. M. 1433; extract, 144
Sion, the Solace of, by R. Robinſon, 106
Skinner, Dr. 24
Sloane, Sir H. 57
Smith, Mrs. Charlotte, 212
Smith, Rev. Ja. ob. 334
Solander, Dr. ob. 110
Solis, De, Don Antoine, 300
Song o. Mary, the Mother of Chriſt, 107
Sonnets, by B. Barnes, 124
Sonnet by the Editor, 99
Sonnets of Milton, 414
Sonnets on Henry Lord Clifford, 402, 403
Sonnet on the Wild Iriſh Girl, 318

Southwells, 195
Southwell, Rt. memoir of, 285; editions of his poems, 286, 291, 292, 293, 295
Southwell, Rt. ſpecimens of his poems 6, 7
Spencer family, 193
Spencer, Sir John, 178
Sprat, Dr. 226
Stafford of Blatherwick, 192
Stanley family, 196
Stapylton, Sir Rt. 22, 27
St. Criſpin's Triumph, 430
Stevens, G. A. ob. 334
Stevenſon, M. Poems by, 8
St. John family, 191
St. Peter's Complaint, by Southwell, 280
Stratford, Abigail, 21, 24, 27
———, H. and R. 23
Strafford, Earl of, 178
Strange family, 191
Sturges, Dr. ob. 224
Stuart, Andr. his Letters, 65
Suckling, Sir Joh. Ballad on, 159
Sudeley Caſtle, 22
Sweden, Chriſtina, Queen of, anecdotes of, 385, 389
Swift, Dr. J. 300
Syracuſe, 200

T.

Talbot family, 190
Tanfield, Chief Baron, 172
Tarleton, the player, 278
Taurus, Mount, 196
Taylor, John, Water Poet, a liſt of his works, 372—380
———, Joh. 39, 338
Taylour, Sylvanus, 226
Temple, Sir W. 300
Theocritus, 187
Thomas, Joh. 23
———, Dorothy, *ib.*
Thompſon, Capt. Edw. 305
———————Edw. epitaph on, 103
Thorne, Fra. 24
Thyer, Mr. 41
Tobacco, epigram on, 149
Topographical Hiſtories, in requeſt, 189
Tottie, Joh. ob. 108
Touchets, 195
Touchſtone of Complexions, by Tho. Newton, account of, 52
Tournelle Proceſs, in Douglas Cauſe, 67
Tower, Wm. 25, 27
Tracy family, 195
Trefuſis, 195
Trevor, Sir John, 301
Trinacria, 198
Triumphs over Death, by Southwell, 293
Troy, Britain's, by Heywood, 347
Turner, Mr. 22
Tytler, Mr. his poems of James I.

U.

Underwood, Mr. 41
Unmaſking of a feminine Machiavel, by Andrewe, 49

V.

Vere family, 190
Vereſt, H. ob. 334
Verſtegan's Reſtitution of decayed Intelligence, 327
Victor, Benj. ob. 109
Virgil, 187
Voltaire, 91
Vox Borealis, or the Northern Diſcoverie, a long account of, and extracts from, 157, 167

W.

Wake family, 191
Walker, John, ob. 335
Waller, Edm. 28
Walter, Rev. Rd. ob. 334
Ward family, 195
Warren, Dr. 21, 24
———, Dr. Joh. 25
Warren family, 192
Warton, Dr. J. 93
———, T. 356
Wedderburn, A. Lord Roſslyn, 78
Weever, John, 150
Weld, Alex. 28
Weld's Geography, on the fanciful additions to the laſt edition of, 58, 196
Welwood's Memoirs, 298
Wharton, Sir George, his Works, account of, 13; and of the author, 15
Whately, Tho. ob. 108
Whear, Wm. 27
Whitaker, Dr. his Hiſtory of Craven, praiſed, 393
White, Rev. Tho. ob. 334
Whitehead, Paul, epitaph on, 102
Whitlock, Bulſtrode, 381
Williams, David, 21
———, Mrs. Eliz. 21, 25
———, Tho. 24
[illegible]ſon, 121.
———, Actor, 341
———, Rev. Mr. 420

Wilſon,

Wilfon, Rt. 233
———, Tho. ob. 334
Winſtanley's Lives of Poets, 354
Witchell, Geo. ob. 334
Wither, G. his Amygdala Britannica, 268; Carmen Expoſtulatorium, 274
Wither, G. his Opobalſamum Anglicanum, 42
Wittington's Narrative, 252
Wolſey's Negotiations, 299
Woodcock, Laur. 22
Wood, W. his Bowman's Glory, 103; ſold for a high price, 11
Woodford, Dr. 226, 229
Wool, Mr. 93
Wootton, ſhades of, 83
Worceſter, Earl of, 337
Wordſworth's poems, extracts from, 460
Wooers, a waraing for, 259
Wrangham, Rev. Fra. 320
Wright, Dr. 24
———, Dr. Paul, ob. 334
Wrothe, Lady, 246
Wroughton, Col. Ja. 25, 26

Y.

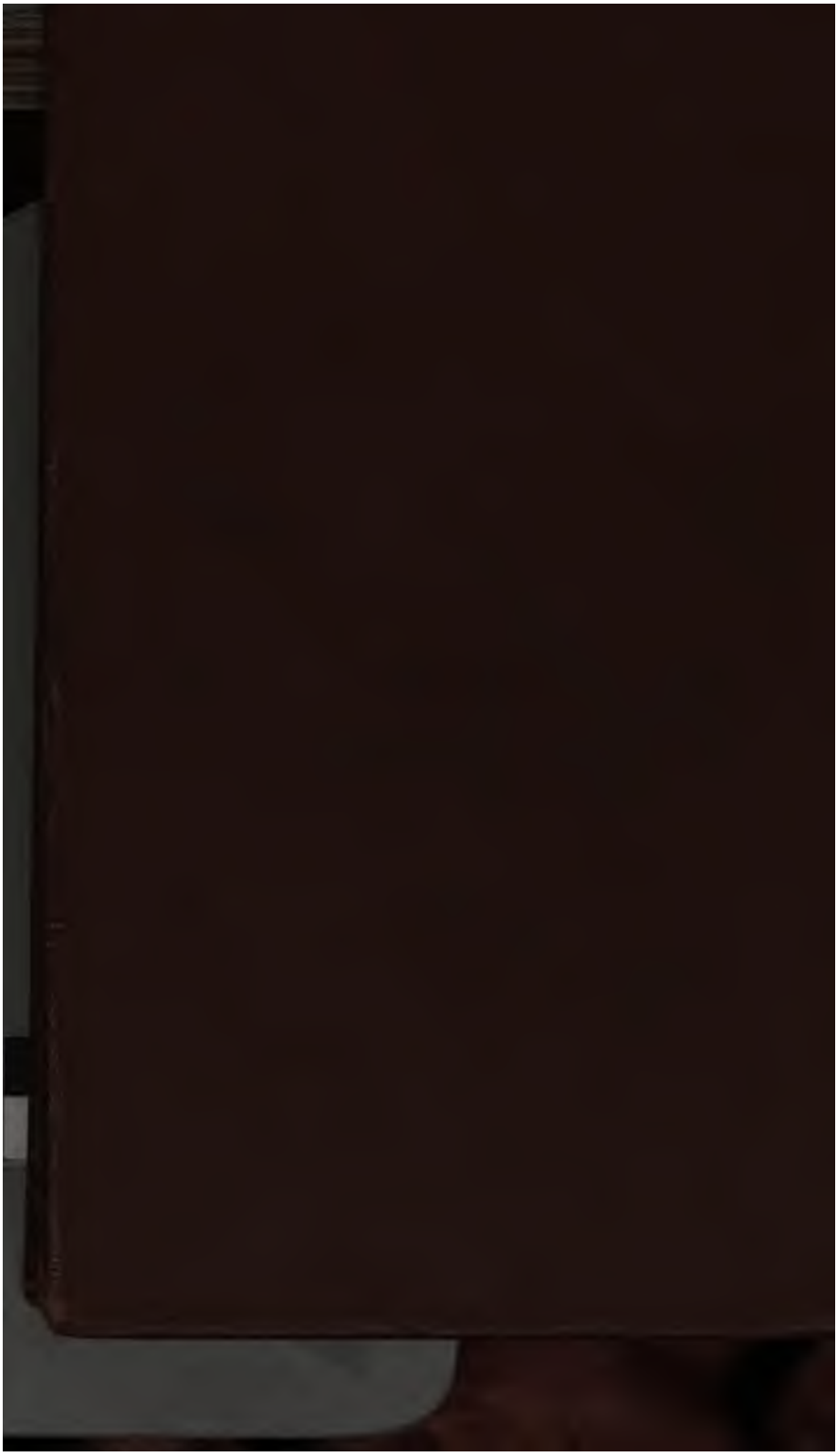
Yorke, Hon. Cha. 76, 77

Z.

Zephiria, a curious amatory poem, 9
Zuinglius, 24

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building